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NEW ANTI-SALOON SONGS

A COLLECTION OF

Temperance and Moral Reform Songs

Prepared at the Request of

The National Anti-Saloon League

By E. S. LORENZ

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A Word of Preface.

To inspire and cheer the temperance worker, to persuade and rescue those in danger, to rouse to action indifferent Christians, to make public sentiment against the use of intoxicating drinks and in favor of creating and enforcing an efficient body of temperance law, to stimulate and vitalize the public civic conscience—these are some of the purposes of this collection of Temperance songs, prepared at the suggestion of the leaders of the Anti-Saloon League.

The Editor.

The Character and Purpose of the Anti-Saloon League.

The Anti-Saloon League is not, strictly speaking, an organization. It is what its name indicates—*A League.* It is a league of organizations. It is the federated Church in action against the saloon. Its agents are of the Church, and under all circumstances, loyal to the Church. It has no interest apart from the Church. It goes just as fast, and just as far as the public sentiment of the Church will permit. It has not come to the Kingdom simply to build a little local sentiment, or to secure the passage of a few laws, nor yet to vote the saloons from a few hundred towns. These are mere incidents in its progress. *It has come to solve the liquor problem.*

P. A. BAKER,
General Superintendent.

Columbus, O.

"LOVE, SACRIFICE, SERVICE"

Life Pledge of the Lincoln Legion

Abstinence Department of the Anti-Saloon League

I hereby enroll with the Lincoln Legion and promise, *with God's help,* to keep the following pledge, written, signed and advocated by ABRAHAM LINCOLN:

"Whereas, the use of intoxicating liquors as a beverage is productive of pauperism, degradation, and crime; and believing it is our duty to discourage that which produces more evil than good, we therefore pledge ourselves to abstain from the use of intoxicating liquors as a beverage."

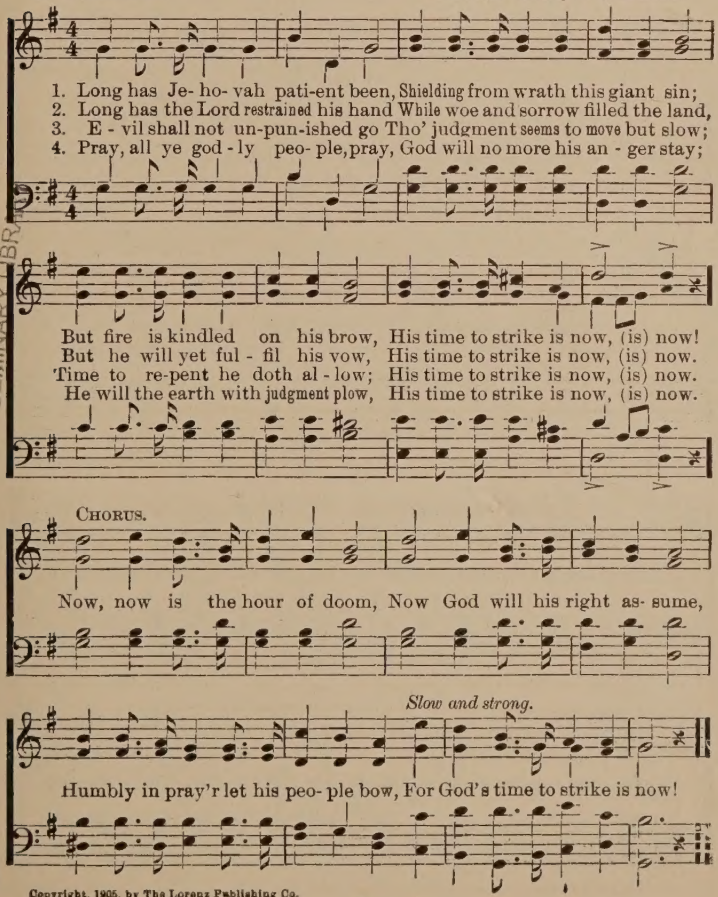
Name.....

Date.....

NEW
ANTI-SALOON SONGS.

3. GOD'S TIME TO STRIKE IS NOW!

E. A. HOFFMAN. E. A. H. Arr. by E. S. LORENZ.


1. Long has Je- ho- vah pati-ent been, Shielding from wrath this giant sin;
2. Long has the Lord restrained his hand While woe and sorrow filled the land,
3. E - vil shall not un-pun-ished go Tho' judgment seems to move but slow;
4. Pray, all ye god - ly peo- ple, pray, God will no more his an - ger stay;
But fire is kindled on his brow, His time to strike is now, (is) now!
But he will yet ful - fil his vow, His time to strike is now, (is) now.
Time to re-pent he doth al - low; His time to strike is now, (is) now.
He will the earth with judgment plow, His time to strike is now, (is) now.
CHORUS.
Now, now is the hour of doom, Now God will his right as- sume,
Slow and strong.
Humbly in pray'r let his peo- ple bow, For God's time to strike is now!

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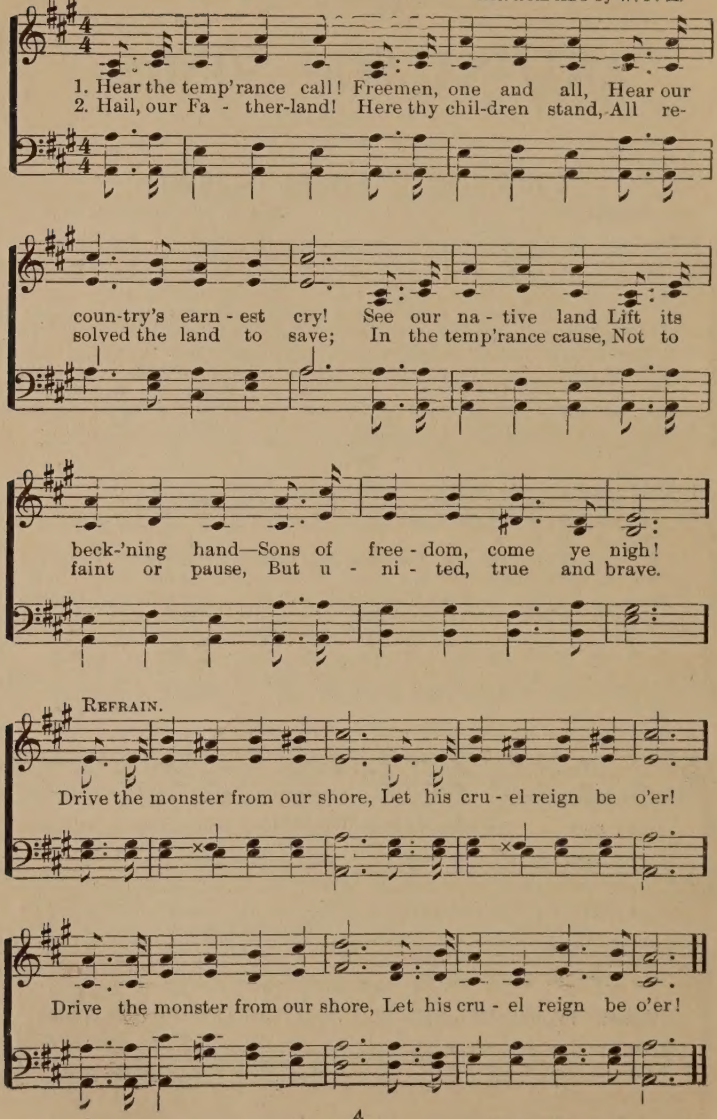
2. THE TEMP'RANCE CALL.

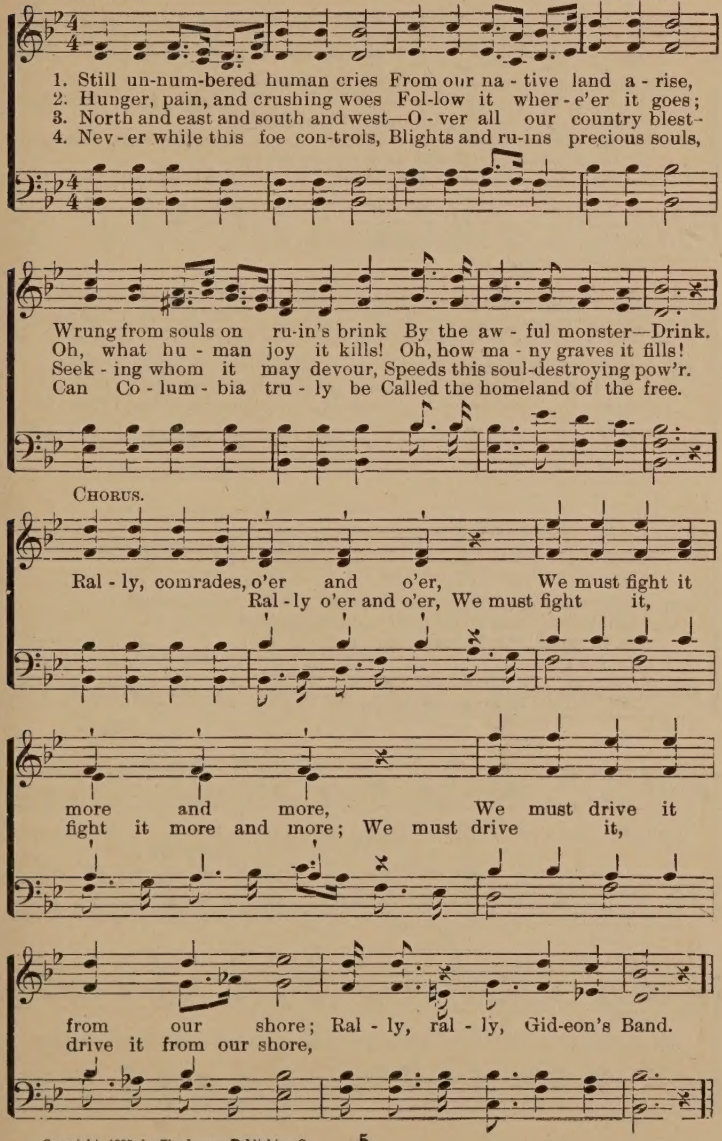
Hab. 2: 15; Rom. 14: 21.

Arr. from ABT by W. F. M.

1. Hear the temp'rance call! Freemen, one and all, Hear our
2. Hail, our Fa - ther-land! Here thy chil-dren stand, All re-
coun-try's earn - est cry! See our na - tive land Lift its
solved the land to save; In the temp'rance cause, Not to
beck-'ning hand—Sons of free - dom, come ye nigh!
faint or pause, But u - ni - ted, true and brave.
Refrain.
Drive the monster from our shore, Let his cru - el reign be o'er!
Drive the monster from our shore, Let his cru - el reign be o'er!

3.

RALLY, GIDEON'S BAND.

JAMES ROWE. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.


1. Still un-num-bered human cries From our na - tive land a - rise,
2. Hunger, pain, and crushing woes Fol-low it wher - e'er it goes;
3. North and east and south and west—O - ver all our country blest-
4. Nev - er while this foe con-trols, Blights and ru-ins precious souls,
Wrung from souls on ru-in's brink By the aw - ful monster—Drink.
Oh, what hu - man joy it kills! Oh, how ma - ny graves it fills!
Seek - ing whom it may devour, Speeds this soul-destroying pow'r.
Can Co - lum - bia tru - ly be Called the homeland of the free.
CHORUS.
Ral - ly, comrades, o'er and o'er, We must fight it
Ral - ly o'er and o'er, We must fight it,
more and more, We must drive it
fight it more and more; We must drive it,
from our shore; Ral - ly, ral - ly, Gid-eon's Band.
drive it from our shore,

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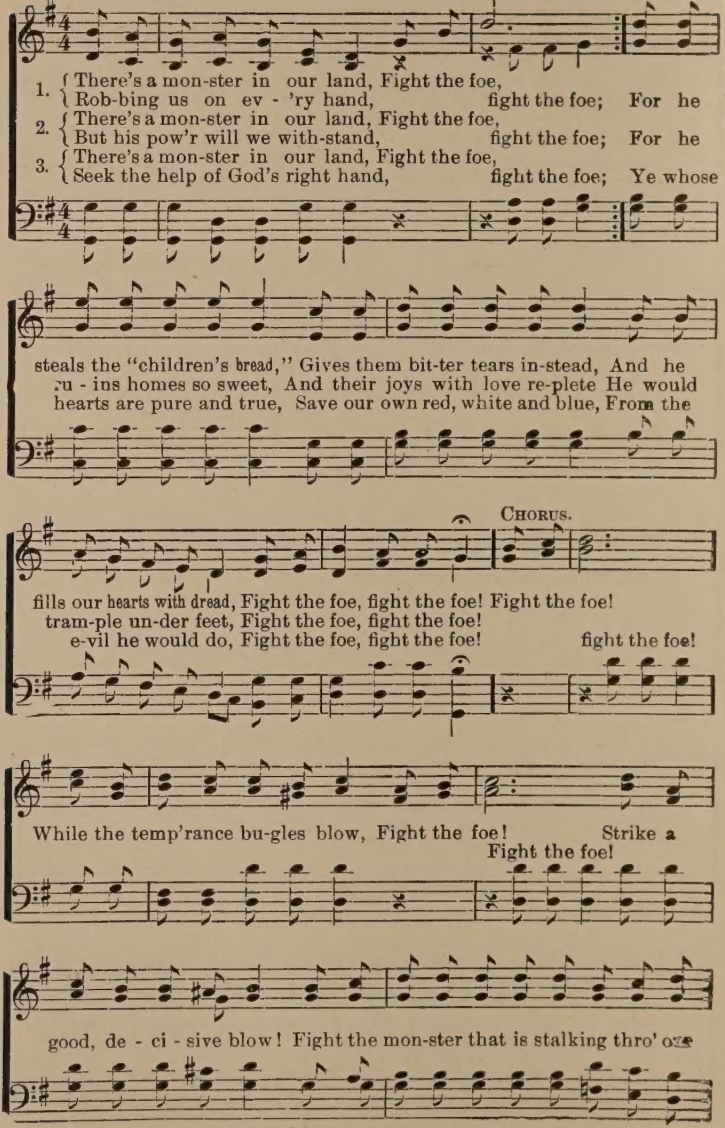
4.

FIGHT THE FOE.

E. E. HEWITT. E. S. LORENZ.


1. There's a mon-ster in our land, Fight the foe,
Rob-bing us on ev - 'ry hand, fight the foe; For he
2. There's a mon-ster in our land, Fight the foe,
But his pow'r will we with-stand, fight the foe; For he
3. There's a mon-ster in our land, Fight the foe,
Seek the help of God's right hand, fight the foe; Ye whose
steals the "children's bread," Gives them bit-ter tears in-stead, And he
ru - ins homes so sweet, And their joys with love re-plete He would
hearts are pure and true, Save our own red, white and blue, From the
CHORUS.
fills our hearts with dread, Fight the foe, fight the foe! Fight the foe!
tram-ple un-der feet, Fight the foe, fight the foe!
e-vil he would do, Fight the foe, fight the foe! fight the foe!
While the temp'rance bu-gles blow, Fight the foe! Strike a
Fight the foe!
good, de - ci - sive blow! Fight the mon-ster that is stalking thro' our

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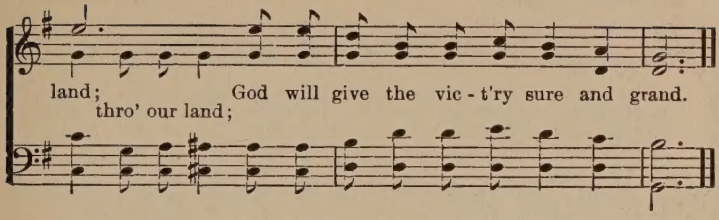
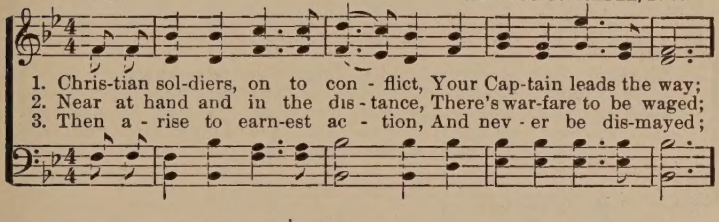
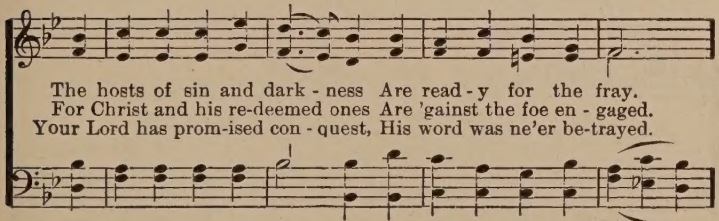
FIGHT THE FOE. Concluded.



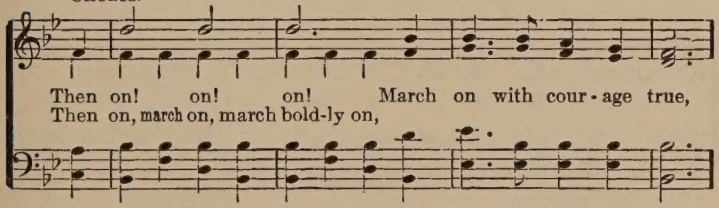
5. ON TO CONFLICT.

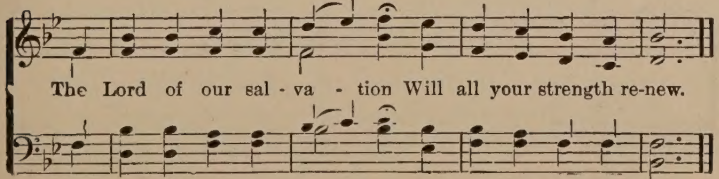
C. B. McA. CLELAND B. McAFEE, D. D.


1. Chris-tian sol-diers, on to con - flict, Your Cap-tain leads the way;
2. Near at hand and in the dis - tance, There's war-fare to be waged;
3. Then a - rise to earn-est ac - tion, And nev - er be dis-mayed;


The hosts of sin and dark - ness Are read - y for the fray.
For Christ and his re-deemed ones Are 'gainst the foe en - gaged.
Your Lord has prom-ised con - quest, His word was ne'er be-trayed.

CHORUS.





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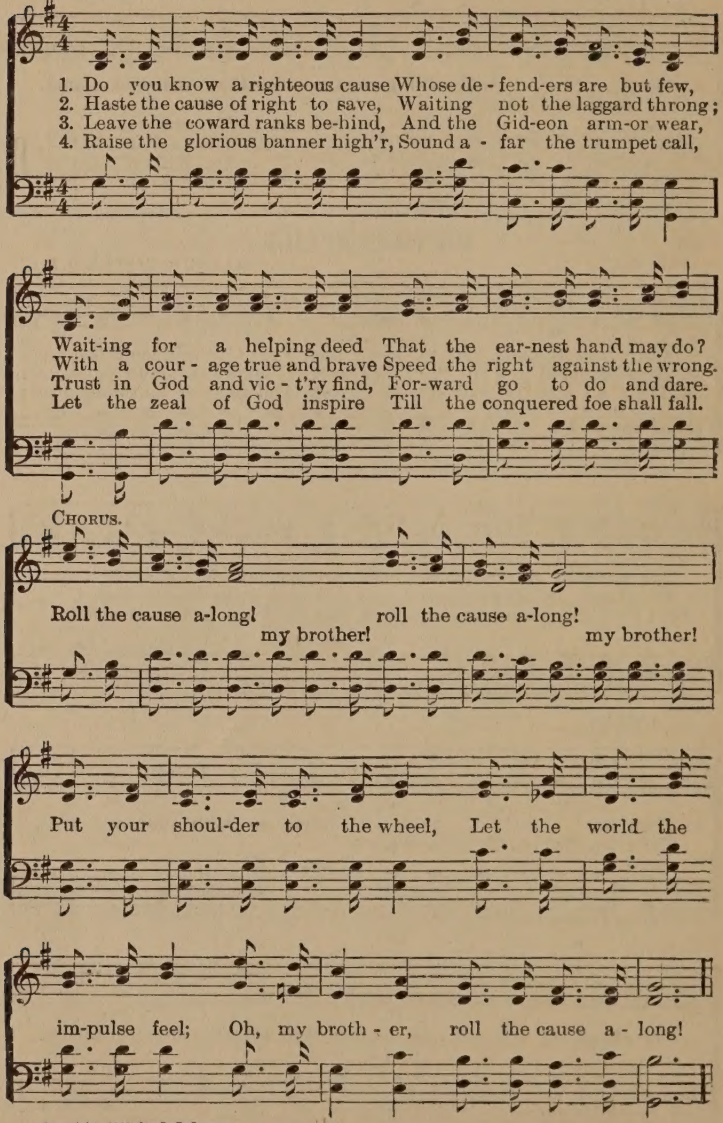
6. ROLL THE CAUSE ALONG.

Mrs. FRANK A. BRECK. E. S. LORENZ.


1. Do you know a righteous cause Whose de - fend-ers are but few,
2. Haste the cause of right to save, Waiting not the laggard throng;
3. Leave the coward ranks be-hind, And the Gid-eon arm-or wear,
4. Raise the glorious banner high'r, Sound a - far the trumpet call,
Wait-ing for a helping deed That the ear-nest hand may do?
With a cour - age true and brave Speed the right against the wrong.
Trust in God and vic - t'ry find, For-ward go to do and dare.
Let the zeal of God inspire Till the conquered foe shall fall.
CHORUS.
Roll the cause a-long! roll the cause a-long!
my brother! my brother!
Put your shoul-der to the wheel, Let the world the
im-pulse feel; Oh, my broth - er, roll the cause a - long!

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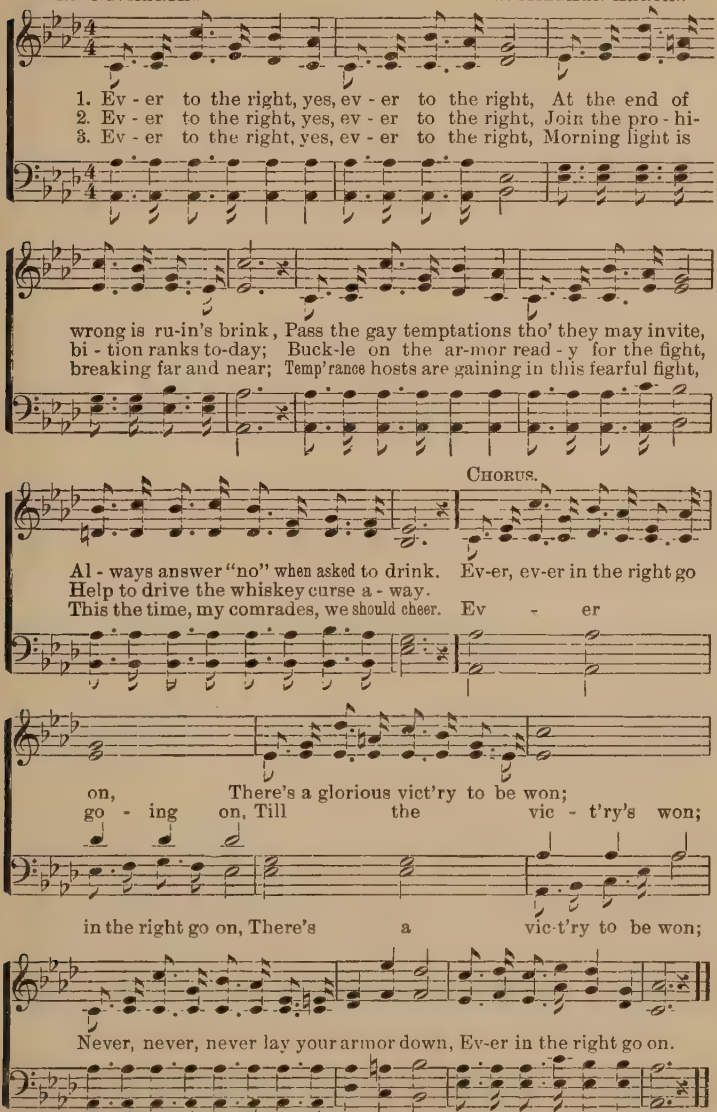
7. EVER TO THE RIGHT.

MRS. C. D. MARTIN. W. STILLMAN MARTIN.


1. Ev - er to the right, yes, ev - er to the right, At the end of
2. Ev - er to the right, yes, ev - er to the right, Join the pro - hi-
3. Ev - er to the right, yes, ev - er to the right, Morning light is
wrong is ru-in's brink, Pass the gay temptations tho' they may invite,
bi - tion ranks to-day; Buck-le on the ar-mor read - y for the fight,
breaking far and near; Temp'rance hosts are gaining in this fearful fight,
Chorus.
Al - ways answer "no" when asked to drink. Ev-er, ev-er in the right go
Help to drive the whiskey curse a - way.
This the time, my comrades, we should cheer. Ev - er
on, There's a glorious vict'ry to be won;
go - ing on, Till the vic - t'ry's won;
in the right go on, There's a vic-t'ry to be won;
Never, never, never lay your armor down, Ev-er in the right go on.

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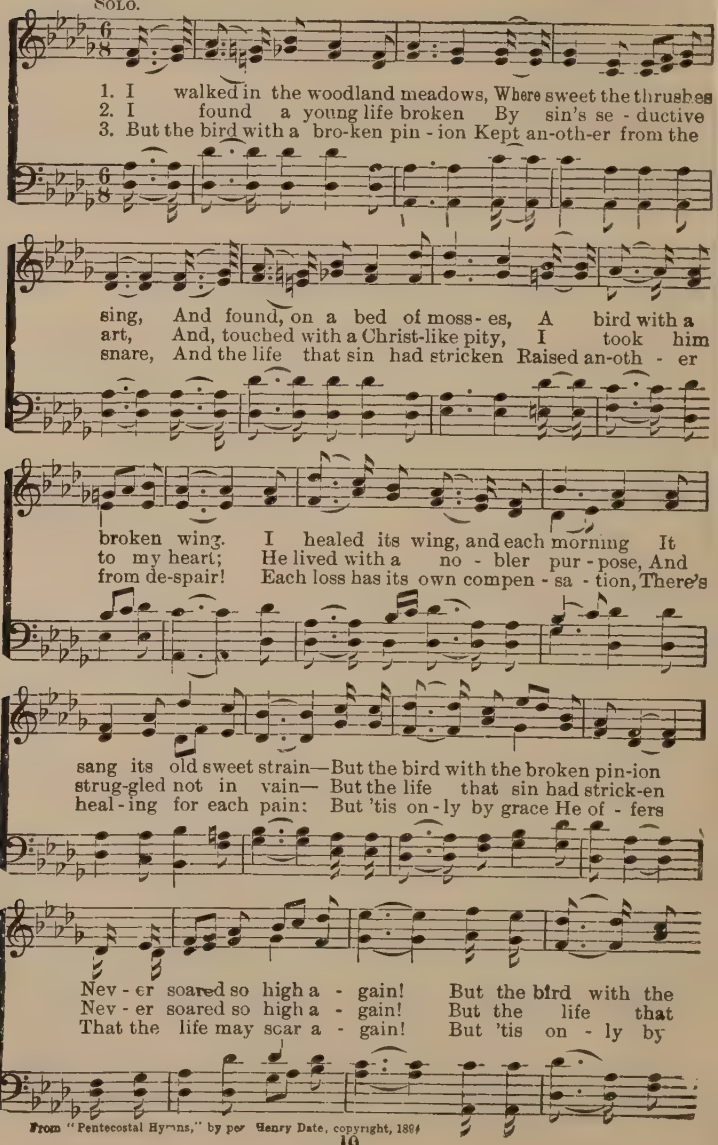
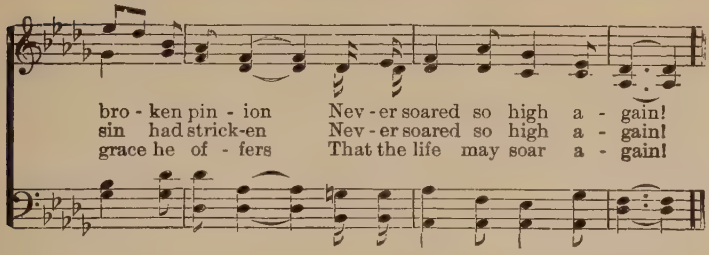
8. THE BIRD WITH A BROKEN WING.

HEZEKIAH BUTTERWORTH. Alt. J. H. TENNEY.

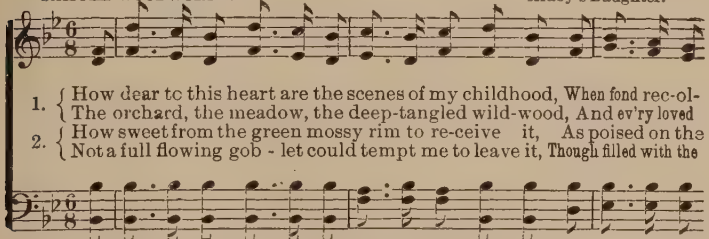

Solo.
1. I walked in the woodland meadows, Where sweet the thrushes sing, And found, on a bed of moss-es, A bird with a broken wing. I healed its wing, and each morning It sang its old sweet strain—But the bird with the broken pin-ion Nev-er soared so high a-gain! But the bird with the
2. I found a young life broken By sin's se-ductive art, And, touched with a Christ-like pity, I took him to my heart; He lived with a no-bler pur-pose, And strug-gled not in vain— But the life that sin had strick-en Nev-er soared so high a-gain! But the life that
3. But the bird with a bro-ken pin-ion Kept an-oth-er from the snare, And the life that sin had stricken Raised an-oth-er from de-spair! Each loss has its own compen-sa-tion, There's heal-ing for each pain: But 'tis on-ly by grace He of-fers That the life may scar a-gain! But 'tis on-ly by

From "Pentecostal Hymns," by per Henry Date, copyright, 1894

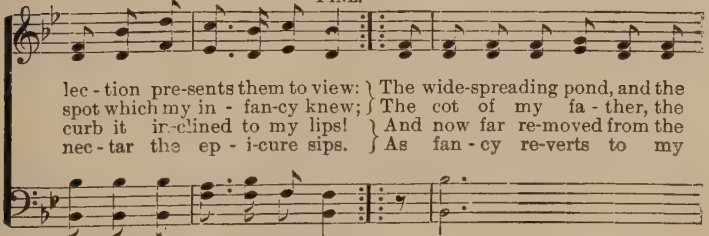

bro - ken pin - ion Nev - er soared so high a - gain!
sin had strick-en Nev - er soared so high a - gain!
grace he of - fers That the life may soar a - gain!

9. THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET.

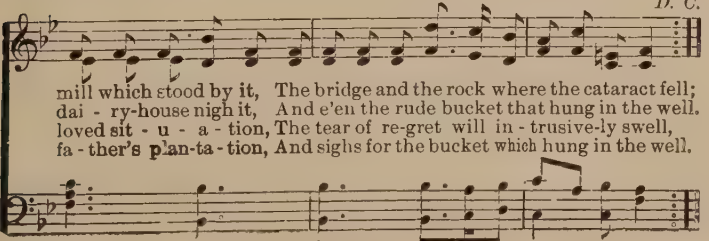
SAMUEL WOOD NORTH. "Araby's Daughter."


1. How dear to this heart are the scenes of my childhood, When fond rec-ol-
The orchard, the meadow, the deep-tangled wild-wood, And ev'ry loved
2. How sweet from the green mossy rim to re-ceive it, As poised on the
Not a full flowing gob - let could tempt me to leave it, Though filled with the
D. C. The old oak-en buck - et, the i - ron-bound buck-et, The moss-cov-ered

FINE.

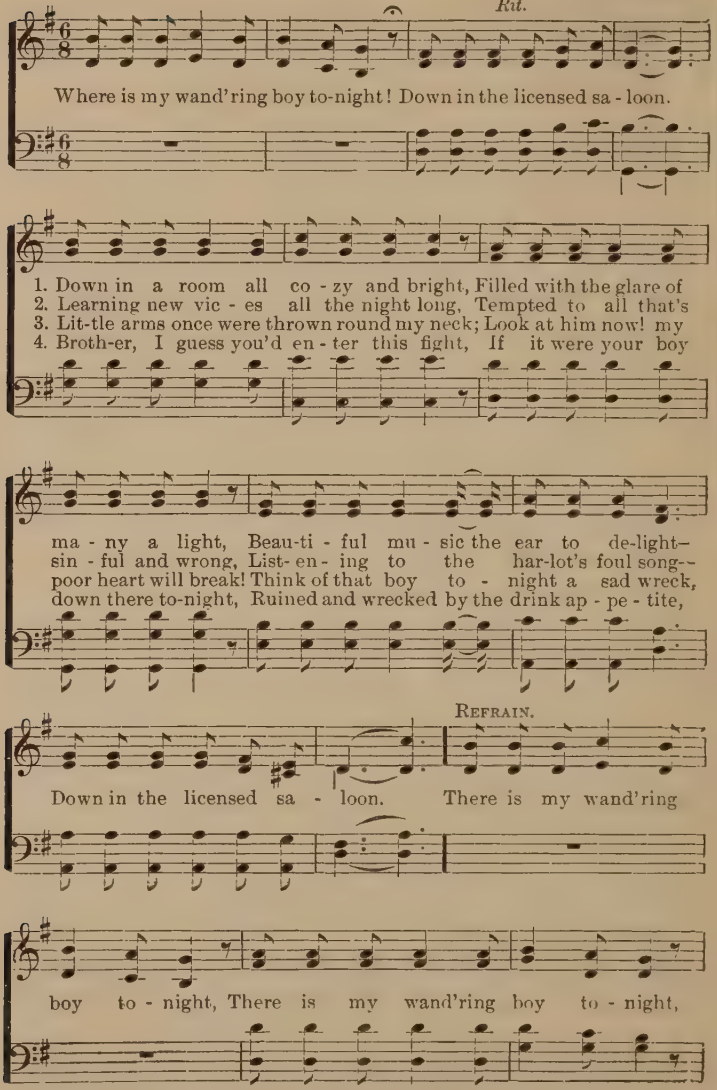

lec - tion pre-sents them to view: The wide-spreading pond, and the
spot which my in - fan-cy knew; The cot of my fa - ther, the
curb it in-clined to my lips! And now far re-moved from the
nec - tar the ep - i-cure sips. As fan - cy re-verts to my
buck - et that hung in the well!

D. C.


mill which stood by it, The bridge and the rock where the cataract fell;
dai - ry-house nigh it, And e'en the rude bucket that hung in the well.
loved sit - u - a - tion, The tear of re-gret will in - trusive-ly swell,
fa - ther's plan-ta - tion, And sighs for the bucket which hung in the well.

10. DOWN IN THE LICENSED SALOON.

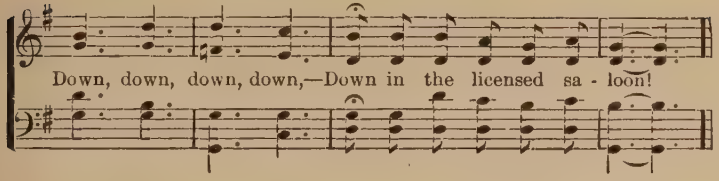
An answer to "Where is My Wandering Boy To-night?"

W. A. W. W. A. WILLIAMS.

Rit.
Where is my wand'ring boy to-night! Down in the licensed sa - loon.
1. Down in a room all co - zy and bright, Filled with the glare of ma - ny a light, Beau-ti - ful mu - sic the ear to de-light–
2. Learning new vic - es all the night long, Tempted to all that's sin - ful and wrong, List- en - ing to the har-lot's foul song--
3. Lit-tle arms once were thrown round my neck; Look at him now! my poor heart will break! Think of that boy to - night a sad wreck,
4. Broth-er, I guess you'd en - ter this fight, If it were your boy down there to-night, Ruined and wrecked by the drink ap - pe - tite,
Refrain.
Down in the licensed sa - loon. There is my wand'ring
boy to - night, There is my wand'ring boy to - night,

From "Silver Tones," by per. of W. A. Williams, publisher, Warnock, O.

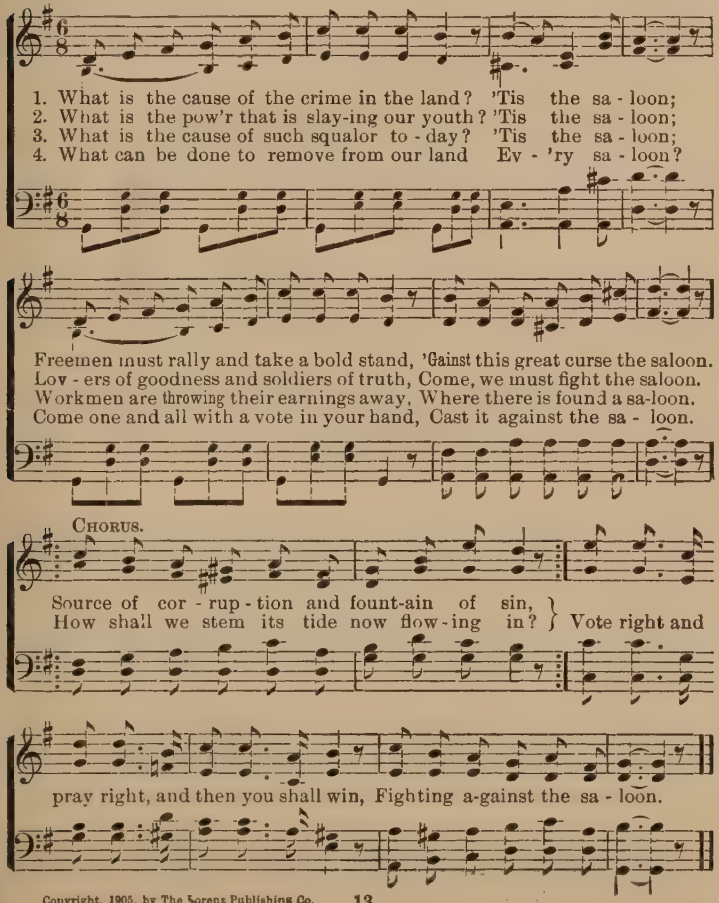
DOWN IN THE LICENSED SALOON. Concluded.

Cres.



II. 'TIS THE SALOON.

MRS. C. D. MARTIN. E. S. LORENZ.


1. What is the cause of the crime in the land? 'Tis the sa - loon;
2. What is the pow'r that is slay-ing our youth? 'Tis the sa - loon;
3. What is the cause of such squalor to - day? 'Tis the sa - loon;
4. What can be done to remove from our land Ev - 'ry sa - loon?
Freemen must rally and take a bold stand, 'Gainst this great curse the saloon.
Lov - ers of goodness and soldiers of truth, Come, we must fight the saloon.
Workmen are throwing their earnings away, Where there is found a sa-loon.
Come one and all with a vote in your hand, Cast it against the sa - loon.
CHORUS.
Source of cor - rup - tion and fount-ain of sin,
How shall we stem its tide now flow - ing in?
Vote right and
pray right, and then you shall win, Fighting a-gainst the sa - loon.

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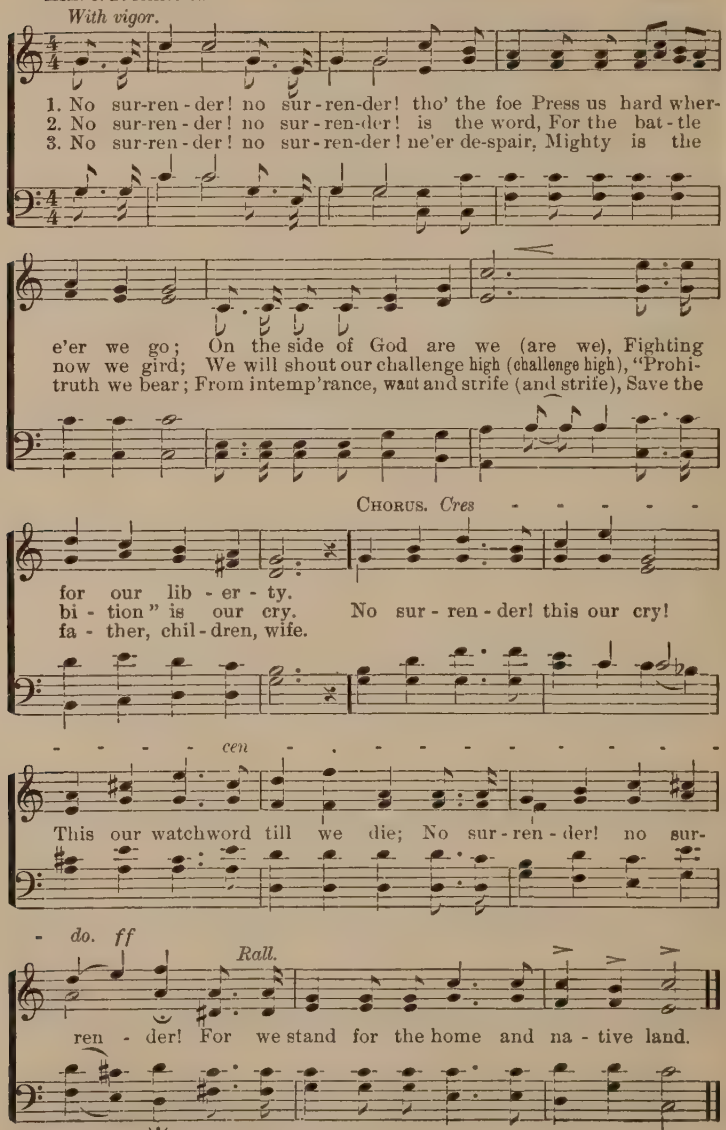
12. **NO SURRENDER.**

MRS. C. D. MARTIN. W. A. POST.


With vigor.
1. No sur-ren-der! no sur-ren-der! tho' the foe Press us hard wher-
2. No sur-ren-der! no sur-ren-der! is the word, For the bat-tle
3. No sur-ren-der! no sur-ren-der! ne'er de-spair, Mighty is the
e'er we go; On the side of God are we (are we), Fighting
now we gird; We will shout our challenge high (challenge high), "Prohi-
truth we bear; From intemp'rance, want and strife (and strife), Save the
Chorus. Cres - - - - - -
for our lib-er-ty.
bi-tion" is our cry. No sur-ren-der! this our cry!
fa-ther, chil-dren, wife.
- - - - - cen - - - - - - - - - - - -
This our watchword till we die; No sur-ren-der! no sur-
- do. ff
Rall.
ren-der! For we stand for the home and na-tive land.

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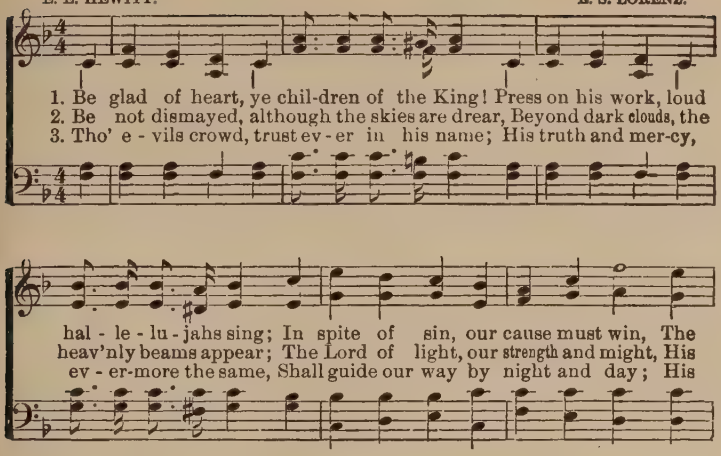
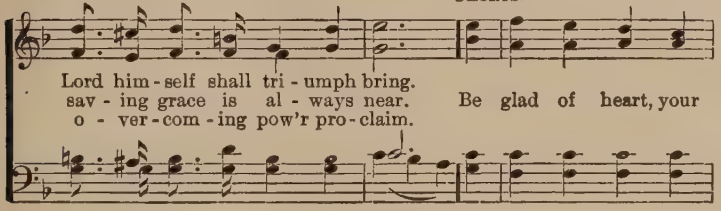
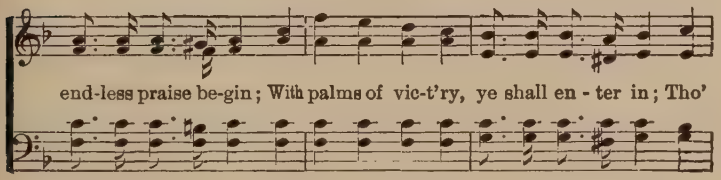
13. # OUR CAUSE MUST WIN.

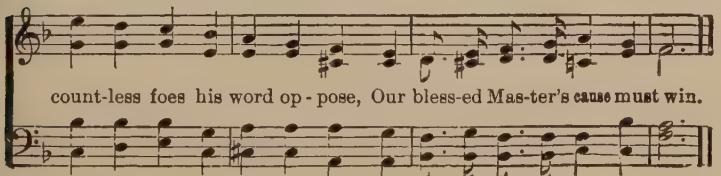
E. E. HEWITT. E. S. LORENZ.


1. Be glad of heart, ye chil-dren of the King! Press on his work, loud
2. Be not dismayed, although the skies are drear, Beyond dark clouds, the
3. Tho' e - vils crowd, trust ev - er in his name; His truth and mer-cy,
hal - le - lu - jahs sing; In spite of sin, our cause must win, The
heav'nly beams appear; The Lord of light, our strength and might, His
ev - er-more the same, Shall guide our way by night and day; His

CHORUS.







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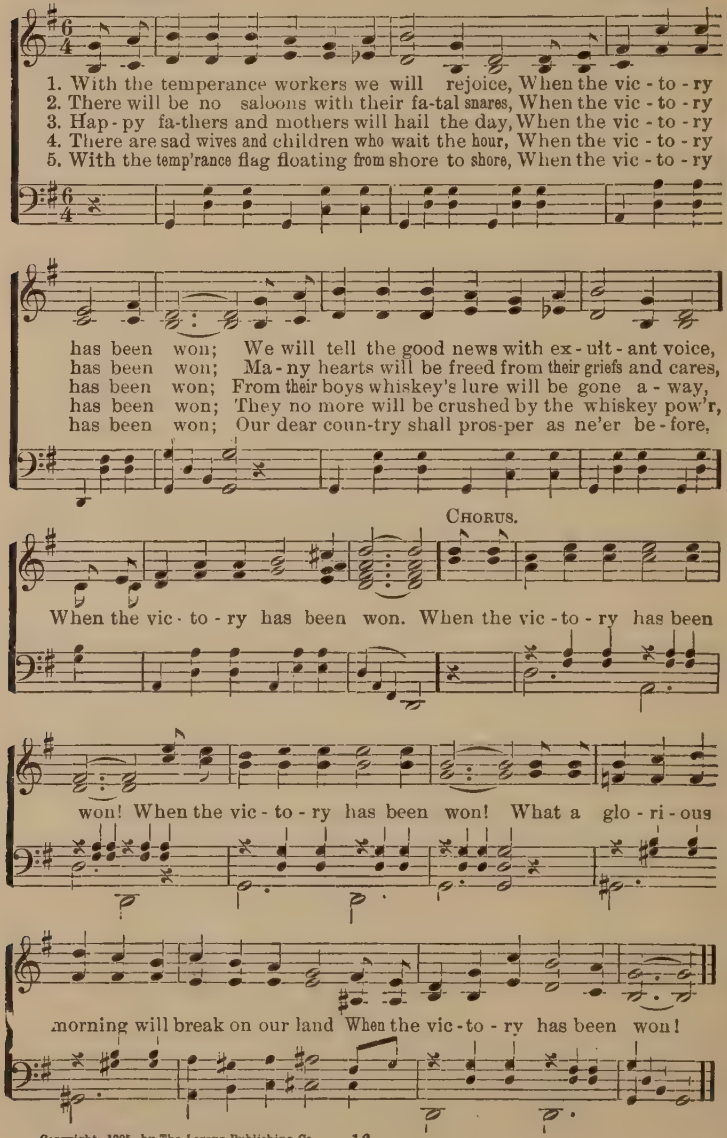
14. WHEN THE VICTORY HAS BEEN WON.

JENNIE WILSON. E. S. LORENZ.


1. With the temperance workers we will rejoice, When the vic - to - ry
2. There will be no saloons with their fa-tal snares, When the vic - to - ry
3. Hap - py fa-thers and mothers will hail the day, When the vic - to - ry
4. There are sad wives and children who wait the hour, When the vic - to - ry
5. With the temp'rance flag floating from shore to shore, When the vic - to - ry
has been won; We will tell the good news with ex - ult - ant voice,
has been won; Ma - ny hearts will be freed from their griefs and cares,
has been won; From their boys whiskey's lure will be gone a - way,
has been won; They no more will be crushed by the whiskey pow'r,
has been won; Our dear coun-try shall pros-per as ne'er be - fore,
Chorus.
When the vic - to - ry has been won. When the vic - to - ry has been
won! When the vic - to - ry has been won! What a glo - ri - ous
morning will break on our land When the vic - to - ry has been won!

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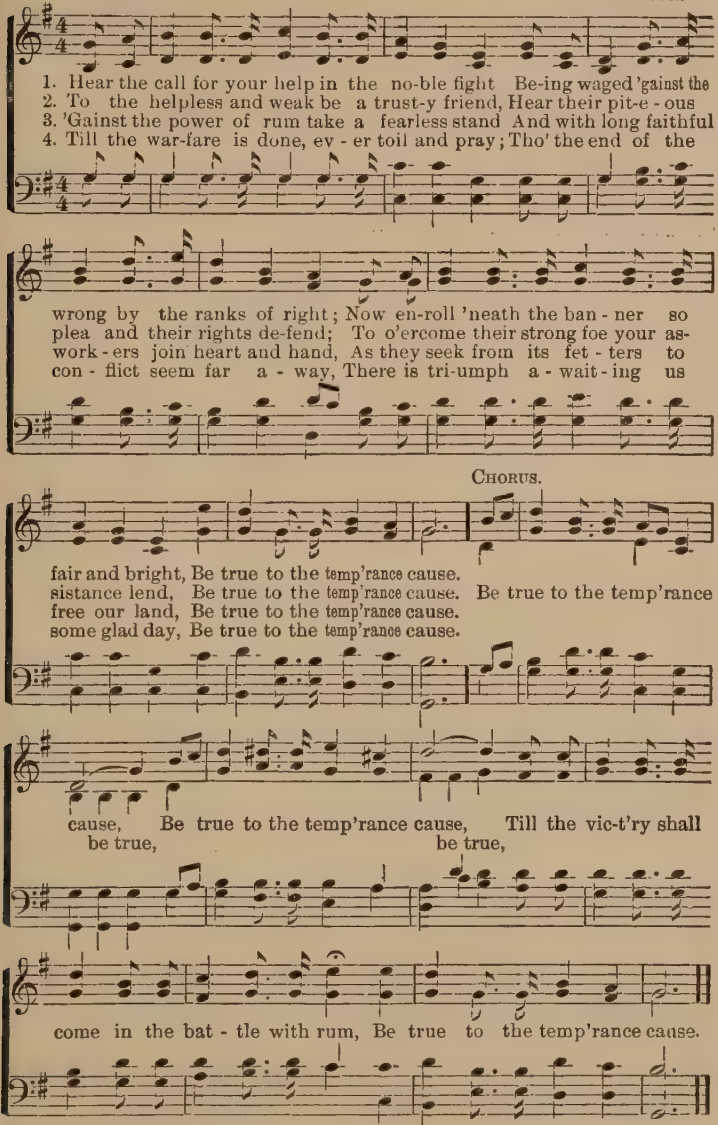
15. BE TRUE TO THE TEMPERANCE CAUSE.

JENNIE WILSON. IRA B. WILSON.


1. Hear the call for your help in the no-ble fight Be-ing waged 'gainst the
2. To the helpless and weak be a trust-y friend, Hear their pit-e - ous
3. 'Gainst the power of rum take a fearless stand And with long faithful
4. Till the war-fare is done, ev - er toil and pray; Tho' the end of the
wrong by the ranks of right; Now en-roll 'neath the ban - ner so
plea and their rights de-fend; To o'ercome their strong foe your as-
work - ers join heart and hand, As they seek from its fet - ters to
con - flict seem far a - way, There is tri-umph a - wait - ing us
CHORUS.
fair and bright, Be true to the temp'rance cause.
sistance lend, Be true to the temp'rance cause. Be true to the temp'rance
free our land, Be true to the temp'rance cause.
some glad day, Be true to the temp'rance cause.
cause, Be true to the temp'rance cause, Till the vic-t'ry shall
be true, be true,
come in the bat - tle with rum, Be true to the temp'rance cause.

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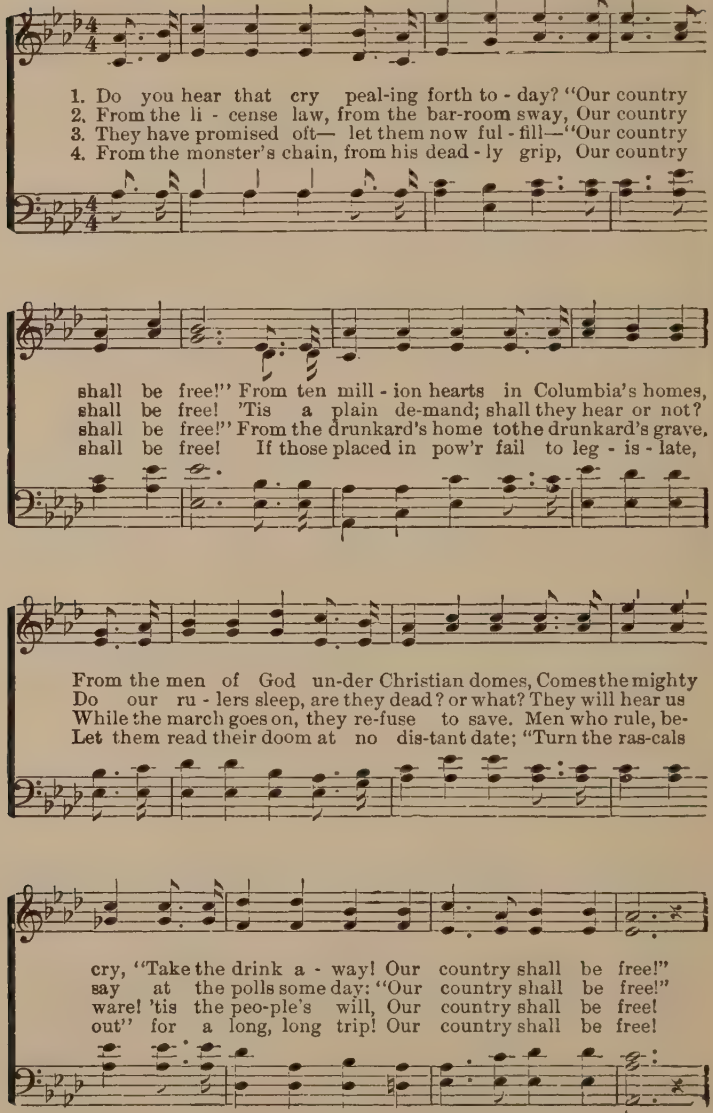
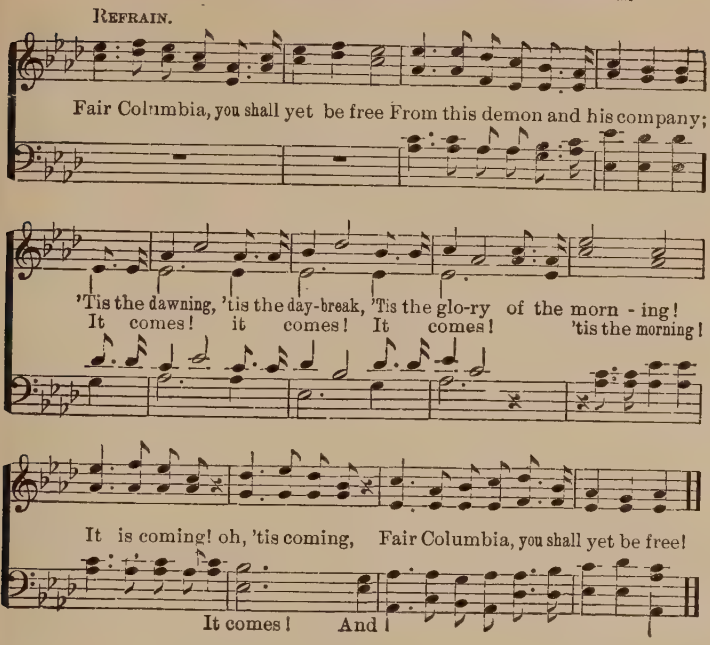
16. OUR COUNTRY SHALL BE FREE.

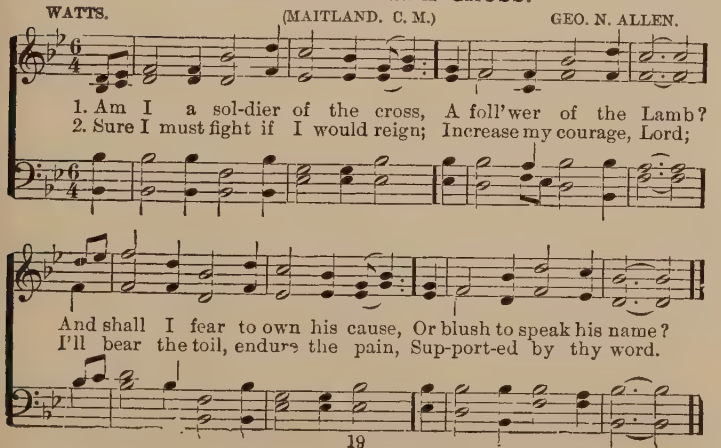
J. M. W. Arr. J. M. WHYTE. Arr. by W. F. M.


1. Do you hear that cry peal-ing forth to - day? "Our country
2. From the li - cense law, from the bar-room sway, Our country
3. They have promised oft— let them now ful - fill—"Our country
4. From the monster's chain, from his dead - ly grip, Our country
shall be free!" From ten mill - ion hearts in Columbia's homes,
shall be free! 'Tis a plain de-mand; shall they hear or not?
shall be free!" From the drunkard's home to the drunkard's grave,
shall be free! If those placed in pow'r fail to leg - is - late,
From the men of God un-der Christian domes, Comes the mighty
Do our ru - lers sleep, are they dead? or what? They will hear us
While the march goes on, they re-fuse to save. Men who rule, be-
Let them read their doom at no dis-tant date; "Turn the ras-cals
cry, "Take the drink a - way! Our country shall be free!"
say at the polls some day: "Our country shall be free!"
ware! 'tis the peo-ple's will, Our country shall be free!
out" for a long, long trip! Our country shall be free!

OUR COUNTRY SHALL BE FREE. Concluded.

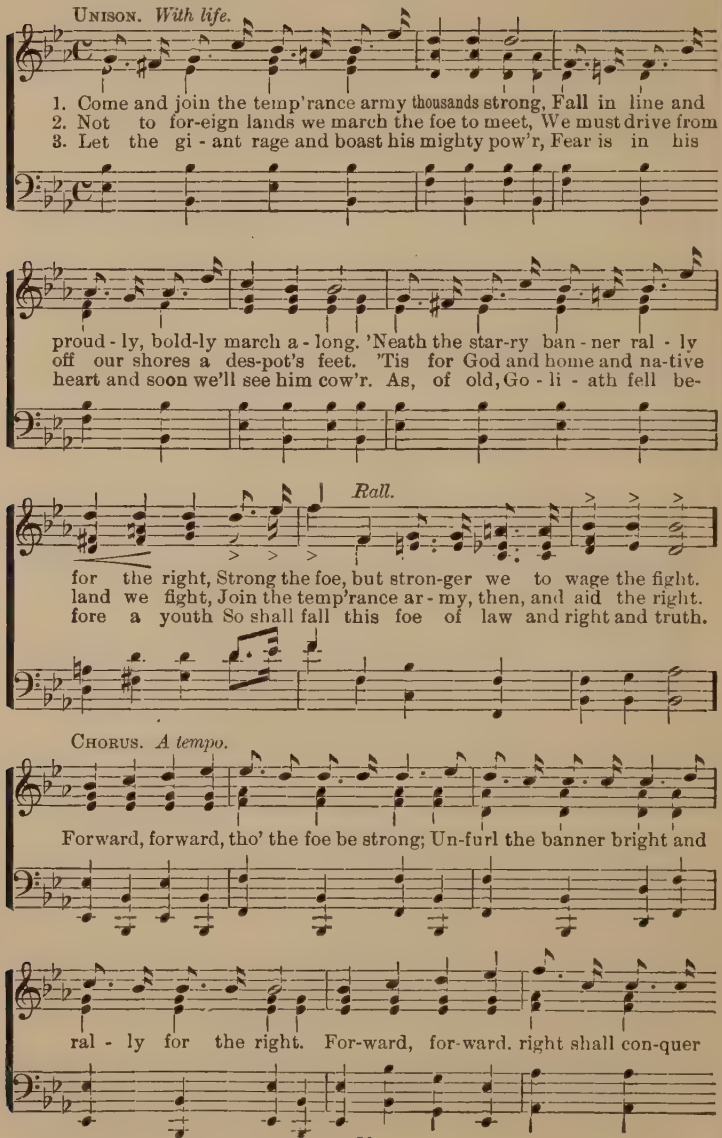

REFRAIN.
Fair Columbia, you shall yet be free From this demon and his company;
'Tis the dawning, 'tis the day-break, 'Tis the glo-ry of the morn - ing!
It comes! it comes! It comes! 'tis the morning!
It is coming! oh, 'tis coming, Fair Columbia, you shall yet be free!
It comes! And I

17. A SOLDIER OF THE CROSS.


WATTS.
(MAITLAND. C. M.)
GEO. N. ALLEN.
1. Am I a sol-dier of the cross, A foll'wer of the Lamb?
2. Sure I must fight if I would reign; Increase my courage, Lord;
And shall I fear to own his cause, Or blush to speak his name?
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain, Sup-port-ed by thy word.

18. BATTLE SONG.

MRS. IDA REED SMITH. W. A. POST.


Unison. With life.
1. Come and join the temp'rance army thousands strong, Fall in line and
2. Not to for-eign lands we march the foe to meet, We must drive from
3. Let the gi - ant rage and boast his mighty pow'r, Fear is in his
proud - ly, bold-ly march a - long. 'Neath the star-ry ban - ner ral - ly
off our shores a des-pot's feet. 'Tis for God and home and na-tive
heart and soon we'll see him cow'r. As, of old, Go - li - ath fell be-
Rall.
for the right, Strong the foe, but stron-ger we to wage the fight.
land we fight, Join the temp'rance ar - my, then, and aid the right.
fore a youth So shall fall this foe of law and right and truth.
Chorus. A tempo.
Forward, forward, tho' the foe be strong; Un-furl the banner bright and
ral - ly for the right. For-ward, for-ward. right shall con-quer

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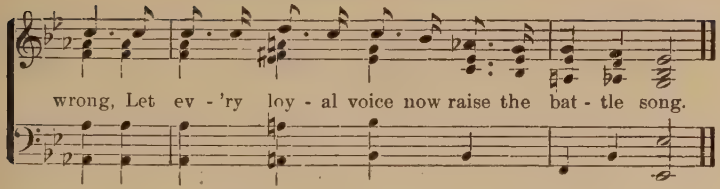
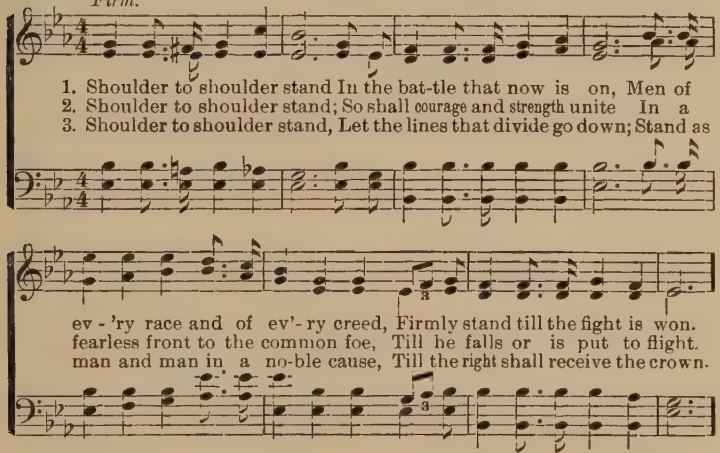
BATTLE SONG. Concluded.



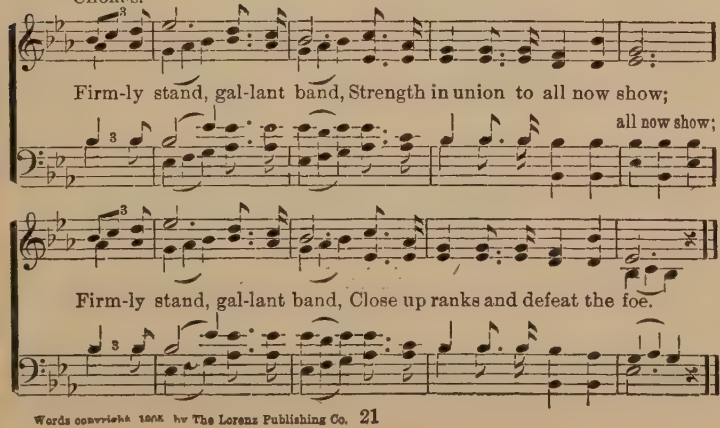
19. SHOULDER TO SHOULDER.

MRS. IDA REED SMITH. J. HARVEY ANDERSON.

Firm.


1. Shoulder to shoulder stand In the bat-tle that now is on, Men of
2. Shoulder to shoulder stand; So shall courage and strength unite In a
3. Shoulder to shoulder stand, Let the lines that divide go down; Stand as
ev - 'ry race and of ev'- ry creed, Firmly stand till the fight is won.
fearless front to the common foe, Till he falls or is put to flight.
man and man in a no-ble cause, Till the right shall receive the crown.

CHORUS.


Firm-ly stand, gal-lant band, Strength in union to all now show;
all now show;
Firm-ly stand, gal-lant band, Close up ranks and defeat the foe.

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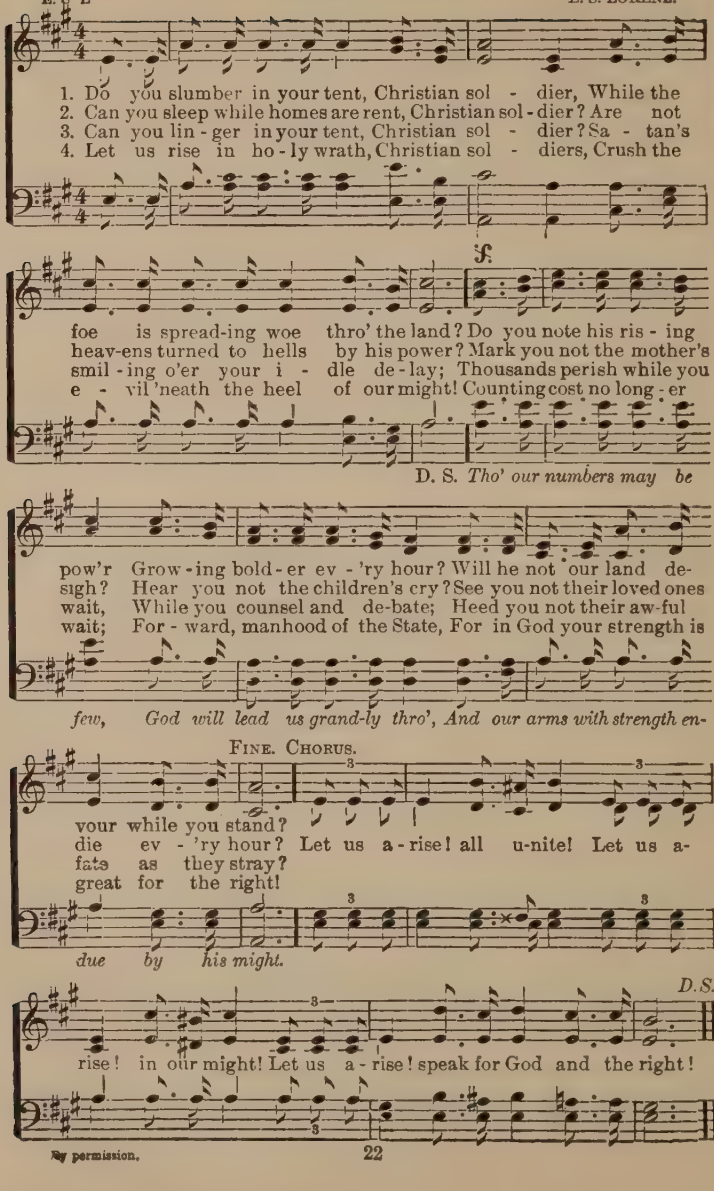
20. **LET US ARISE.**

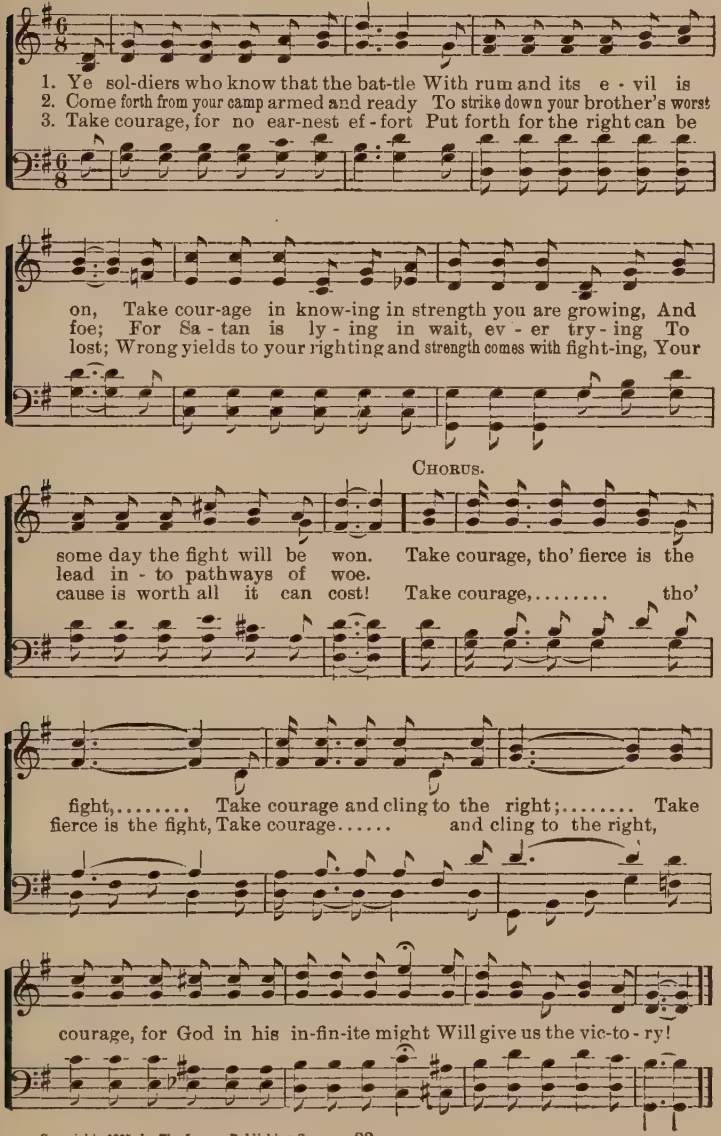
E. S. L. E. S. LORENZ.


1. Do you slumber in your tent, Christian sol - dier, While the
2. Can you sleep while homes are rent, Christian sol - dier? Are not
3. Can you lin - ger in your tent, Christian sol - dier? Sa - tan's
4. Let us rise in ho - ly wrath, Christian sol - diers, Crush the
f.
foe is spread-ing woe thro' the land? Do you note his ris - ing
heav-ens turned to hells by his power? Mark you not the mother's
smil - ing o'er your i - dle de - lay; Thousands perish while you
e - vil 'neath the heel of our might! Counting cost no long - er
D. S. Tho' our numbers may be
pow'r Grow - ing bold - er ev - 'ry hour? Will he not our land de-
sigh? Hear you not the children's cry? See you not their loved ones
wait, While you counsel and de-bate; Heed you not their aw-ful
wait; For - ward, manhood of the State, For in God your strength is
few, God will lead us grand-ly thro', And our arms with strength en-
Fine. Chorus.
vour while you stand?
die ev - 'ry hour? Let us a - rise! all u-nite! Let us a-
fate as they stray?
great for the right!
due by his might.
D.S.
rise! in our might! Let us a - rise! speak for God and the right!

By permission.

21. TAKE COURAGE.

LAURENE HIGHFIELD. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.


1. Ye sol-diers who know that the bat-tle With rum and its e - vil is
2. Come forth from your camp armed and ready To strike down your brother's worst
3. Take courage, for no ear-nest ef - fort Put forth for the right can be
on, Take cour-age in know-ing in strength you are growing, And
foe; For Sa - tan is ly - ing in wait, ev - er try - ing To
lost; Wrong yields to your righting and strength comes with fight-ing, Your
Chorus.
some day the fight will be won. Take courage, tho' fierce is the
lead in - to pathways of woe.
cause is worth all it can cost! Take courage,..... tho'
fight,..... Take courage and cling to the right;..... Take
fierce is the fight, Take courage..... and cling to the right,
courage, for God in his in-fin-ite might Will give us the vic-to - ry!

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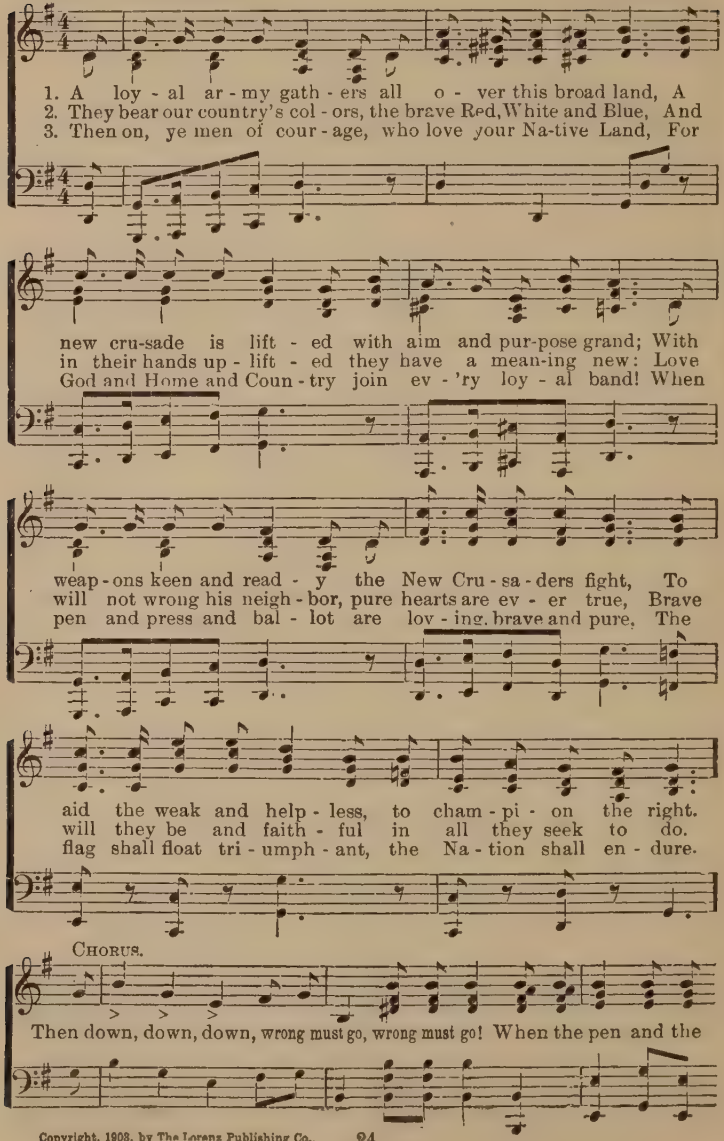
22. DOWN WRONG MUST GO.

MRS. IDA REED SMITH. E. S. LORENZ.

1. A loy - al ar - my gath - ers all o - ver this broad land, A
2. They bear our country's col - ors, the brave Red, White and Blue, And
3. Then on, ye men of cour - age, who love your Na-tive Land, For
new cru-sade is lift - ed with aim and pur-pose grand; With
in their hands up - lift - ed they have a mean-ing new: Love
God and Home and Coun - try join ev - 'ry loy - al band! When
weap - ons keen and read - y the New Cru - sa - ders fight, To
will not wrong his neigh - bor, pure hearts are ev - er true, Brave
pen and press and bal - lot are loy - ing, brave and pure, The
aid the weak and help - less, to cham - pi - on the right.
will they be and faith - ful in all they seek to do.
flag shall float tri - umph - ant, the Na - tion shall en - dure.
CHORUS.
Then down, down, down, wrong must go, wrong must go! When the pen and the

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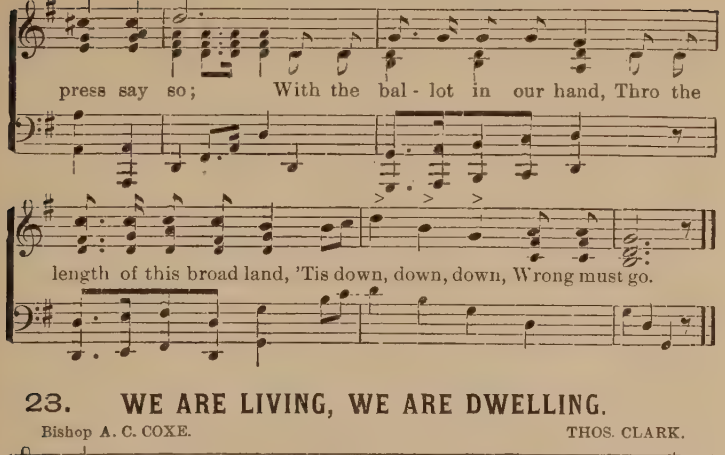
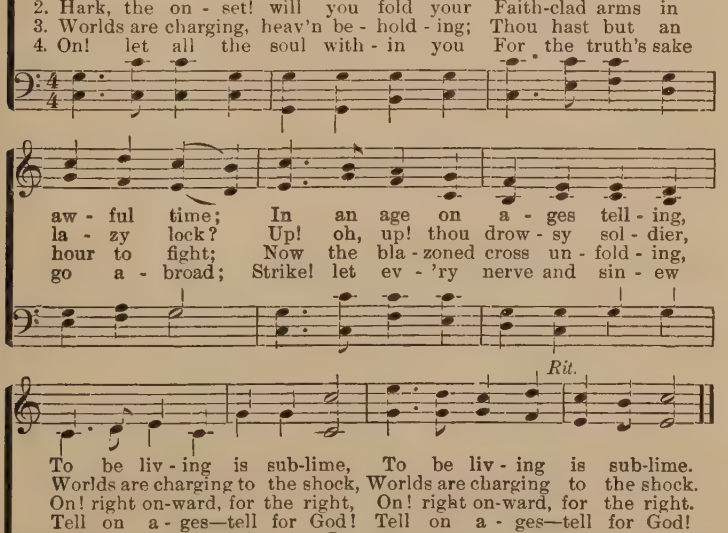
DOWN WRONG MUST GO. Concluded.



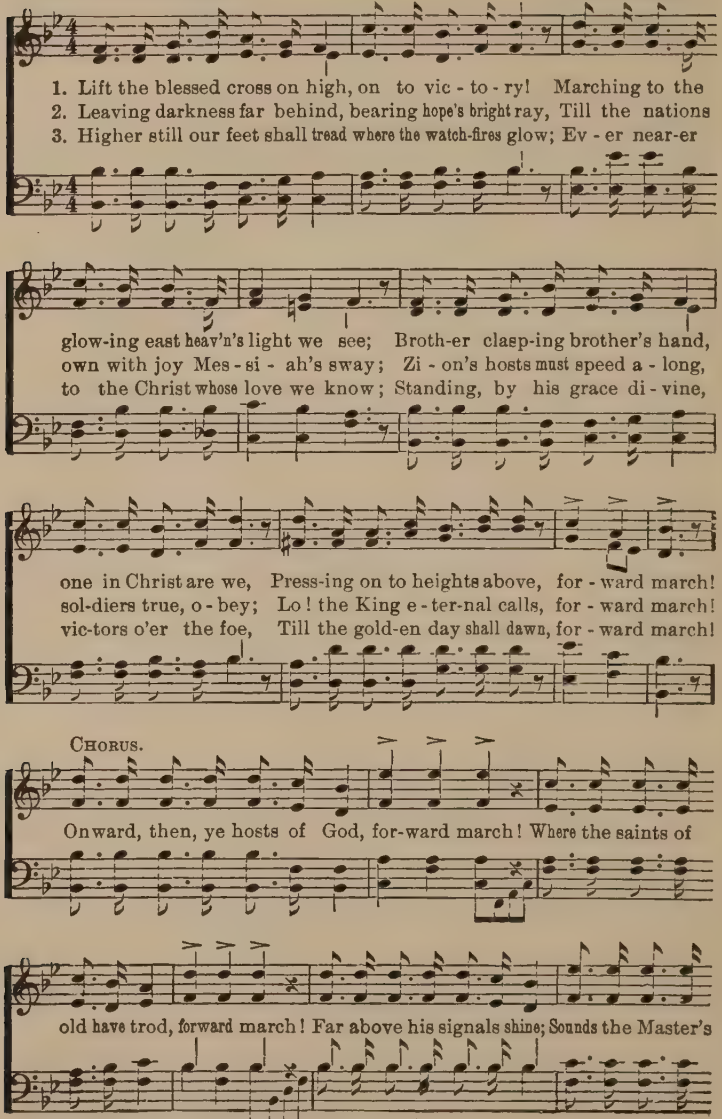
23. WE ARE LIVING, WE ARE DWELLING.

Bishop A. C. COXE. THOS. CLARK.


1. We are liv - ing, we are dwell - ing In a grand and
2. Hark, the on - set! will you fold your Faith-clad arms in
3. Worlds are charging, heav'n be - hold - ing; Thou hast but an
4. On! let all the soul with - in you For the truth's sake
aw - ful time; In an age on a - ges tell - ing,
la - zy lock? Up! oh, up! thou drow - sy sol - dier,
hour to fight; Now the bla - zoned cross un - fold - ing,
go a - broad; Strike! let ev - 'ry nerve and sin - ew
Rit.
To be liv - ing is sub-lime, To be liv - ing is sub-lime.
Worlds are charging to the shock, Worlds are charging to the shock.
On! right on-ward, for the right, On! right on-ward, for the right.
Tell on a - ges—tell for God! Tell on a - ges—tell for God!

24. FORWARD MARCH!

MRS. LIZZIE DEARMOND. E. S. LORENZ.


1. Lift the blessed cross on high, on to vic - to - ry! Marching to the
2. Leaving darkness far behind, bearing hope's bright ray, Till the nations
3. Higher still our feet shall tread where the watch-fires glow; Ev - er near-er
glow-ing east heav'n's light we see; Broth-er clasp-ing brother's hand,
own with joy Mes - si - ah's sway; Zi - on's hosts must speed a - long,
to the Christ whose love we know; Standing, by his grace di - vine,
one in Christ are we, Press-ing on to heights above, for - ward march!
sol-diers true, o - bey; Lo! the King e - ter-nal calls, for - ward march!
vic-tors o'er the foe, Till the gold-en day shall dawn, for - ward march!
CHORUS.
Onward, then, ye hosts of God, for-ward march! Where the saints of
old have trod, forward march! Far above his signals shine; Sounds the Master's

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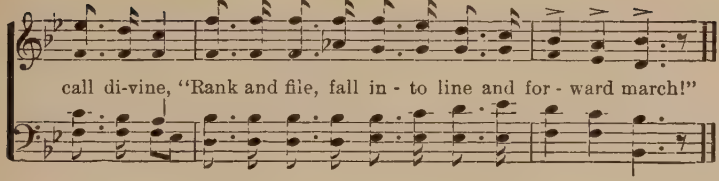
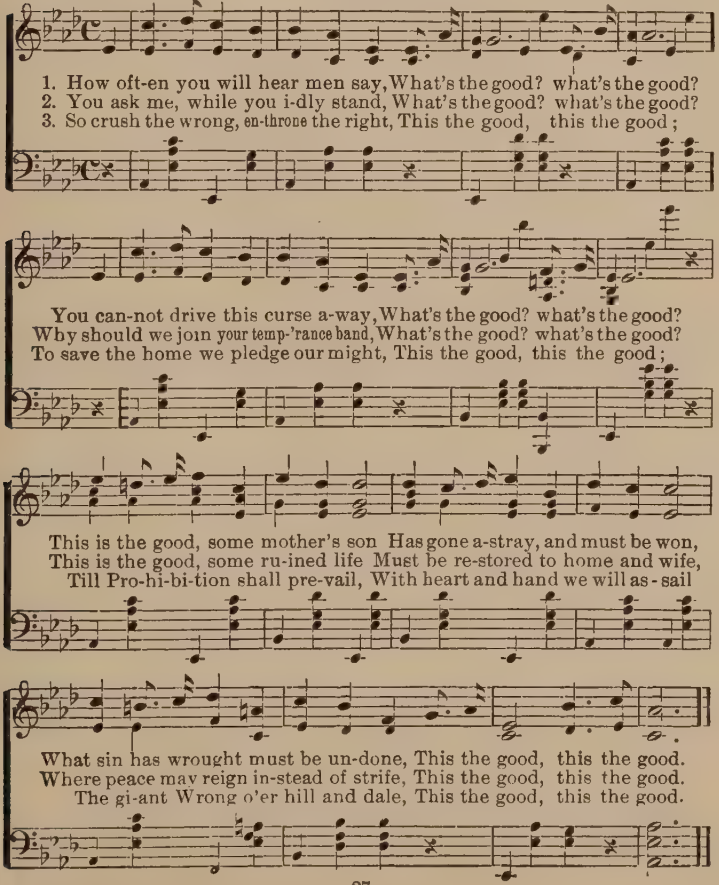


25. WHAT'S THE GOOD?

MRS. C. D. MARTIN. J. S. FEARIS.


1. How oft-en you will hear men say, What's the good? what's the good?
2. You ask me, while you i-dly stand, What's the good? what's the good?
3. So crush the wrong, en-throne the right, This the good, this the good;
You can-not drive this curse a-way, What's the good? what's the good?
Why should we join your temp-'rance band, What's the good? what's the good?
To save the home we pledge our might, This the good, this the good;
This is the good, some mother's son Has gone a-stray, and must be won,
This is the good, some ru-ined life Must be re-stored to home and wife,
Till Pro-hi-bi-tion shall pre-vail, With heart and hand we will as - sail
What sin has wrought must be un-done, This the good, this the good.
Where peace may reign in-stead of strife, This the good, this the good.
The gi-ant Wrong o'er hill and dale, This the good, this the good.

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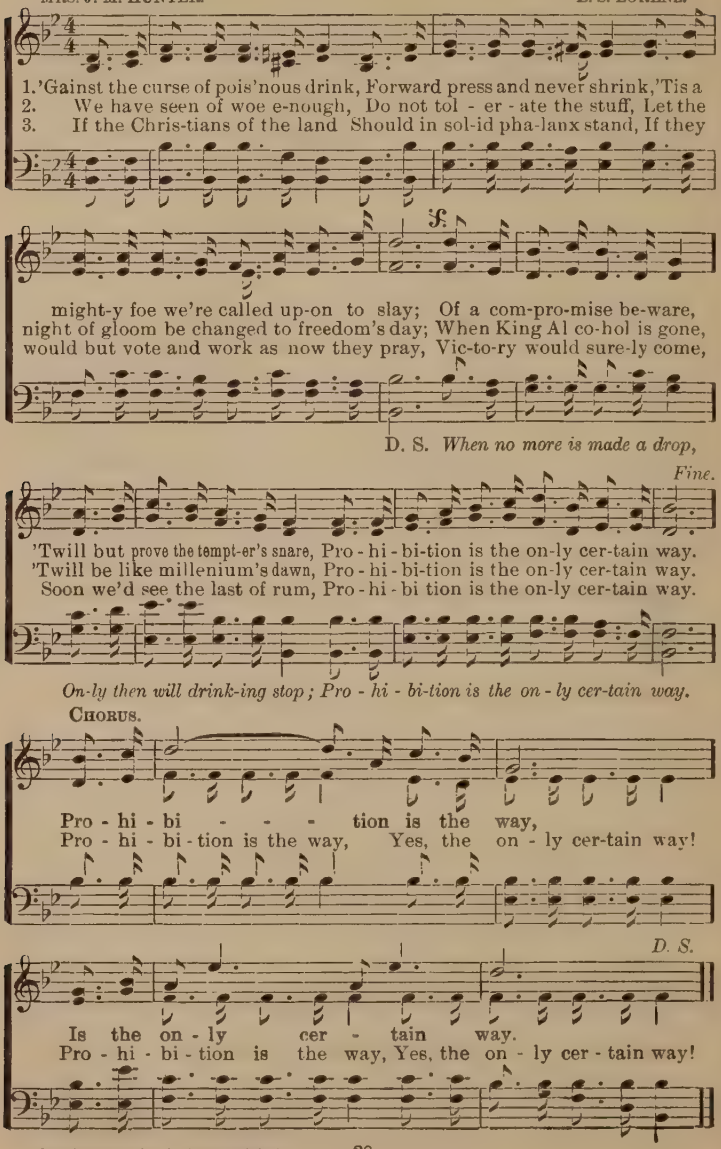
26. PROHIBITION IS THE ONLY CERTAIN WAY.

MRS. J. M. HUNTER. E. S. LORENZ.

1. 'Gainst the curse of pois'nous drink, Forward press and never shrink, 'Tis a
2. We have seen of woe e-nough, Do not tol - er - ate the stuff, Let the
3. If the Chris-tians of the land Should in sol-id pha-lanx stand, If they
might-y foe we're called up-on to slay; Of a com-pro-mise be-ware,
night of gloom be changed to freedom's day; When King Al co-hol is gone,
would but vote and work as now they pray, Vic-to-ry would sure-ly come,
D. S. When no more is made a drop,
Fine.
'Twill but prove the tempt-er's snare, Pro - hi - bi-tion is the on-ly cer-tain way.
'Twill be like millenium's dawn, Pro - hi - bi-tion is the on-ly cer-tain way.
Soon we'd see the last of rum, Pro - hi - bi tion is the on-ly cer-tain way.
On-ly then will drink-ing stop; Pro - hi - bi-tion is the on - ly cer-tain way.
CHORUS.
Pro - hi - bi - - - tion is the way,
Pro - hi - bi - tion is the way, Yes, the on - ly cer-tain way!
D. S.
Is the on - ly cer - tain way.
Pro - hi - bi - tion is the way, Yes, the on - ly cer - tain way!

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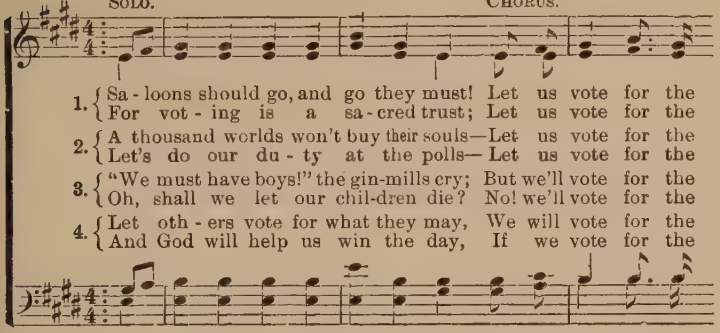
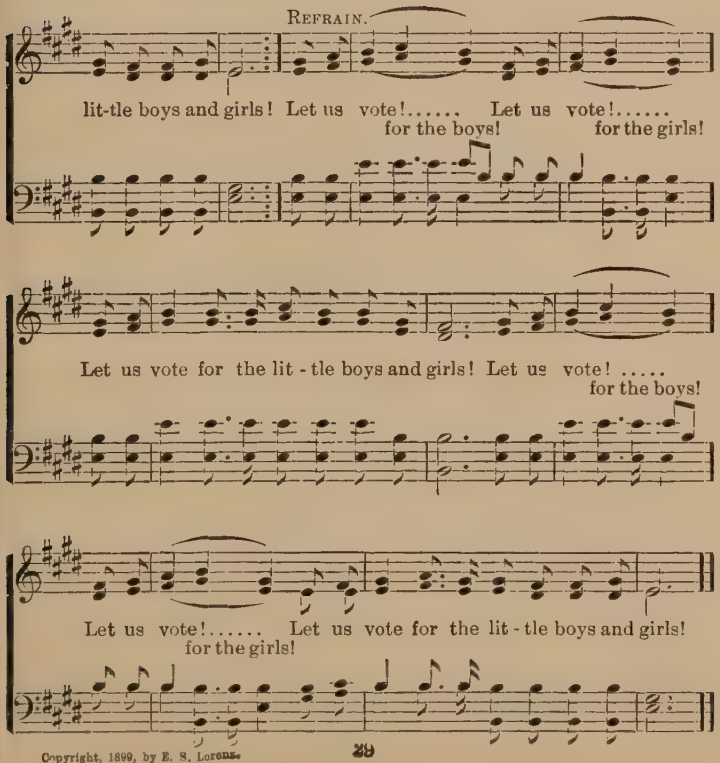
27. VOTE FOR THE LITTLE BOYS AND GIRLS.

W. A. W. W. A. WILLIAMS.

SOLO. CHORUS.


1. Sa - loons should go, and go they must! Let us vote for the
For vot - ing is a sa - cred trust; Let us vote for the
2. A thousand worlds won't buy their souls—Let us vote for the
Let's do our du - ty at the polls—Let us vote for the
3. "We must have boys!" the gin-mills cry; But we'll vote for the
Oh, shall we let our chil-dren die? No! we'll vote for the
4. Let oth - ers vote for what they may, We will vote for the
And God will help us win the day, If we vote for the

REFRAIN.


lit-tle boys and girls! Let us vote!..... Let us vote!.....
for the boys! for the girls!
Let us vote for the lit - tle boys and girls! Let us vote! .....
for the boys!
Let us vote!..... Let us vote for the lit - tle boys and girls!
for the girls!

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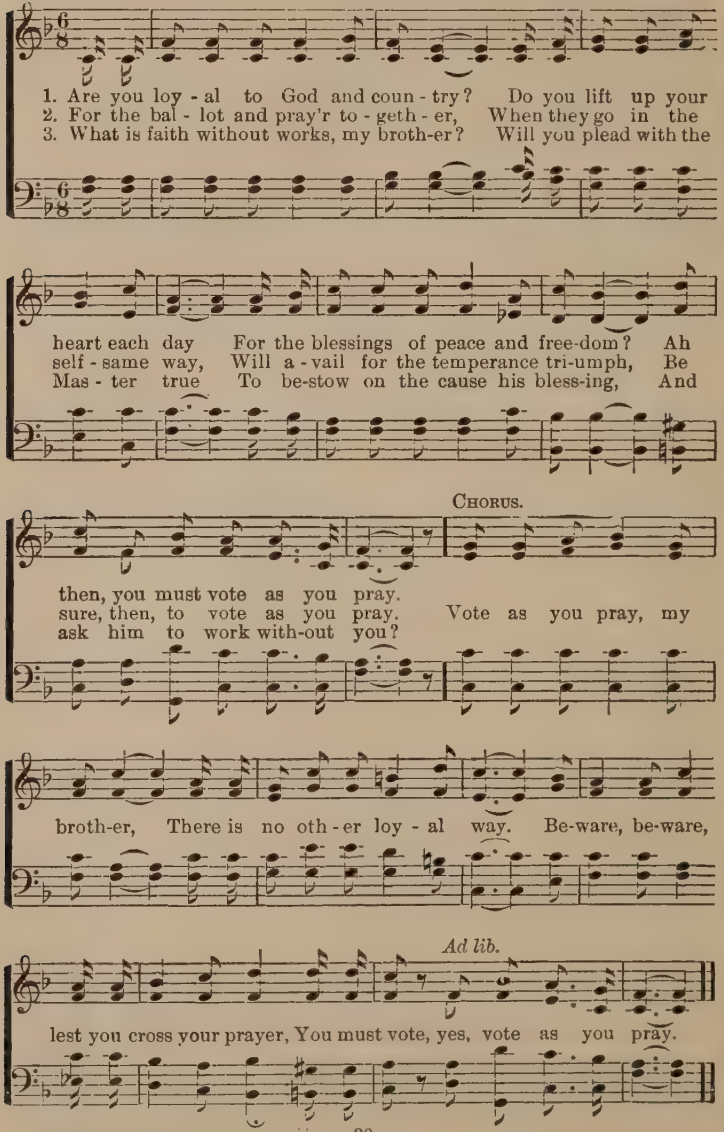
28. VOTE AS YOU PRAY.

JULIA H. JOHNSTON. IRA B. WILSON.


1. Are you loy - al to God and coun - try? Do you lift up your
2. For the bal - lot and pray'r to - geth - er, When they go in the
3. What is faith without works, my broth-er? Will you plead with the
heart each day For the blessings of peace and free-dom? Ah
self - same way, Will a - vail for the temperance tri-umph, Be
Mas - ter true To be-stow on the cause his bless-ing, And
Chorus.
then, you must vote as you pray.
sure, then, to vote as you pray. Vote as you pray, my
ask him to work with-out you?
broth-er, There is no oth - er loy - al way. Be-ware, be-ware,
Ad lib.
lest you cross your prayer, You must vote, yes, vote as you pray.

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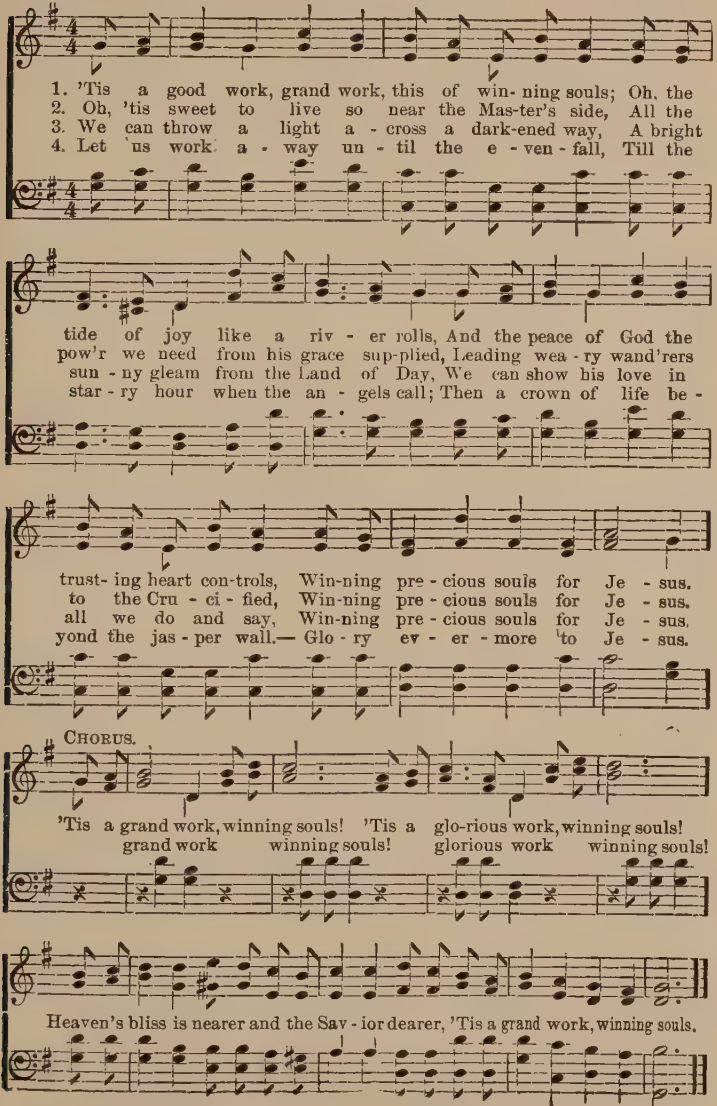
29. 'TIS A GRAND WORK, WINNING SOULS.

E. E. HEWITT. E. S. LORENZ.


1. 'Tis a good work, grand work, this of win- ning souls; Oh, the
2. Oh, 'tis sweet to live so near the Mas-ter's side, All the
3. We can throw a light a - cross a dark-ened way, A bright
4. Let us work a - way un - til the e - ven - fall, Till the
tide of joy like a riv - er rolls, And the peace of God the
pow'r we need from his grace sup-plied, Leading wea - ry wand'rers
sun - ny gleam from the Land of Day, We can show his love in
star - ry hour when the an - gels call; Then a crown of life be -
trust- ing heart con-trols, Win-ning pre - cious souls for Je - sus.
to the Cru - ci - fied, Win-ning pre - cious souls for Je - sus.
all we do and say, Win-ning pre - cious souls for Je - sus.
yond the jas - per wall.— Glo - ry ev - er - more to Je - sus.
CHORUS.
'Tis a grand work, winning souls! 'Tis a glo-rious work, winning souls!
grand work winning souls! glorious work winning souls!
Heaven's bliss is nearer and the Sav - ior dearer, 'Tis a grand work, winning souls.

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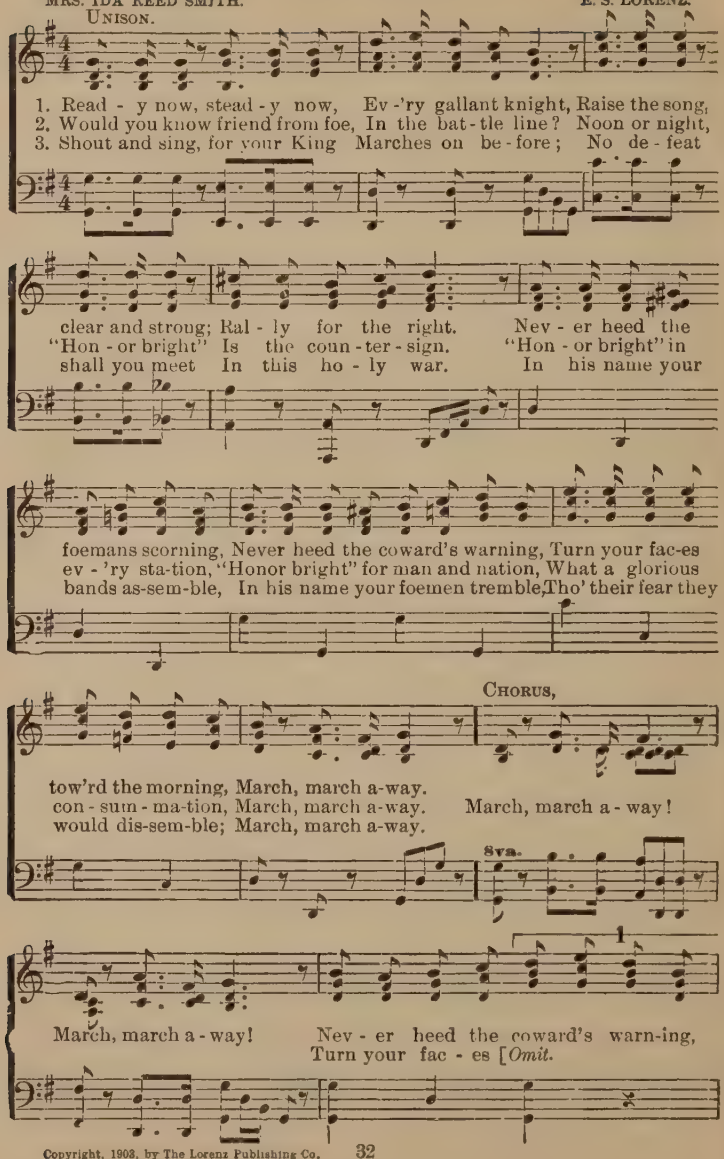
30. **MARCH AWAY.**

MRS. IDA REED SMITH. E. S. LORENZ.


Unison.
1. Read - y now, stead - y now, Ev - 'ry gallant knight, Raise the song,
2. Would you know friend from foe, In the bat - tle line? Noon or night,
3. Shout and sing, for your King Marches on be - fore; No de - feat
clear and strong; Ral - ly for the right. Nev - er heed the
"Hon - or bright" Is the coun - ter - sign. "Hon - or bright" in
shall you meet In this ho - ly war. In his name your
foemans scorning, Never heed the coward's warning, Turn your fac-es
ev - 'ry sta-tion, "Honor bright" for man and nation, What a glorious
bands as-sem-ble, In his name your foemen tremble, Tho' their fear they
Chorus.
tow'rd the morning, March, march a-way.
con - sum - ma-tion, March, march a-way.
would dis-sem-ble; March, march a-way.
March, march a - way!
8va.
1
March, march a - way!
Nev - er heed the coward's warn-ing,
Turn your fac - es [Omit.

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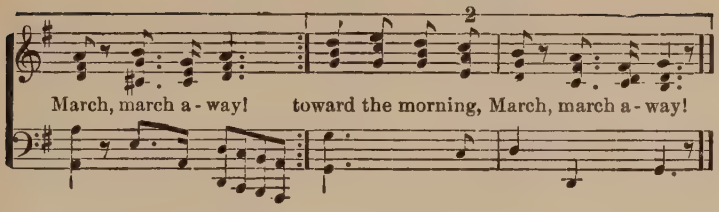
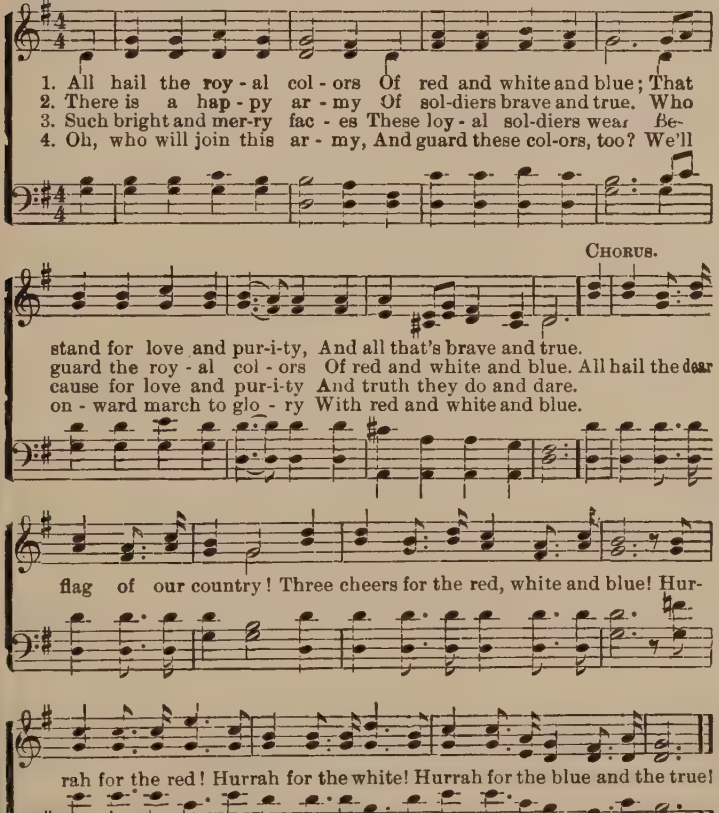


31. ALL HAIL THE DEAR FLAG!

MRS. F. BURROUGHS. M. L. McPHAIL.


1. All hail the roy - al col - ors Of red and white and blue; That
2. There is a hap - py ar - my Of sol-diers brave and true. Who
3. Such bright and mer-ry fac - es These loy - al sol-diers wear Be-
4. Oh, who will join this ar - my, And guard these col-ors, too? We'll
CHORUS.
stand for love and pur-i-ty, And all that's brave and true.
guard the roy - al col - ors Of red and white and blue. All hail the dear
cause for love and pur-i-ty And truth they do and dare.
on - ward march to glo - ry With red and white and blue.
flag of our country! Three cheers for the red, white and blue! Hur-
rah for the red! Hurrah for the white! Hurrah for the blue and the true!

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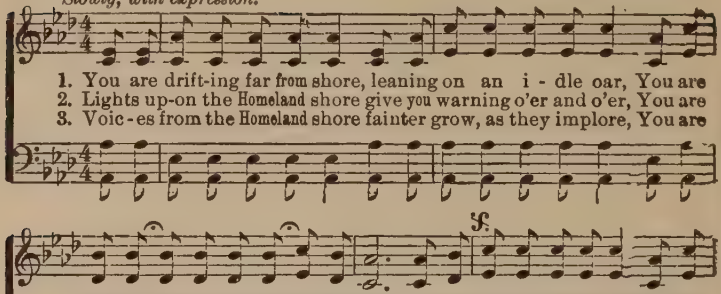
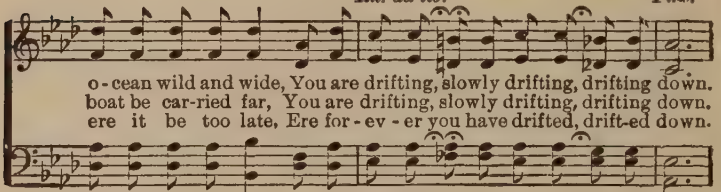
DRIFTING DOWN.

JESSIE BROWN POUNDS. W. E. M. HACKLEMAN.

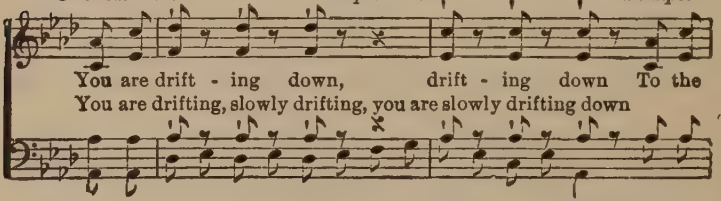
Slowly, with expression.


1. You are drift-ing far from shore, leaning on an i - dle oar, You are
2. Lights up-on the Homeland shore give you warning o'er and o'er, You are
3. Voic - es from the Homeland shore fainter grow, as they implore, You are
drifting, slowly drifting drift-ing down; You are drifting with the tide, to the
drifting, slowly drifting, drift-ing down; Soon beyond the harbor bar will your
drifting, slowly drifting, drift-ing down; O my brother, do not wait! heed them
D. S. *Father's lov-ing care, To the*

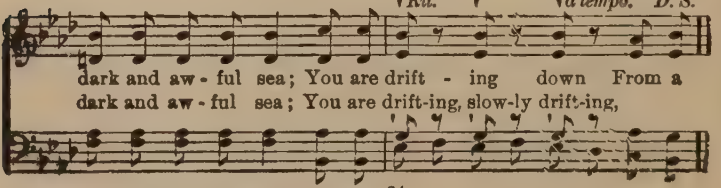
Rit. ad lib. *Fine.*


o - cean wild and wide, You are drifting, slowly drifting, drifting down.
boat be car-ried far, You are drifting, slowly drifting, drifting down.
ere it be too late, Ere for - ev - er you have drifted, drift-ed down.
black-ness of de - spair, You are drifting, slow-ly drift-ing, drift-ing down.

CHORUS. *Rit.* *a tempo.* *Rit.* *a tempo.*



Rit. *a tempo.* *D. S.*



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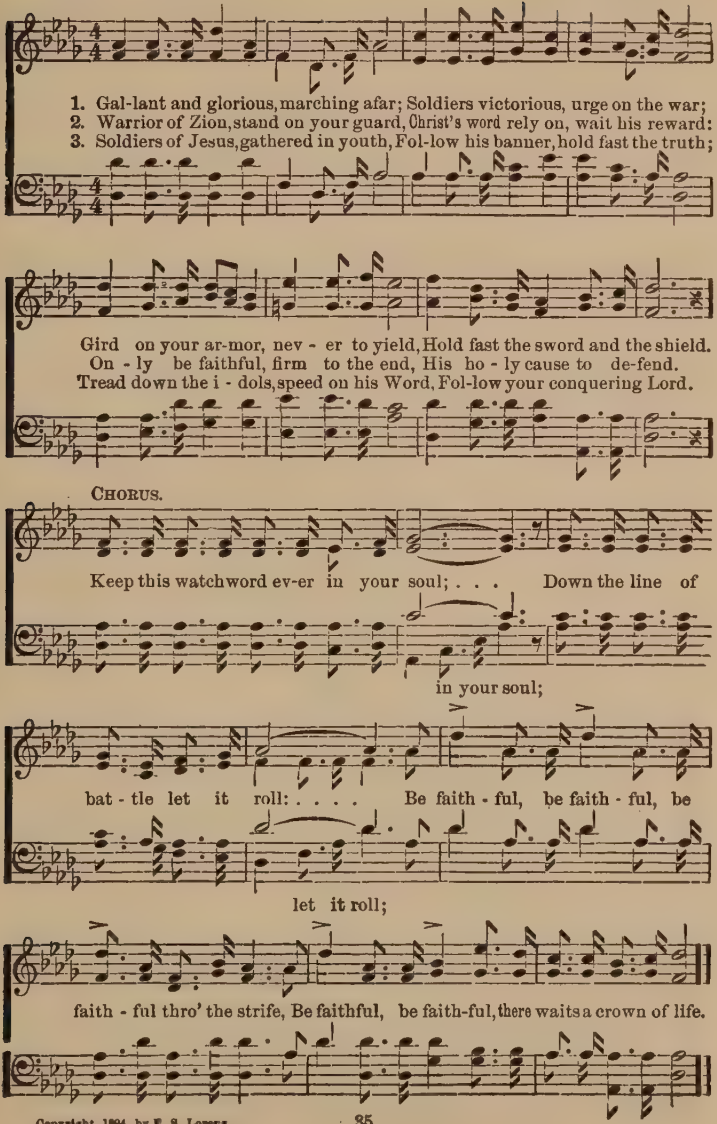
33. BE FAITHFUL.

PRISCILLA J. OWENS. W. A. OGDEN.


1. Gal-lant and glorious, marching afar; Soldiers victorious, urge on the war;
2. Warrior of Zion, stand on your guard, Christ's word rely on, wait his reward:
3. Soldiers of Jesus, gathered in youth, Fol-low his banner, hold fast the truth;
Gird on your ar-mor, nev - er to yield, Hold fast the sword and the shield.
On - ly be faithful, firm to the end, His ho - ly cause to de-fend.
Tread down the i - dols, speed on his Word, Fol-low your conquering Lord.
CHORUS.
Keep this watchword ev-er in your soul; . . . Down the line of
in your soul;
bat - tle let it roll: . . . . Be faith - ful, be faith - ful, be
let it roll;
faith - ful thro' the strife, Be faithful, be faith-ful, there waits a crown of life.

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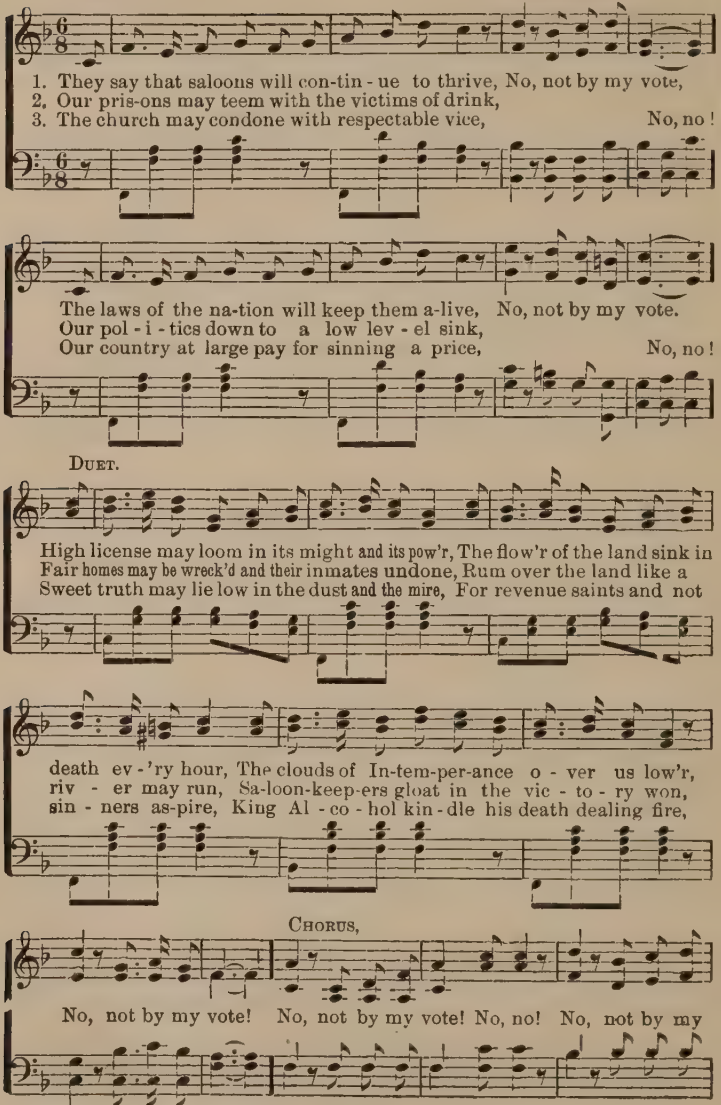
34. NO, NOT BY MY VOTE.

LIZZIE DEARMOND. E. S. LORENZ.

SOLO. CONGREGATION.


1. They say that saloons will con-tin-ue to thrive, No, not by my vote,
2. Our pris-ons may teem with the victims of drink,
3. The church may condone with respectable vice, No, no!
The laws of the na-tion will keep them a-live, No, not by my vote.
Our pol-i-tics down to a low lev-el sink,
Our country at large pay for sinning a price, No, no!
DUET.
High license may loom in its might and its pow'r, The flow'r of the land sink in
Fair homes may be wreck'd and their inmates undone, Rum over the land like a
Sweet truth may lie low in the dust and the mire, For revenue saints and not
death ev-'ry hour, The clouds of In-tem-per-ance o-ver us low'r,
riv-er may run, Sa-loon-keep-ers gloat in the vic-to-ry won,
sin-ners as-pire, King Al-co-hol kin-dle his death dealing fire,
CHORUS,
No, not by my vote! No, not by my vote! No, no! No, not by my

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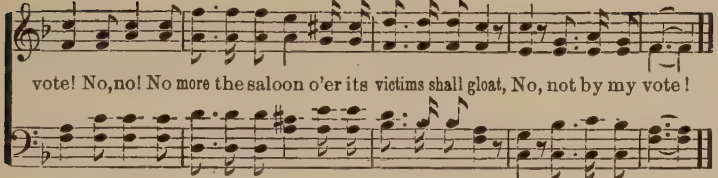
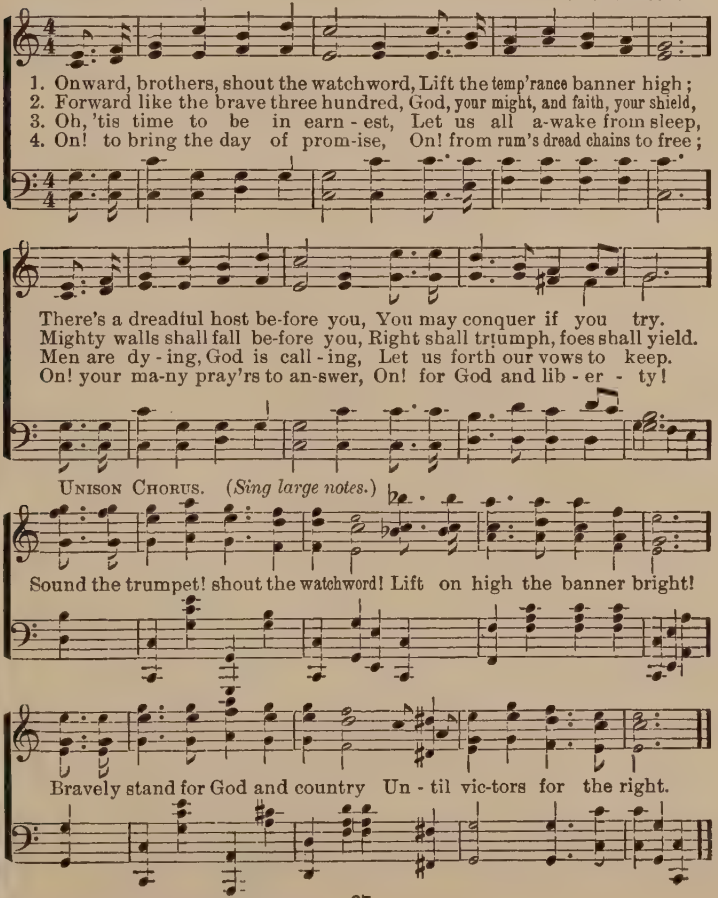
NO, NOT BY MY VOTE. Concluded.



35. SHOUT THE WATCHWORD.

HARRIET E. JONES. IRA B. WILSON.


1. Onward, brothers, shout the watchword, Lift the temp'rance banner high;
2. Forward like the brave three hundred, God, your might, and faith, your shield,
3. Oh, 'tis time to be in earn - est, Let us all a-wake from sleep,
4. On! to bring the day of prom-ise, On! from rum's dread chains to free;
There's a dreadful host be-fore you, You may conquer if you try.
Mighty walls shall fall be-fore you, Right shall triumph, foes shall yield.
Men are dy - ing, God is call - ing, Let us forth our vows to keep.
On! your ma-ny pray'rs to an-swer, On! for God and lib - er - ty!
Unison Chorus. (Sing large notes.)
Sound the trumpet! shout the watchword! Lift on high the banner bright!
Bravely stand for God and country Un - til vic-tors for the right.

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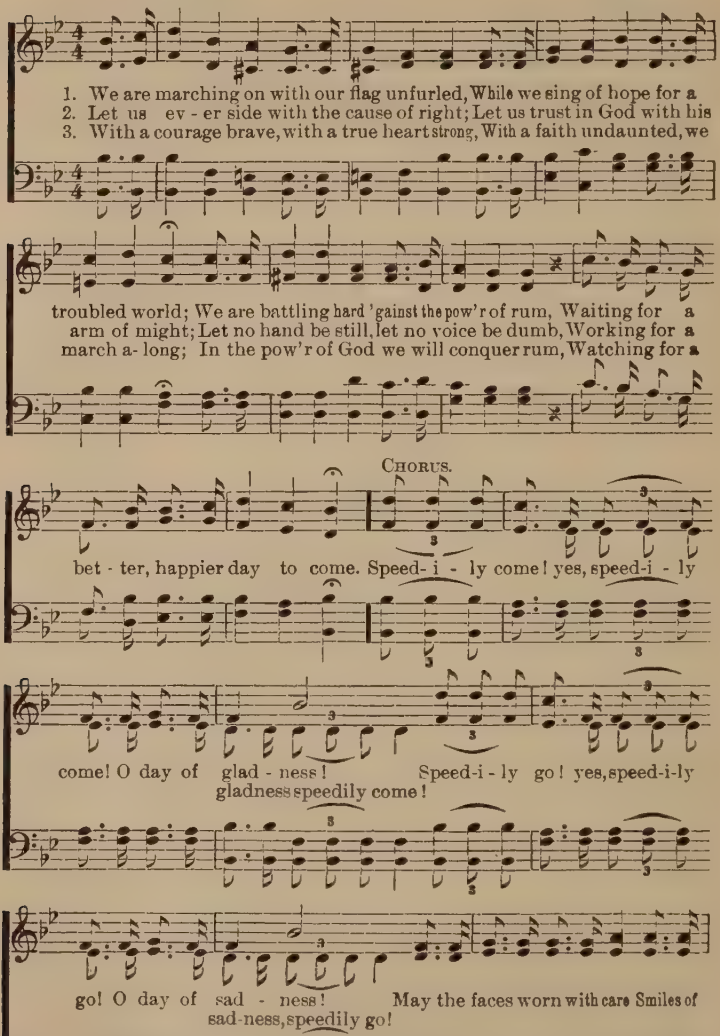
36. THE BETTER, HAPPIER DAY.

Mrs. FRANK A. BRECK. E. S. LORENZ.


1. We are marching on with our flag unfurled, While we sing of hope for a
2. Let us ev - er side with the cause of right; Let us trust in God with his
3. With a courage brave, with a true heart strong, With a faith undaunted, we
troubled world; We are battling hard 'gainst the pow'r of rum, Waiting for a
arm of might; Let no hand be still, let no voice be dumb, Working for a
march a- long; In the pow'r of God we will conquer rum, Watching for a
CHORUS.
bet - ter, happier day to come. Speed- i - ly come! yes, speed-i - ly
come! O day of glad - ness! Speed-i - ly go! yes, speed-i-ly
gladness speedily come!
go! O day of sad - ness! May the faces worn with care Smiles of
sad-ness, speedily go!

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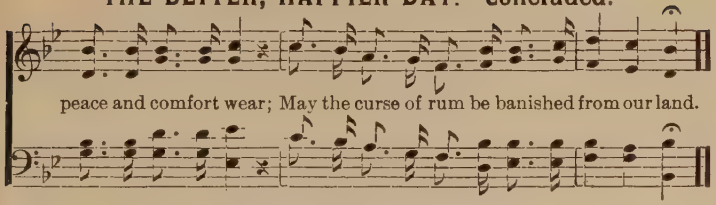
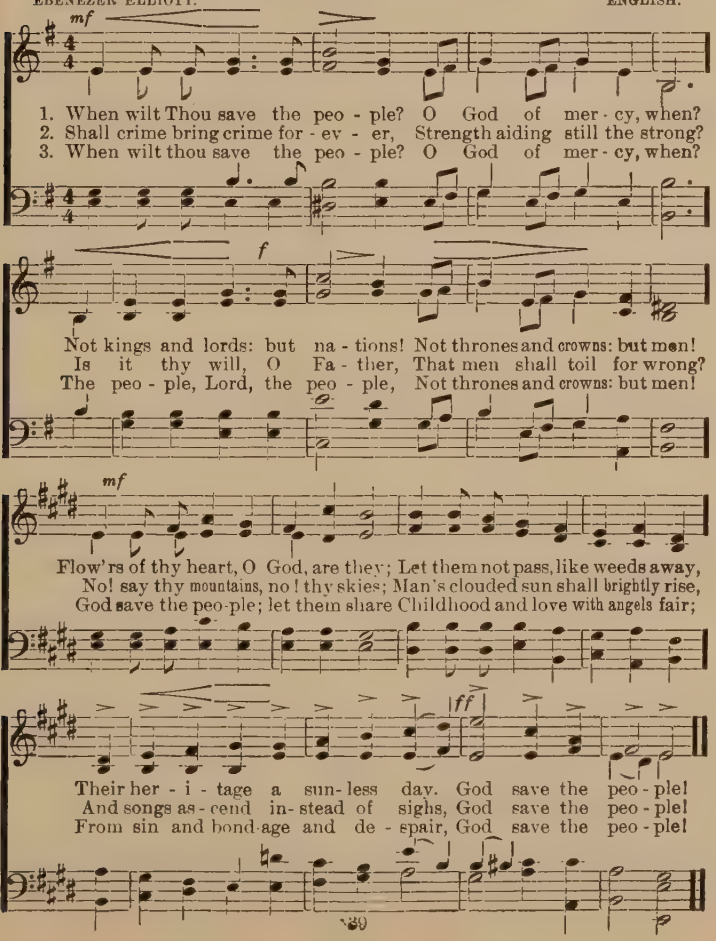


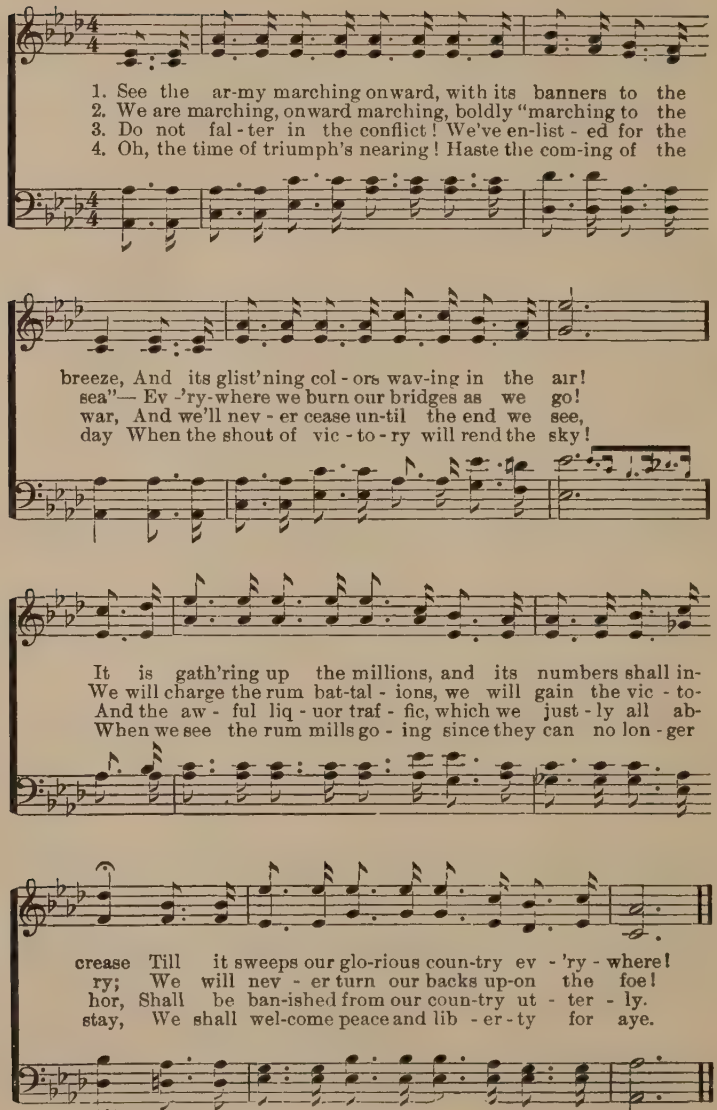
37. GOD SAVE THE PEOPLE!

EBENEZER ELLIOTT. ENGLISH.


mf
1. When wilt Thou save the peo - ple? O God of mer - cy, when?
2. Shall crime bring crime for - ev - er, Strength aiding still the strong?
3. When wilt thou save the peo - ple? O God of mer - cy, when?
f
Not kings and lords: but na - tions! Not thrones and crowns: but men!
Is it thy will, O Fa - ther, That men shall toil for wrong?
The peo - ple, Lord, the peo - ple, Not thrones and crowns: but men!
mf
Flow'rs of thy heart, O God, are they; Let them not pass, like weeds away,
No! say thy mountains, no! thy skies; Man's clouded sun shall brightly rise,
God save the peo-ple; let them share Childhood and love with angels fair;
ff
Their her - i - tage a sun-less day. God save the peo - ple!
And songs as - cend in- stead of sighs, God save the peo - ple!
From sin and bond-age and de - spair, God save the peo - ple!

38. THE ANTI-SALOON ARMY.

W. A. W. W. A. WILLIAMS.


1. See the ar-my marching onward, with its banners to the
2. We are marching, onward marching, boldly "marching to the
3. Do not fal-ter in the conflict! We've en-list-ed for the
4. Oh, the time of triumph's nearing! Haste the com-ing of the
breeze, And its glist'ning col-ors wav-ing in the air!
sea"— Ev-'ry-where we burn our bridges as we go!
war, And we'll nev-er cease un-til the end we see,
day When the shout of vic-to-ry will rend the sky!
It is gath'ring up the millions, and its numbers shall in-
We will charge the rum bat-tal-ions, we will gain the vic-to-
And the aw-ful liq-uor traf-fic, which we just-ly all ab-
When we see the rum mills go-ing since they can no lon-ger
crease Till it sweeps our glo-rious coun-try ev-'ry-where!
ry; We will nev-er turn our backs up-on the foe!
hor, Shall be ban-ished from our coun-try ut-ter-ly.
stay, We shall wel-come peace and lib-er-ty for aye.

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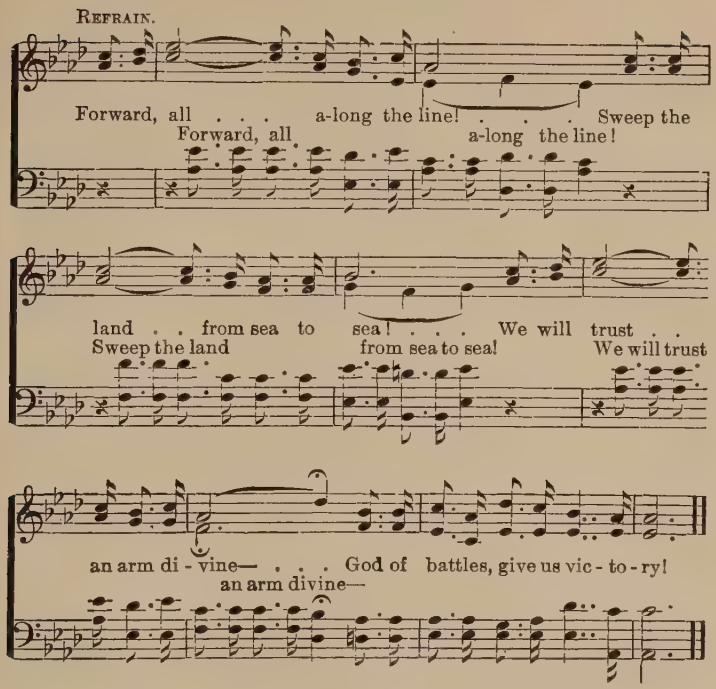
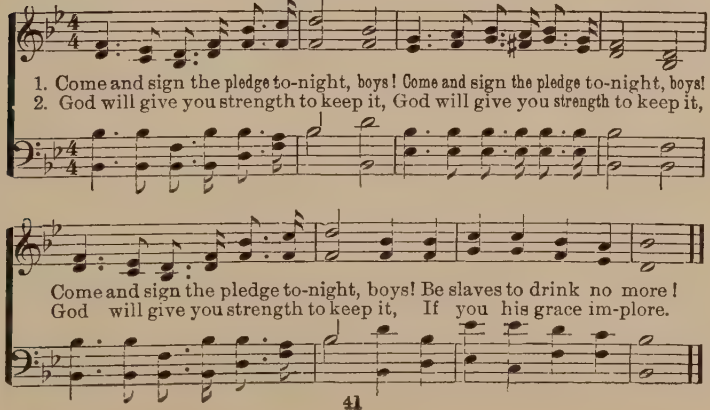

Refrain.
Forward, all . . . a-long the line! . . . . Sweep the
Forward, all a-long the line!
land . . from sea to sea! . . . We will trust . .
Sweep the land from sea to sea! We will trust
an arm di - vine— . . . God of battles, give us vic - to - ry!
an arm divine—

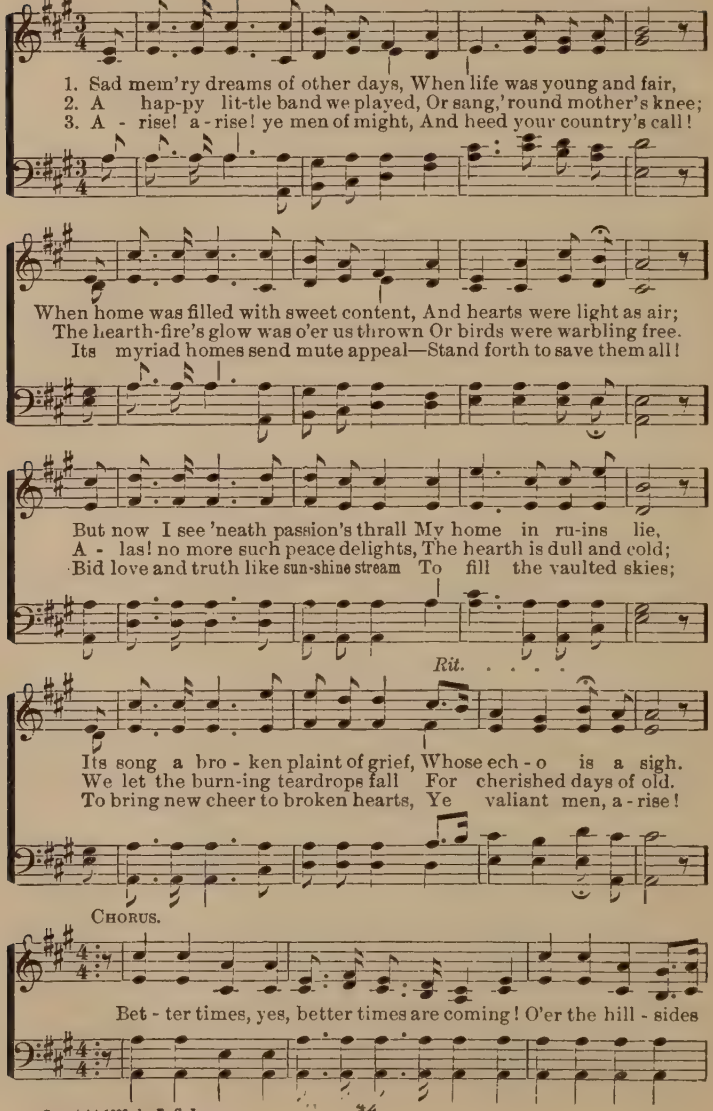
39. SIGN THE PLEDGE.


1. Come and sign the pledge to-night, boys! Come and sign the pledge to-night, boys!
2. God will give you strength to keep it, God will give you strength to keep it,
Come and sign the pledge to-night, boys! Be slaves to drink no more!
God will give you strength to keep it, If you his grace im-plore.

MEMORY'S CALL.

(May be used as a Solo and Chorus.)

W. F. M. *Ad lib.* W. F. McCAULEY.


1. Sad mem'ry dreams of other days, When life was young and fair,
2. A hap-py lit-tle band we played, Or sang, 'round mother's knee;
3. A - rise! a - rise! ye men of might, And heed your country's call!
When home was filled with sweet content, And hearts were light as air;
The hearth-fire's glow was o'er us thrown Or birds were warbling free.
Its myriad homes send mute appeal—Stand forth to save them all!
But now I see 'neath passion's thrall My home in ru-ins lie,
A - las! no more such peace delights, The hearth is dull and cold;
Bid love and truth like sun-shine stream To fill the vaulted skies;
Rit.
Its song a bro - ken plaint of grief, Whose ech - o is a sigh.
We let the burn-ing teardrops fall For cherished days of old.
To bring new cheer to broken hearts, Ye valiant men, a - rise!
CHORUS.
Bet - ter times, yes, better times are coming! O'er the hill - sides

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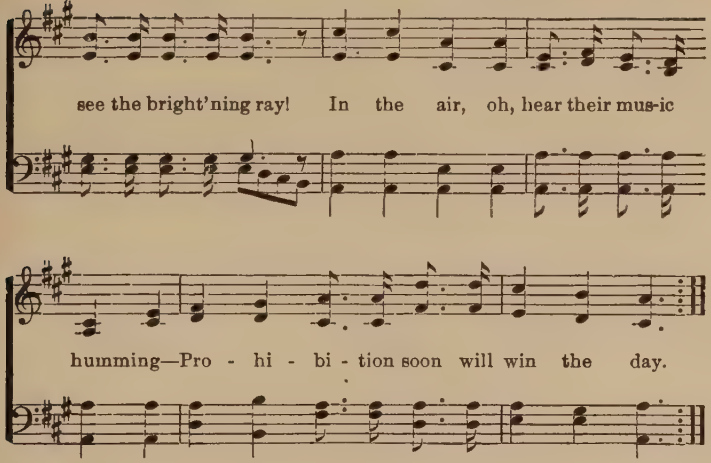
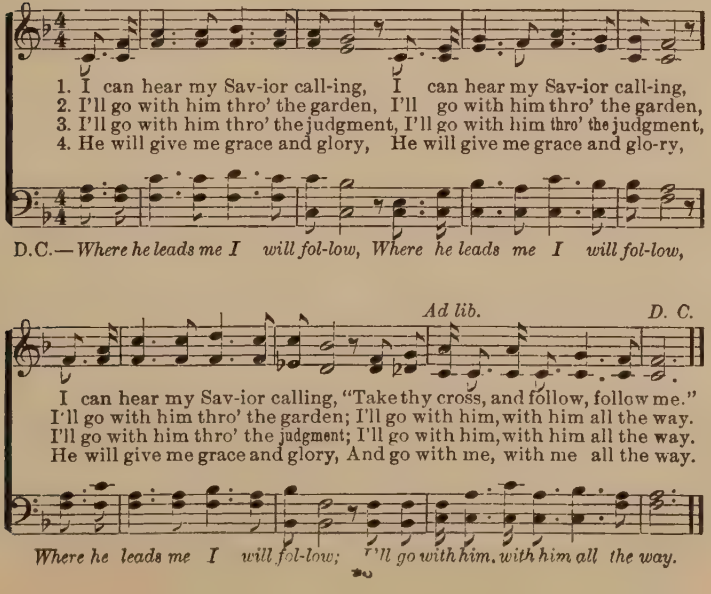
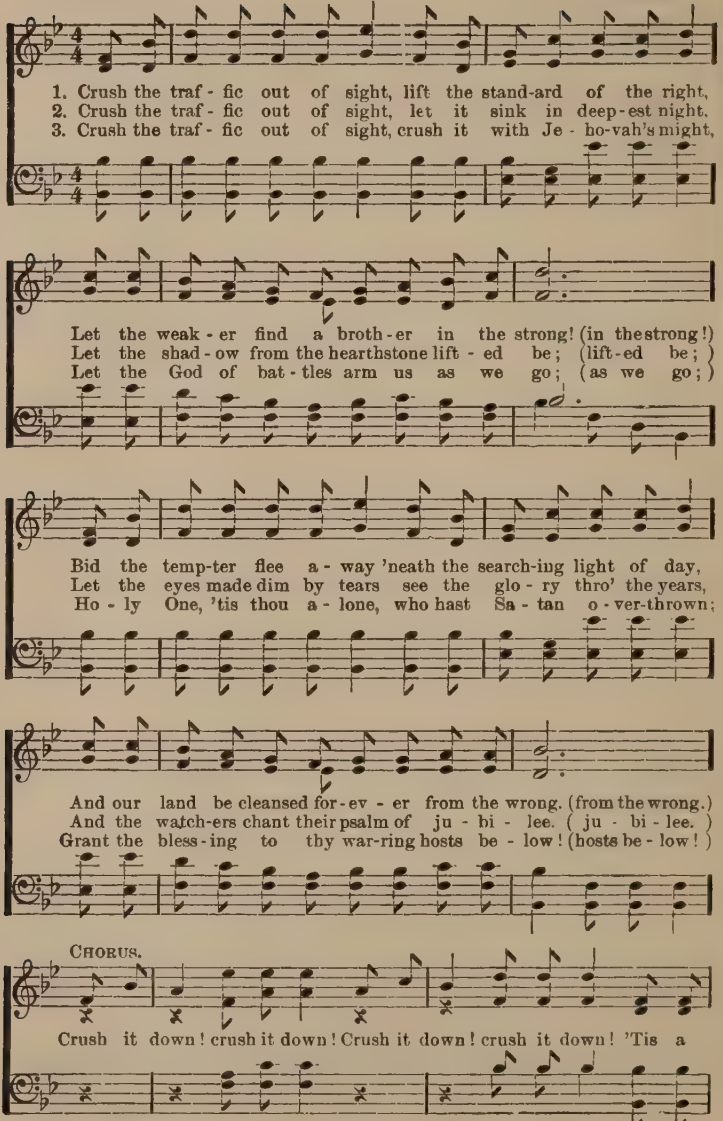


41. WHERE HE LEADS ME I WILL FOLLOW.

E. W. BLANDLY. Arr.


1. I can hear my Sav-ior call-ing, I can hear my Sav-ior call-ing,
2. I'll go with him thro' the garden, I'll go with him thro' the garden,
3. I'll go with him thro' the judgment, I'll go with him thro' the judgment,
4. He will give me grace and glory, He will give me grace and glo-ry,
D.C.—*Where he leads me I will fol-low, Where he leads me I will fol-low,*
Ad lib.
D. C.
I can hear my Sav-ior calling, "Take thy cross, and follow, follow me."
I'll go with him thro' the garden; I'll go with him, with him all the way.
I'll go with him thro' the judgment; I'll go with him, with him all the way.
He will give me grace and glory, And go with me, with me all the way.
Where he leads me I will fol-low; I'll go with him, with him all the way.

42. CRUSH IT DOWN.

JESSIE H. BROWN. E. S. LORENZ.

1. Crush the traf - fic out of sight, lift the stand-ard of the right,
2. Crush the traf - fic out of sight, let it sink in deep-est night,
3. Crush the traf - fic out of sight, crush it with Je - ho-vah's might,
Let the weak - er find a broth - er in the strong! (in the strong!)
Let the shad - ow from the hearthstone lift - ed be; (lift-ed be;)
Let the God of bat - tles arm us as we go; (as we go;)
Bid the temp-ter flee a - way 'neath the search-ing light of day,
Let the eyes made dim by tears see the glo - ry thro' the years,
Ho - ly One, 'tis thou a - lone, who hast Sa - tan o - ver-thrown;
And our land be cleansed for-ev - er from the wrong. (from the wrong.)
And the watch-ers chant their psalm of ju - bi - lee. (ju - bi - lee.)
Grant the bless - ing to thy war-ring hosts be - low! (hosts be - low!)
CHORUS.
Crush it down! crush it down! Crush it down! crush it down! 'Tis a

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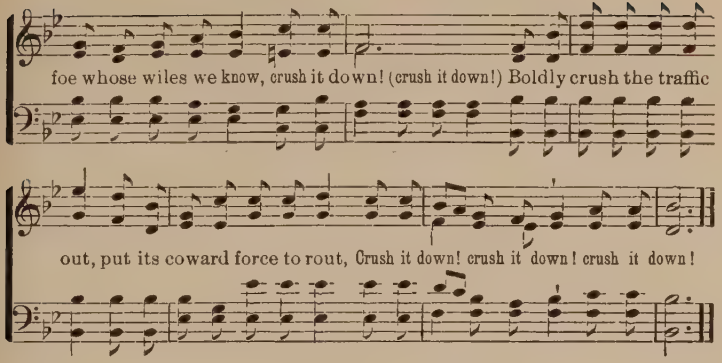
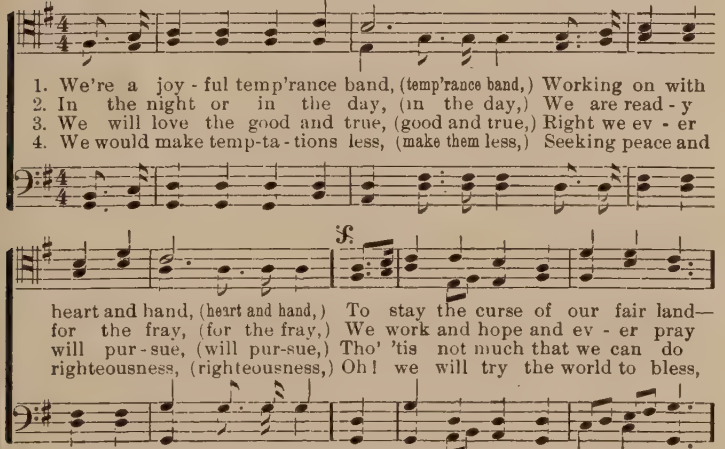
CRUSH IT DOWN. Concluded.


foe whose wiles we know, crush it down! (crush it down!) Boldly crush the traffic
out, put its coward force to rout, Crush it down! crush it down! crush it down!

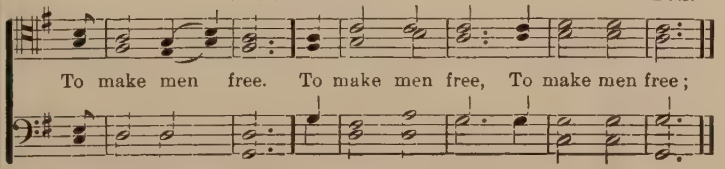
43. TO MAKE MEN FREE.

(Male Voices.)

Mrs. FRANK A. BRECK. JOHN TIBBALLS.


1. We're a joy - ful temp'rance band, (temp'rance band,) Working on with
2. In the night or in the day, (in the day,) We are read - y
3. We will love the good and true, (good and true,) Right we ev - er
4. We would make temp-ta - tions less, (make them less,) Seeking peace and
f.
heart and hand, (heart and hand,) To stay the curse of our fair land—
for the fray, (for the fray,) We work and hope and ev - er pray
will pur - sue, (will pur-sue,) Tho' 'tis not much that we can do
righteousness, (righteousness,) Oh! we will try the world to bless,
D. S.—We work and hope and ev - er pray,

FINE. REFRAIN. D. S.



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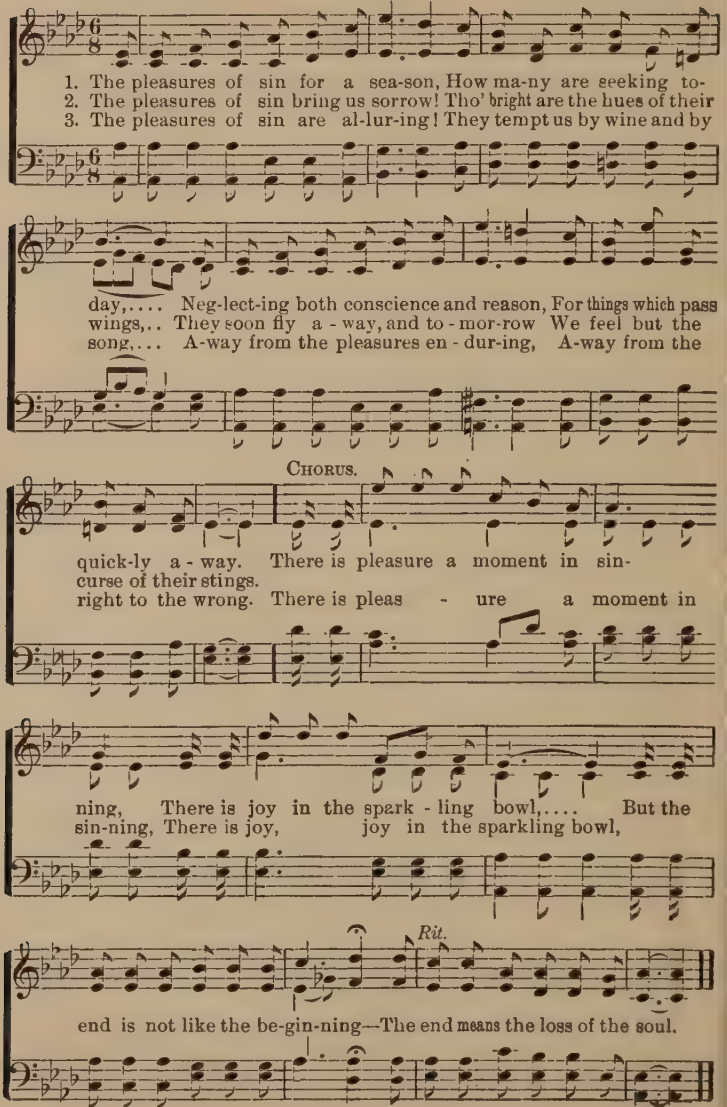
THE PLEASURES OF SIN.

(Better as a Solo, or Quartet and Chorus.

MRS. C. D. MARTIN. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.


1. The pleasures of sin for a sea-son, How ma-ny are seeking to-
2. The pleasures of sin bring us sorrow! Tho' bright are the hues of their
3. The pleasures of sin are al-lur-ing! They tempt us by wine and by
day,.... Neg-lect-ing both conscience and reason, For things which pass
wings,.. They soon fly a - way, and to - mor-row We feel but the
song,... A-way from the pleasures en - dur-ing, A-way from the
CHORUS.
quick-ly a - way. There is pleasure a moment in sin-
curse of their stings.
right to the wrong. There is pleas - ure a moment in
ning, There is joy in the spark - ling bowl,.... But the
sin-ning, There is joy, joy in the sparkling bowl,
Rit.
end is not like the be-gin-ning—The end means the loss of the soul.

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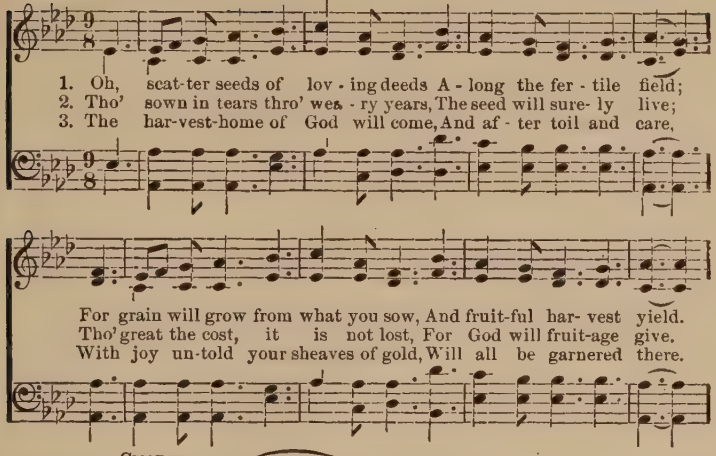
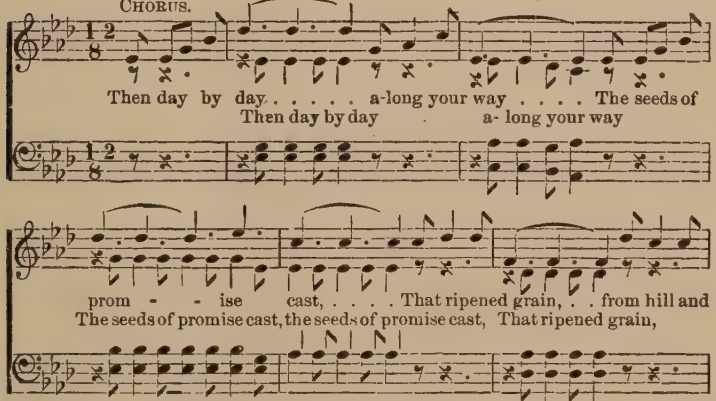
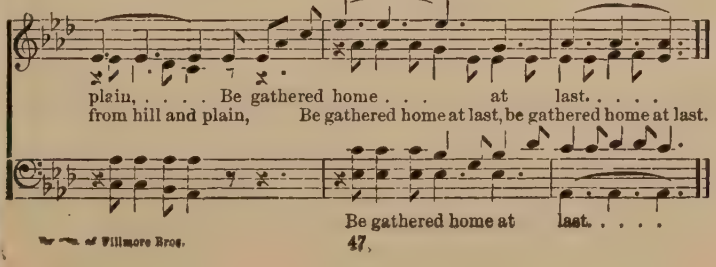
SEEDS OF PROMISE.

JESSIE H. BROWN. FRED. A. FILLMORE.


1. Oh, scat-ter seeds of lov - ing deeds A - long the fer - tile field;
2. Tho' sown in tears thro' wea - ry years, The seed will sure- ly live;
3. The har-vest-home of God will come, And af - ter toil and care,
For grain will grow from what you sow, And fruit-ful har- vest yield.
Tho' great the cost, it is not lost, For God will fruit-age give.
With joy un-told your sheaves of gold, Will all be garnered there.

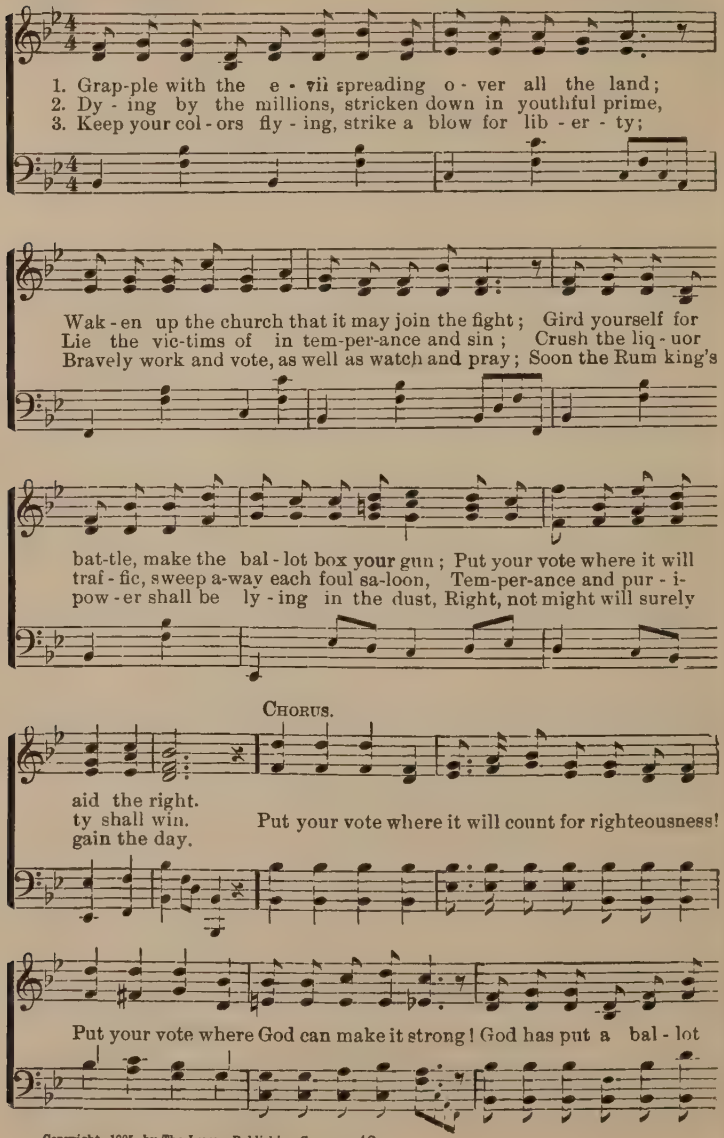
CHORUS.


Then day by day . . . . . a-long your way . . . . The seeds of
Then day by day a- long your way
prom - - ise cast, ... That ripened grain, . . from hill and
The seeds of promise cast, the seeds of promise cast, That ripened grain,


plain, ... Be gathered home . . . at last. . . . .
from hill and plain, Be gathered home at last, be gathered home at last.
Be gathered home at last. . . . .

46. GRAPPLE WITH THE EVIL.

LIZZIE DEARMOND. E. S. LORENZ.


1. Grap-ple with the e - vil spreading o - ver all the land;
2. Dy - ing by the millions, stricken down in youthful prime,
3. Keep your col - ors fly - ing, strike a blow for lib - er - ty;
Wak - en up the church that it may join the fight; Gird yourself for
Lie the vic-tims of in tem-per-ance and sin; Crush the liq - uor
Bravely work and vote, as well as watch and pray; Soon the Rum king's
bat-tle, make the bal - lot box your gun; Put your vote where it will
traf - fic, sweep a-way each foul sa-loon, Tem-per-ance and pur - i-
pow - er shall be ly - ing in the dust, Right, not might will surely
CHORUS.
aid the right.
ty shall win.
gain the day.
Put your vote where it will count for righteousness!
Put your vote where God can make it strong! God has put a bal - lot

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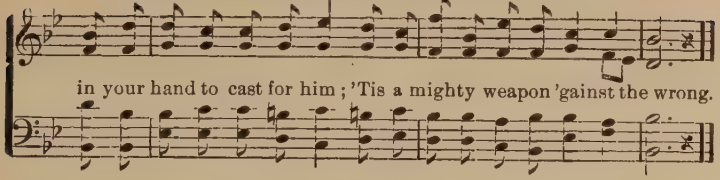
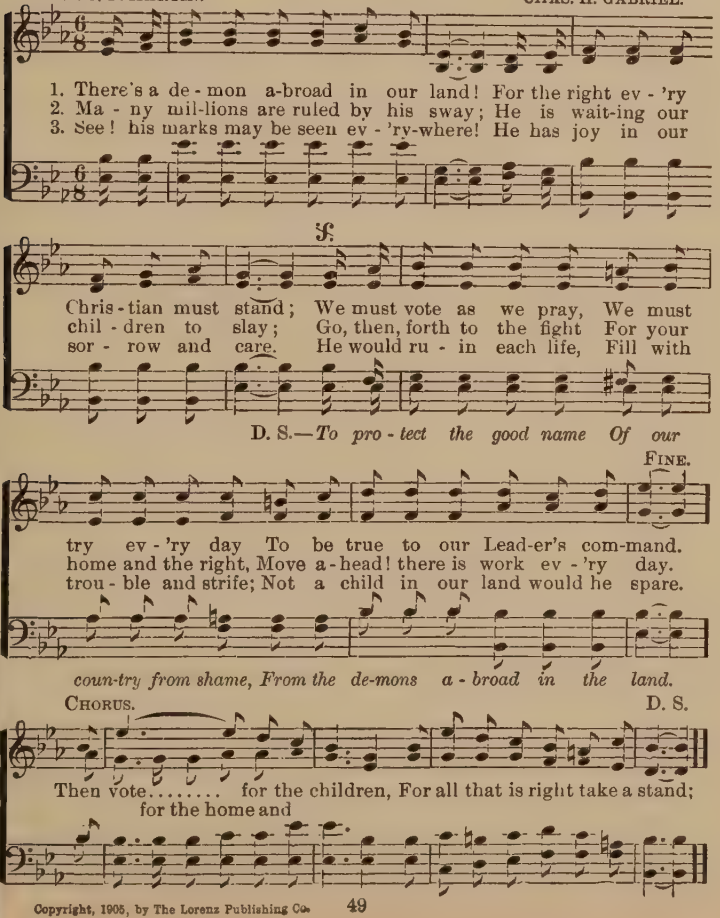


47. VOTE FOR THE HOME.

MRS. C. D. MARTIN. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.


1. There's a de - mon a-broad in our land! For the right ev - 'ry
2. Ma - ny mil-lions are ruled by his sway; He is wait-ing our
3. See! his marks may be seen ev - 'ry-where! He has joy in our
f.
Chris - tian must stand; We must vote as we pray, We must
chil - dren to slay; Go, then, forth to the fight For your
sor - row and care. He would ru - in each life, Fill with
D. S.—To pro - tect the good name Of our
FINE.
try ev - 'ry day To be true to our Lead-er's com-mand.
home and the right, Move a - head! there is work ev - 'ry day.
trou - ble and strife; Not a child in our land would he spare.
coun-try from shame, From the de-mons a - broad in the land.
CHORUS. D. S.
Then vote..... for the children, For all that is right take a stand;
for the home and

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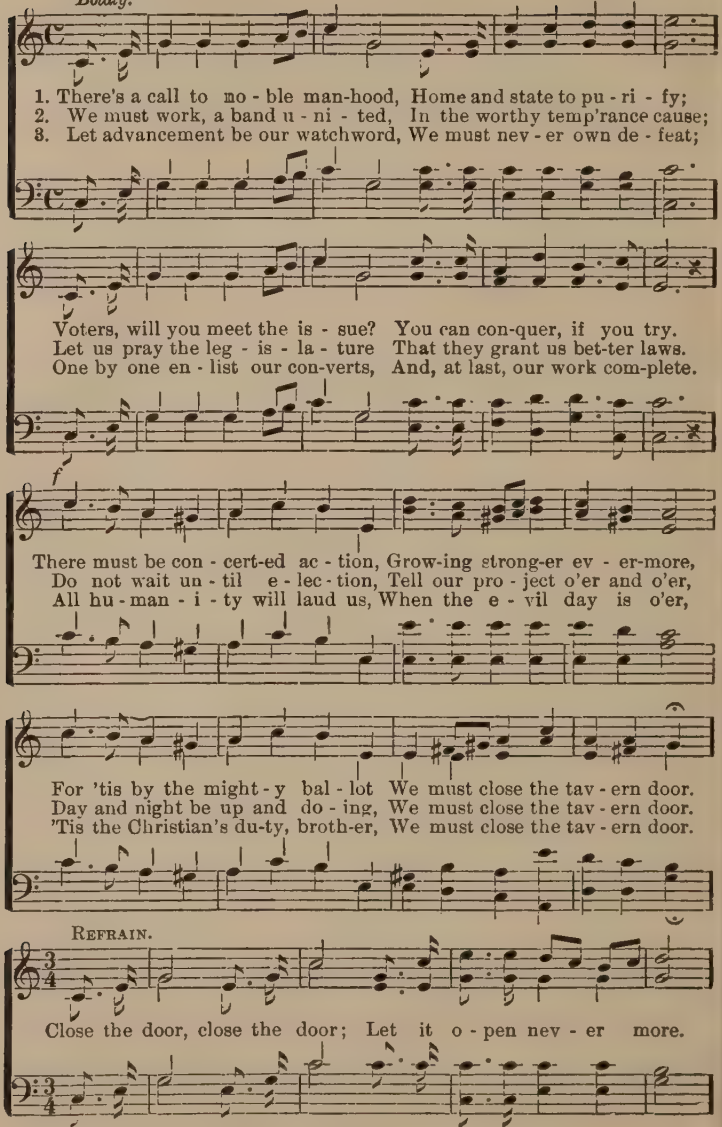
48. **CLOSE THE DOOR.**

INA DULEY OGDEN. E. L. ASHFORD.

Boldly.

1. There's a call to no - ble man-hood, Home and state to pu - ri - fy;
2. We must work, a band u - ni - ted, In the worthy temp'rance cause;
3. Let advancement be our watchword, We must nev - er own de - feat;
Voters, will you meet the is - sue? You can con-quer, if you try.
Let us pray the leg - is - la - ture That they grant us bet-ter laws.
One by one en - list our con-verts, And, at last, our work com-plete.
f
There must be con - cert-ed ac - tion, Grow-ing strong-er ev - er-more,
Do not wait un - til e - lec - tion, Tell our pro - ject o'er and o'er,
All hu - man - i - ty will laud us, When the e - vil day is o'er,
For 'tis by the might - y bal - lot We must close the tav - ern door.
Day and night be up and do - ing, We must close the tav - ern door.
'Tis the Christian's du-ty, broth-er, We must close the tav - ern door.
REFRAIN.
Close the door, close the door; Let it o - pen nev - er more.

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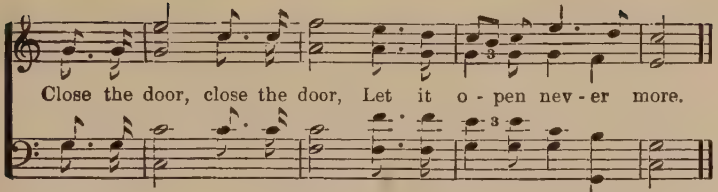
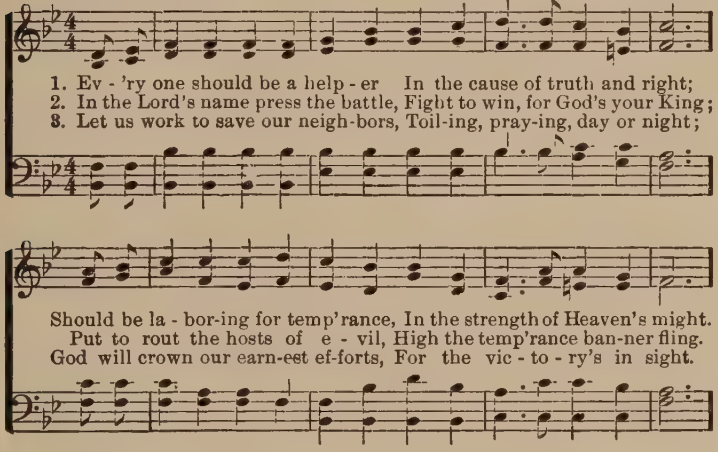
CLOSE THE DOOR. Concluded.

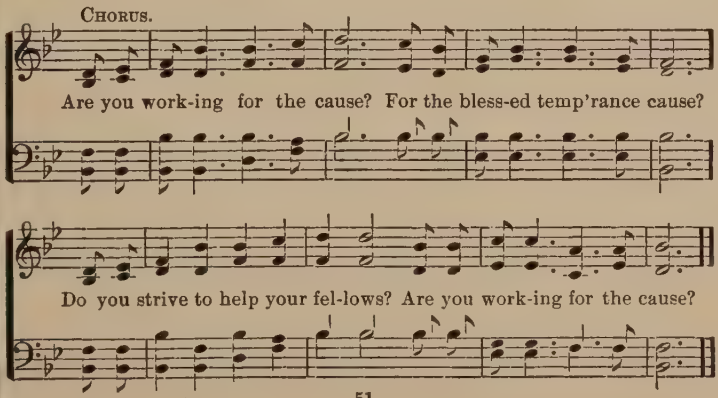


49. ARE YOU WORKING FOR THE CAUSE?

HELEN H. LORENZ. E. S. LORENZ.


1. Ev - 'ry one should be a help - er In the cause of truth and right;
2. In the Lord's name press the battle, Fight to win, for God's your King;
3. Let us work to save our neigh-bors, Toil-ing, pray-ing, day or night;
Should be la - bor-ing for temp'rance, In the strength of Heaven's might.
Put to rout the hosts of e - vil, High the temp'rance ban-ner fling.
God will crown our earn-est ef-forts, For the vic - to - ry's in sight.

CHORUS.


Are you work-ing for the cause? For the bless-ed temp'rance cause?
Do you strive to help your fel-lows? Are you work-ing for the cause?

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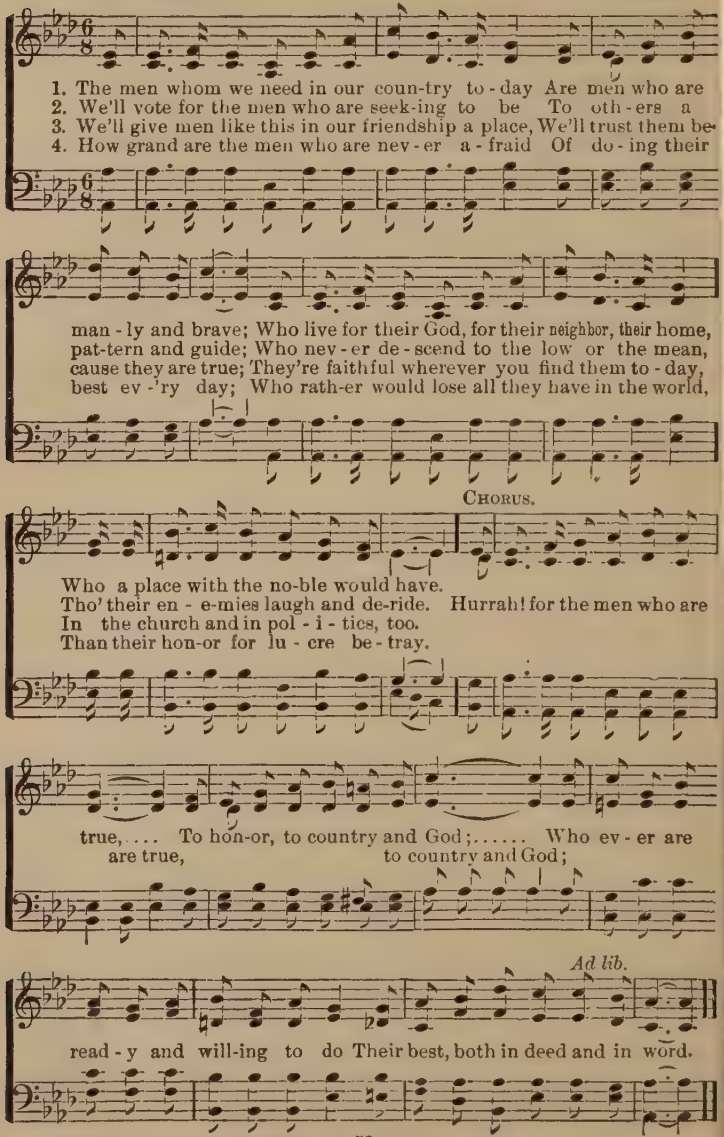
50. THE MEN WHO ARE TRUE.

MRS. C. D. MARTIN. IRA B. WILSON.


1. The men whom we need in our coun-try to-day Are men who are
2. We'll vote for the men who are seek-ing to be To oth-ers a
3. We'll give men like this in our friendship a place, We'll trust them be-
4. How grand are the men who are nev-er a-fraid Of do-ing their
man-ly and brave; Who live for their God, for their neighbor, their home,
pat-tern and guide; Who nev-er de-scend to the low or the mean,
cause they are true; They're faithful wherever you find them to-day,
best ev-'ry day; Who rath-er would lose all they have in the world,
Chorus.
Who a place with the no-ble would have.
Tho' their en-e-mies laugh and de-ride. Hurrah! for the men who are
In the church and in pol-i-tics, too.
Than their hon-or for lu-cre be-tray.
true,.... To hon-or, to country and God;..... Who ev-er are
are true, to country and God;
Ad lib.
read-y and will-ing to do Their best, both in deed and in word.

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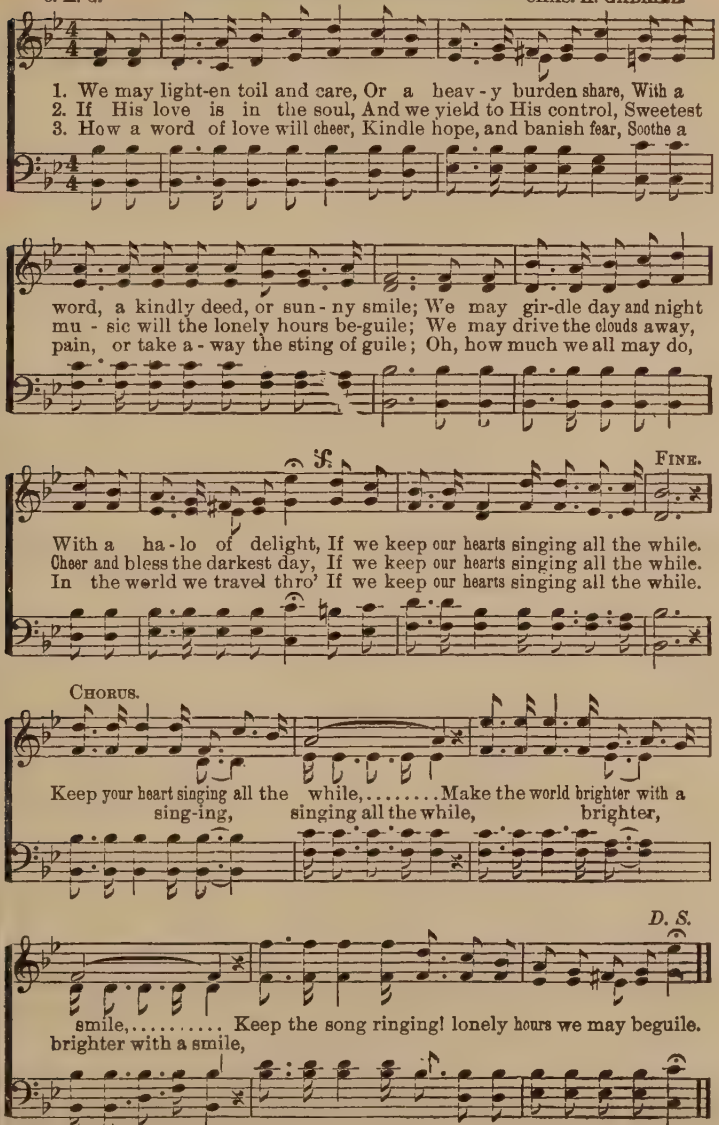
51. KEEP YOUR HEART SINGING.

C. H. G. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.


1. We may light-en toil and care, Or a heav-y burden share, With a
2. If His love is in the soul, And we yield to His control, Sweetest
3. How a word of love will cheer, Kindle hope, and banish fear, Soothe a
word, a kindly deed, or sun-ny smile; We may gir-dle day and night
mu-sic will the lonely hours be-guile; We may drive the clouds away,
pain, or take a-way the sting of guile; Oh, how much we all may do,
f.
FINE.
With a ha-lo of delight, If we keep our hearts singing all the while.
Cheer and bless the darkest day, If we keep our hearts singing all the while.
In the world we travel thro' If we keep our hearts singing all the while.
CHORUS.
Keep your heart singing all the while,.....Make the world brighter with a
sing-ing, singing all the while, brighter,
D. S.
smile,..... Keep the song ringing! lonely hours we may beguile.
brighter with a smile,

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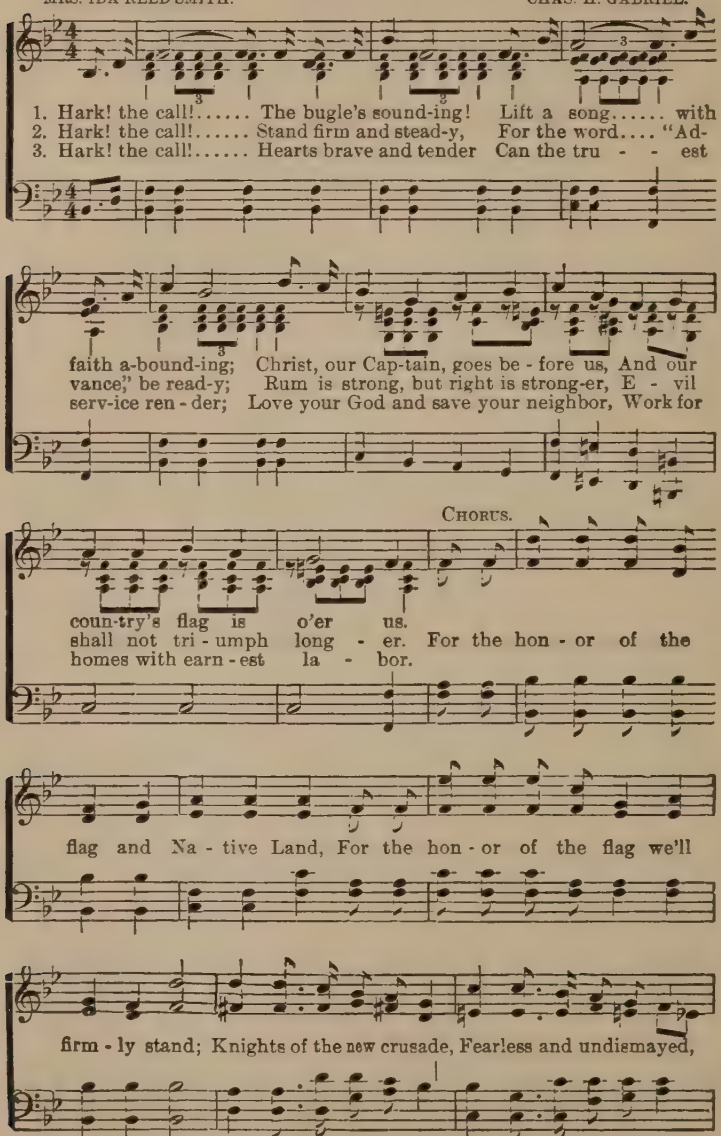
52. FOR THE HONOR OF THE FLAG.

MRS. IDA REED SMITH. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.


1. Hark! the call!..... The bugle's sound-ing! Lift a song..... with
2. Hark! the call!..... Stand firm and stead-y, For the word.... "Ad-
3. Hark! the call!..... Hearts brave and tender Can the tru - - est
faith a-bound-ing; Christ, our Cap-tain, goes be - fore us, And our
vance," be read-y; Rum is strong, but right is strong-er, E - vil
serv-ice ren - der; Love your God and save your neighbor, Work for
Chorus.
coun-try's flag is o'er us.
shall not tri - umph long - er. For the hon - or of the
homes with earn - est la - bor.
flag and Na - tive Land, For the hon - or of the flag we'll
firm - ly stand; Knights of the new crusade, Fearless and undismayed,

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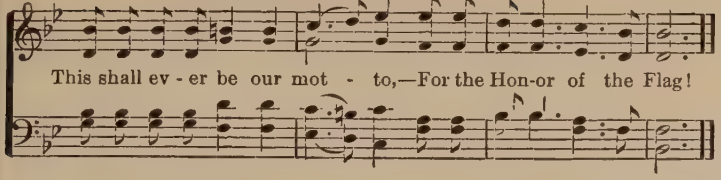
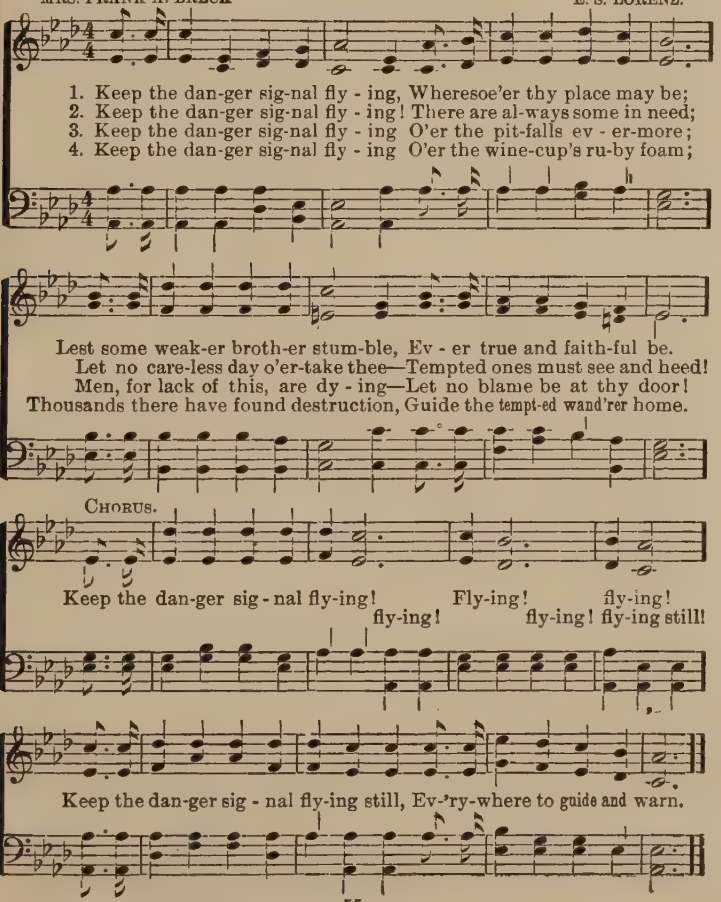


53. KEEP THE DANGER SIGNAL FLYING.

MRS. FRANK A. BRECK E. S. LORENZ.


1. Keep the dan-ger sig-nal fly - ing, Wheresoe'er thy place may be;
2. Keep the dan-ger sig-nal fly - ing! There are al-ways some in need;
3. Keep the dan-ger sig-nal fly - ing O'er the pit-falls ev - er-more;
4. Keep the dan-ger sig-nal fly - ing O'er the wine-cup's ru-by foam;
Lest some weak-er broth-er stum-ble, Ev - er true and faith-ful be.
Let no care-less day o'er-take thee—Tempted ones must see and heed!
Men, for lack of this, are dy - ing—Let no blame be at thy door!
Thousands there have found destruction, Guide the tempt-ed wand'rer home.
CHORUS.
Keep the dan-ger sig - nal fly-ing! Fly-ing! fly-ing!
fly-ing! fly-ing! fly-ing still!
Keep the dan-ger sig - nal fly-ing still, Ev-'ry-where to guide and warn.

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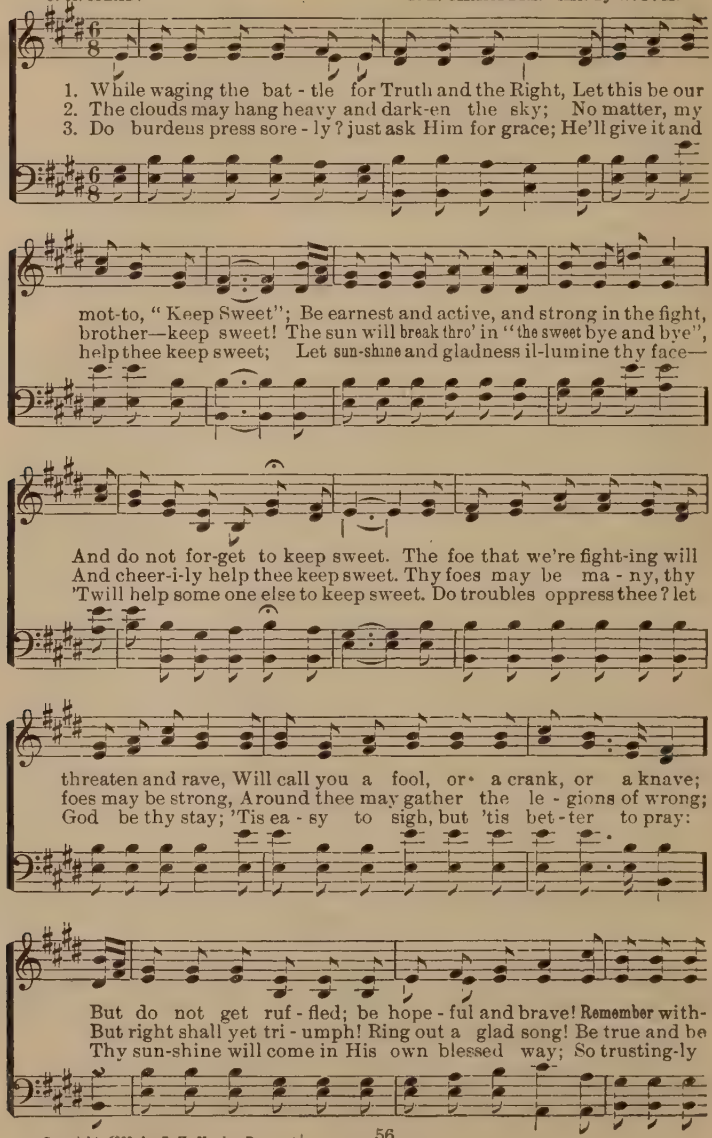
KEEP SWEET.

C. H. MEAD. G. E. CHAMBERS. Arr. by W. F. M.


1. While waging the bat - tle for Truth and the Right, Let this be our
2. The clouds may hang heavy and dark-en the sky; No matter, my
3. Do burdens press sore - ly? just ask Him for grace; He'll give it and
mot-to, "Keep Sweet"; Be earnest and active, and strong in the fight,
brother—keep sweet! The sun will break thro' in "the sweet bye and bye",
help thee keep sweet; Let sun-shine and gladness il-lumine thy face—
And do not for-get to keep sweet. The foe that we're fight-ing will
And cheer-i-ly help thee keep sweet. Thy foes may be ma - ny, thy
'Twill help some one else to keep sweet. Do troubles oppress thee? let
threaten and rave, Will call you a fool, or a crank, or a knave;
foes may be strong, Around thee may gather the le - gions of wrong;
God be thy stay; 'Tis ea - sy to sigh, but 'tis bet - ter to pray:
But do not get ruf - fled; be hope - ful and brave! Remember with-
But right shall yet tri - umph! Ring out a glad song! Be true and be
Thy sun-shine will come in His own blessed way; So trusting-ly

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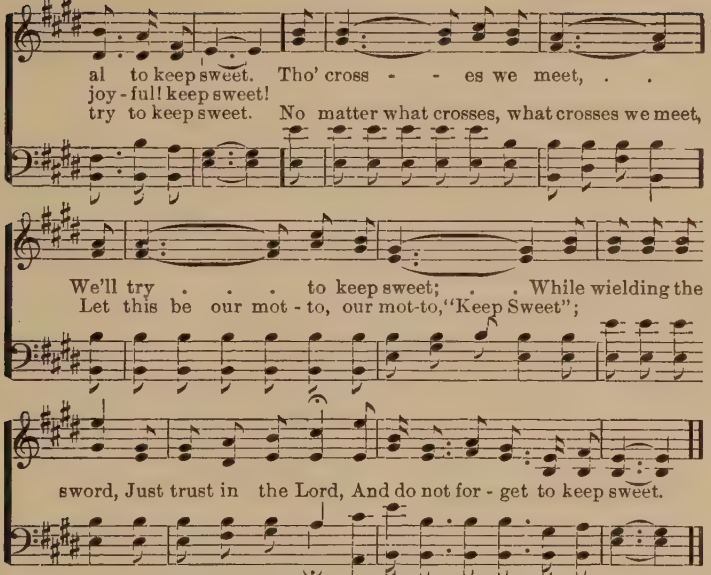
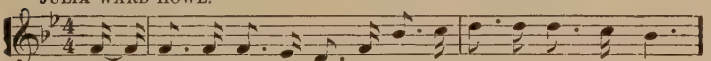
KEEP SWEET. Concluded.

REFRAIN.


al to keep sweet. Tho' cross - - es we meet, . .
joy - ful! keep sweet!
try to keep sweet. No matter what crosses, what crosses we meet,
We'll try . . . to keep sweet; . . While wielding the
Let this be our mot - to, our mot-to, "Keep Sweet";
sword, Just trust in the Lord, And do not for - get to keep sweet.

55. BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC.

JULIA WARD HOWE.



1 Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord:
He is trampling out the vintage where his grapes of wrath are stored;
He hath loosed the fateful lightnings of his terrible swift sword—
His truth is marching on.

REFRAIN. Glory, glory, hallelujah, etc.

2 I have seen him in the watch-fires of a hundred circling camps;
They have builded him an altar in the ev'ning dews and damps;
I can read his righteous sentence by the dim and flaring lamps—
His day is marching on.

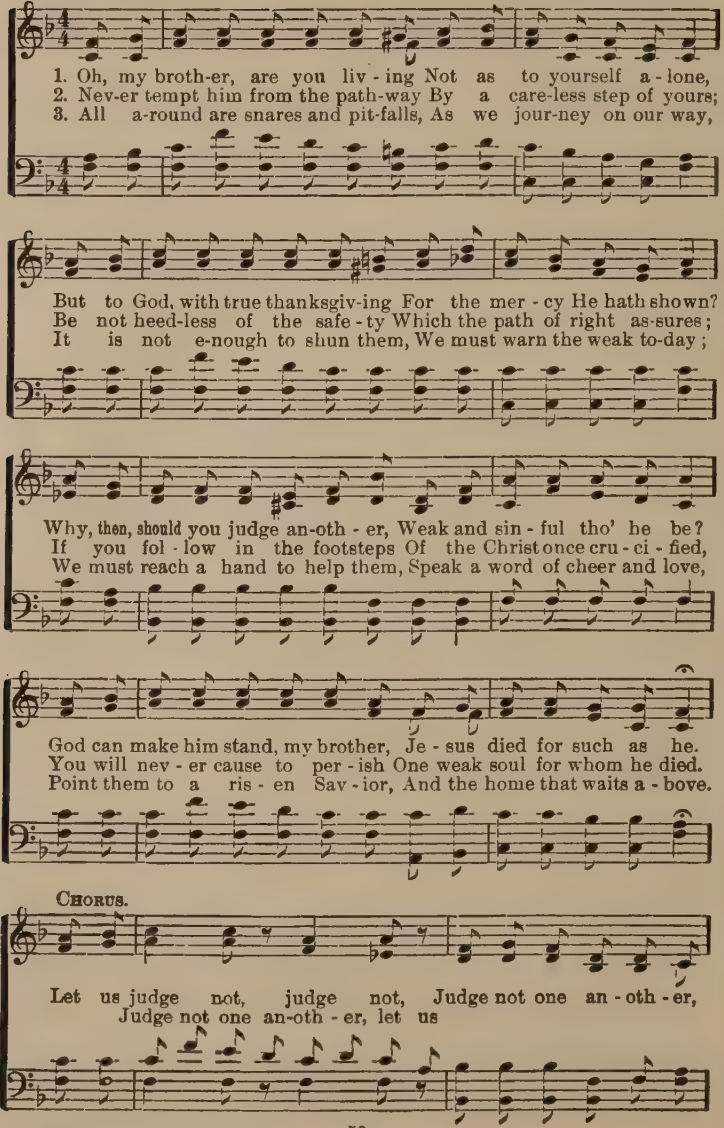
3 I have read a fiery gospel, writ in burnished rows of steel:
"As ye deal with my contemners, so with you my grace shall deal;
Let the hero born of woman crush the serpent with his heel,
Since God is marching on."

4 He hath sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat,
He is sifting out the hearts of men before his judgment-seat;
Oh, be swift, my soul, to answer him! be jubilant my feet—
Our God is marching on.

5 In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea,
With a glory in his bosom that transfigures you and me;
As he died to make men holy, let us die to make men free,
While God is marching on.

56. LET US JUDGE NOT.

JENNIE E. HUSSEY. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.


1. Oh, my broth-er, are you liv - ing Not as to yourself a - lone,
2. Nev-er tempt him from the path-way By a care-less step of yours;
3. All a-round are snares and pit-falls, As we jour-ney on our way,
But to God, with true thanksgiv-ing For the mer - cy He hath shown?
Be not heed-less of the safe - ty Which the path of right as-sures;
It is not e-nough to shun them, We must warn the weak to-day;
Why, then, should you judge an-oth - er, Weak and sin - ful tho' he be?
If you fol - low in the footsteps Of the Christ once cru - ci - fied,
We must reach a hand to help them, Speak a word of cheer and love,
God can make him stand, my brother, Je - sus died for such as he.
You will nev - er cause to per - ish One weak soul for whom he died.
Point them to a ris - en Sav - ior, And the home that waits a - bove.
CHORUS.
Let us judge not, judge not, Judge not one an - oth - er,
Judge not one an-oth - er, let us

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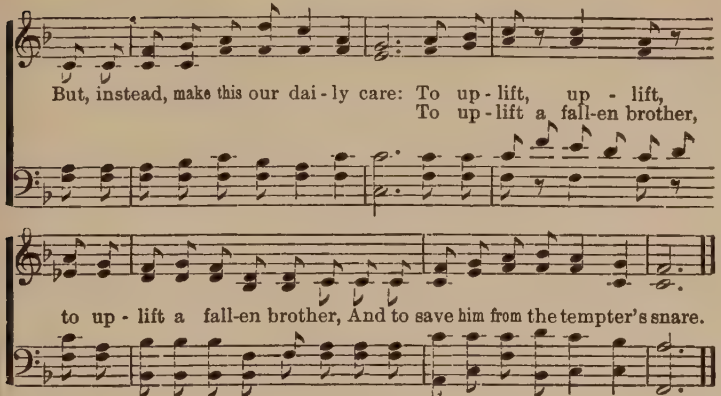
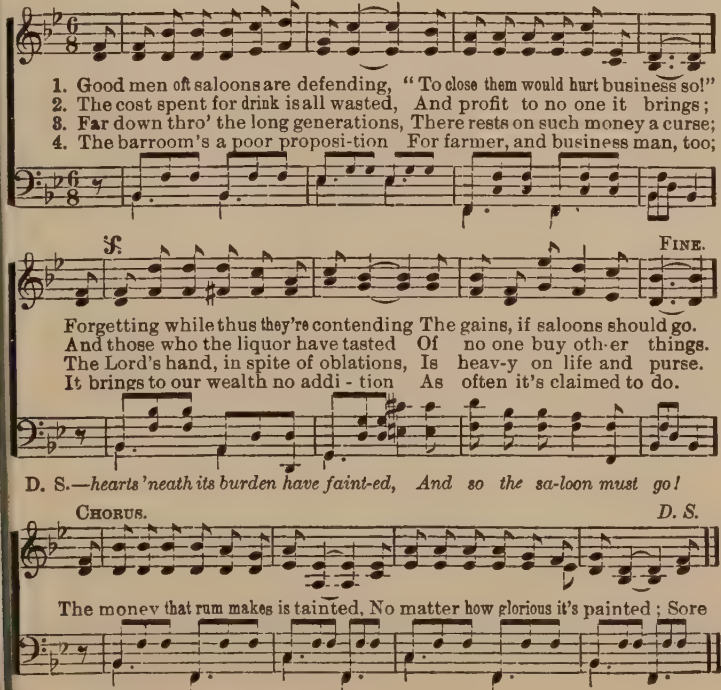
LET US JUDGE NOT. Concluded.


But, instead, make this our dai-ly care: To up-lift, up - lift,
To up-lift a fall-en brother,
to up - lift a fall-en brother, And to save him from the tempter's snare.

57. SALOON MONEY.

E. S. L. E. S. LORENZ.


1. Good men oft saloons are defending, "To close them would hurt business so!"
2. The cost spent for drink is all wasted, And profit to no one it brings;
3. Far down thro' the long generations, There rests on such money a curse;
4. The barroom's a poor proposi-tion For farmer, and business man, too;
FINE.
Forgetting while thus they're contending The gains, if saloons should go.
And those who the liquor have tasted Of no one buy oth-er things.
The Lord's hand, in spite of oblations, Is heav-y on life and purse.
It brings to our wealth no addi - tion As often it's claimed to do.
D. S.—*hearts 'neath its burden have faint-ed, And so the sa-loon must go!*
CHORUS. D. S.
The money that rum makes is tainted, No matter how glorious it's painted; Sore

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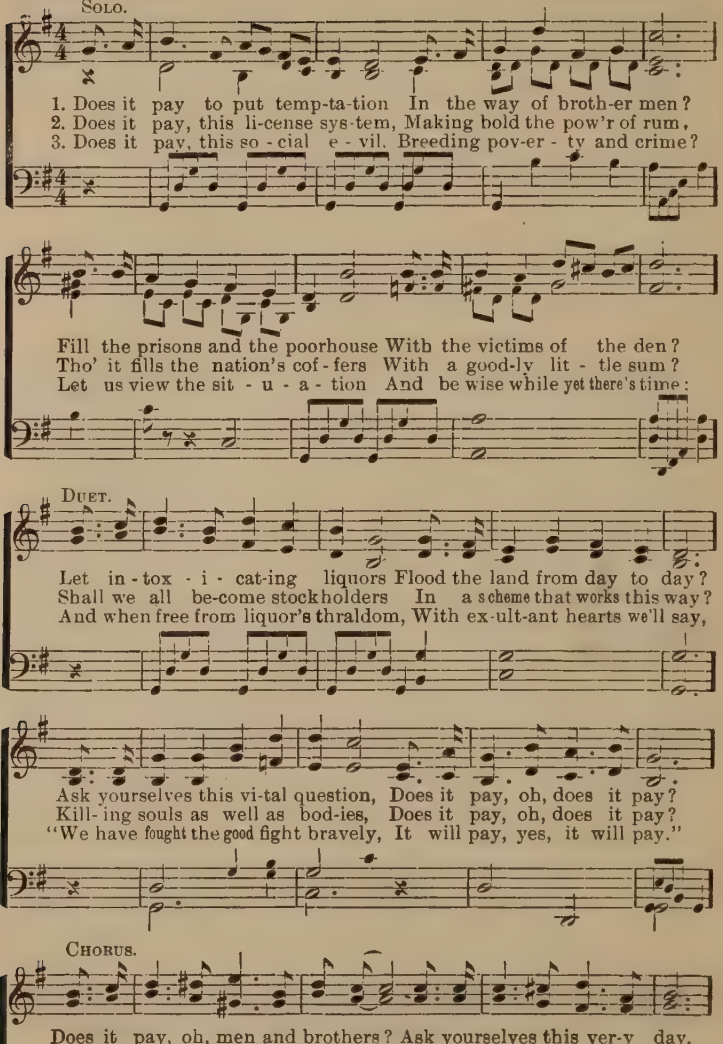
58. **DOES IT PAY?**

LIZZIE DEARMOND. ARTHUR W. NELSON.

SOLO.


1. Does it pay to put temp-ta-tion In the way of broth-er men?
2. Does it pay, this li-cense sys-tem, Making bold the pow'r of rum,
3. Does it pay, this so - cial e - vil, Breeding pov-er - ty and crime?
Fill the prisons and the poorhouse With the victims of the den?
Tho' it fills the nation's cof - fers With a good-ly lit - tle sum?
Let us view the sit - u - a - tion And be wise while yet there's time:
DUET.
Let in - tox - i - cat-ing liquors Flood the land from day to day?
Shall we all be-come stockholders In a scheme that works this way?
And when free from liquor's thraldom, With ex-ult-ant hearts we'll say,
Ask yourselves this vi-tal question, Does it pay, oh, does it pay?
Kill-ing souls as well as bod-ies, Does it pay, oh, does it pay?
"We have fought the good fight bravely, It will pay, yes, it will pay."
CHORUS.
Does it pay, oh, men and brothers? Ask yourselves this ver-y day,

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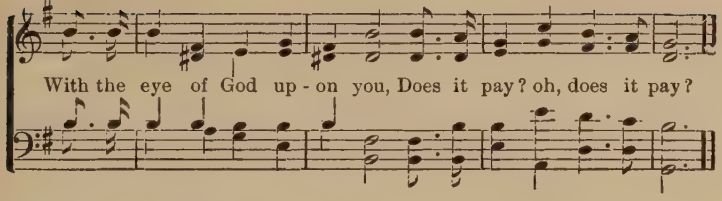
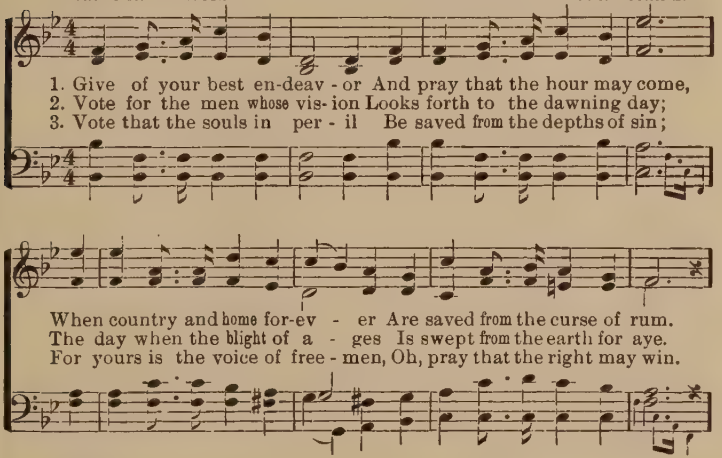
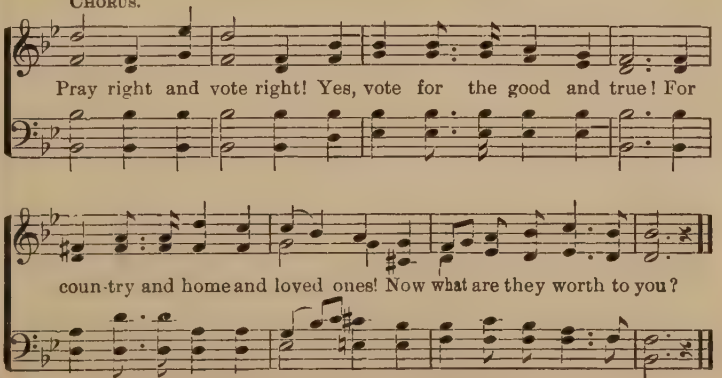


59. PRAY RIGHT AND VOTE RIGHT.

HARRIET H. PIERSON. E. S. LORENZ.


1. Give of your best en-deav - or And pray that the hour may come,
2. Vote for the men whose vis- ion Looks forth to the dawning day;
3. Vote that the souls in per - il Be saved from the depths of sin;
When country and home for-ev - er Are saved from the curse of rum.
The day when the blight of a - ges Is swept from the earth for aye.
For yours is the voice of free - men, Oh, pray that the right may win.

CHORUS.



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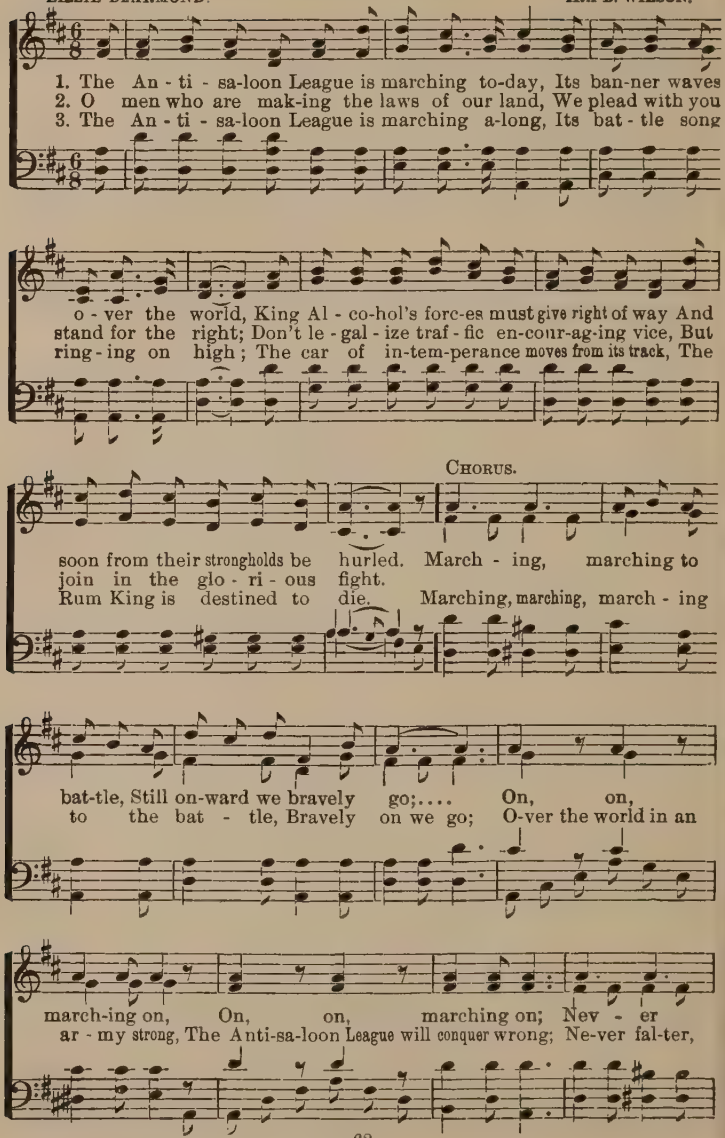
60. MARCHING TO-DAY.

LIZZIE DEARMOND. IRA B. WILSON.

1. The An - ti - sa-loon League is marching to-day, Its ban-ner waves
2. O men who are mak-ing the laws of our land, We plead with you
3. The An - ti - sa-loon League is marching a-long, Its bat - tle song
o - ver the world, King Al - co-hol's forc-es must give right of way And
stand for the right; Don't le - gal - ize traf - fic en-cour-ag-ing vice, But
ring - ing on high; The car of in-tem-perance moves from its track, The
CHORUS.
soon from their strongholds be hurled. March - ing, marching to
join in the glo - ri - ous fight.
Rum King is destined to die. Marching, marching, march - ing
bat-tle, Still on-ward we bravely go;.... On, on,
to the bat - tle, Bravely on we go; O-ver the world in an
march-ing on, On, on, marching on; Nev - er
ar - my strong, The Anti-sa-loon League will conquer wrong; Ne-ver fal-ter,

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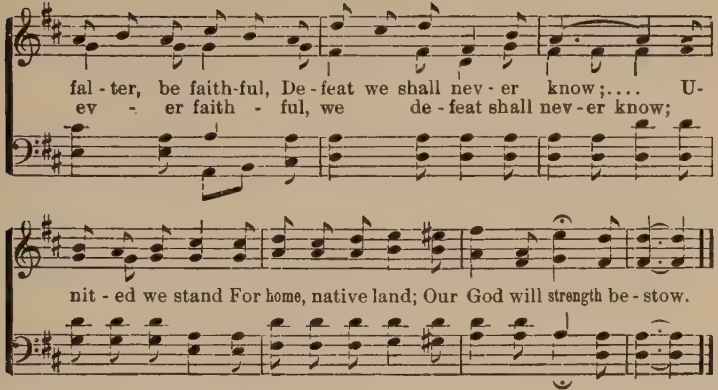
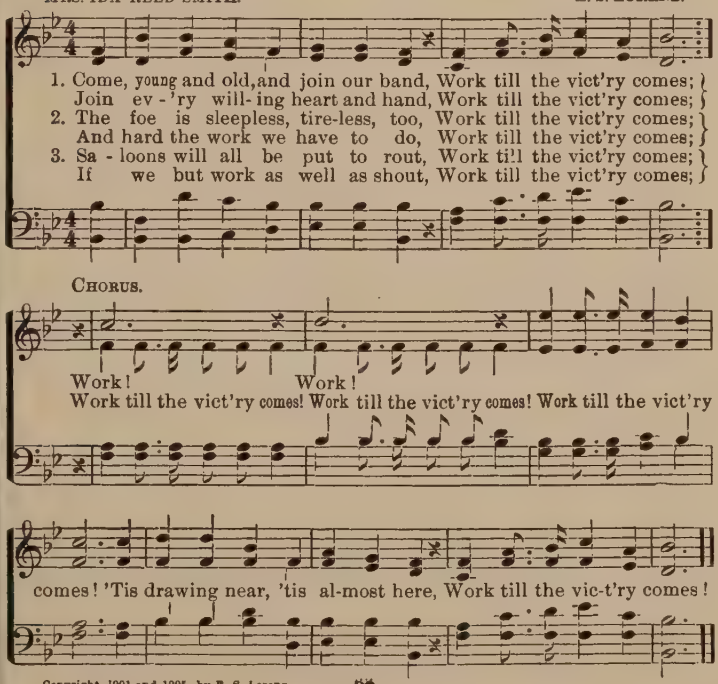

fal - ter, be faith-ful, De - feat we shall nev - er know;.... U-
ev - er faith - ful, we de - feat shall nev - er know;
nit - ed we stand For home, native land; Our God will strength be - stow.

61. WORK TILL THE VICT'RY COMES.

MRS. IDA REED SMITH. E. S. LORENZ.

1. Come, young and old, and join our band, Work till the vict'ry comes;
Join ev - 'ry will - ing heart and hand, Work till the vict'ry comes;
2. The foe is sleepless, tire-less, too, Work till the vict'ry comes;
And hard the work we have to do, Work till the vict'ry comes;
3. Sa - loons will all be put to rout, Work till the vict'ry comes;
If we but work as well as shout, Work till the vict'ry comes;
CHORUS.
Work! Work!
Work till the vict'ry comes! Work till the vict'ry comes! Work till the vict'ry
comes! 'Tis drawing near, 'tis al-most here, Work till the vic-t'ry comes!

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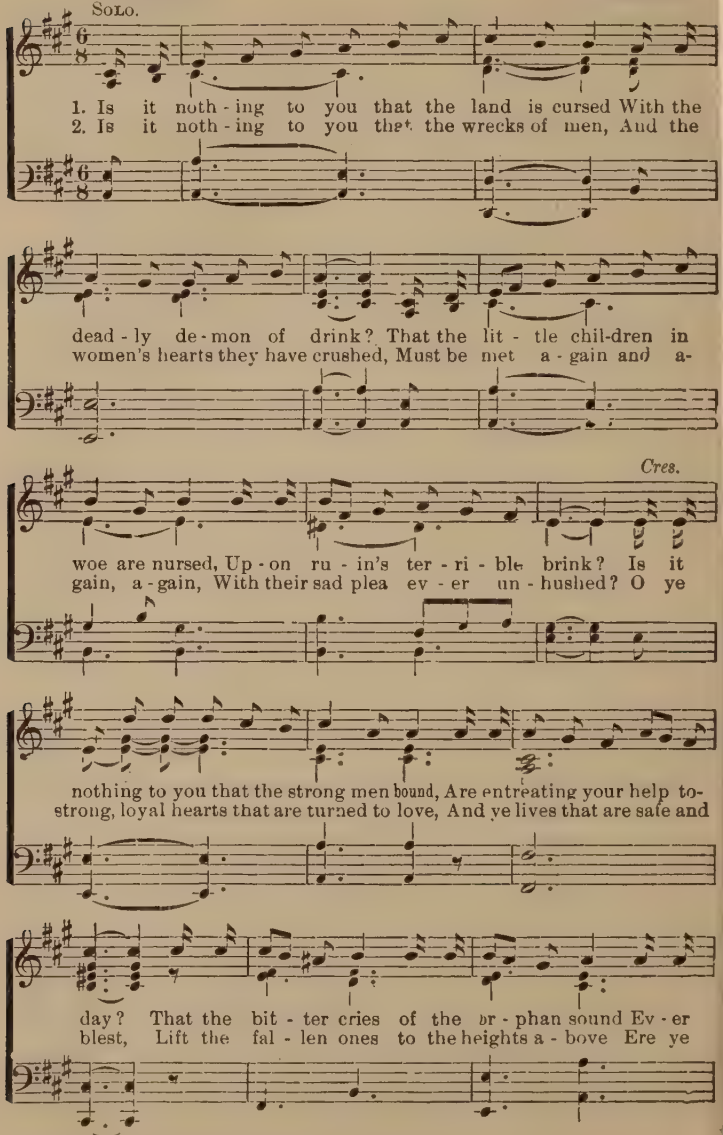
62. IS IT NOTHING TO YOU?

JULIA H. JOHNSTON. E. L. ASHFORD.


Solo.
1. Is it noth - ing to you that the land is cursed With the
2. Is it noth - ing to you the wrecks of men, And the
dead - ly de - mon of drink? That the lit - tle chil-dren in
women's hearts they have crushed, Must be met a - gain and a-
Cres.
woe are nursed, Up - on ru - in's ter - ri - ble brink? Is it
gain, a - gain, With their sad plea ev - er un - hushed? O ye
nothing to you that the strong men bound, Are entreating your help to-
strong, loyal hearts that are turned to love, And ye lives that are safe and
day? That the bit - ter cries of the or - phan sound Ev - er
blest, Lift the fal - len ones to the heights a - bove Ere ye

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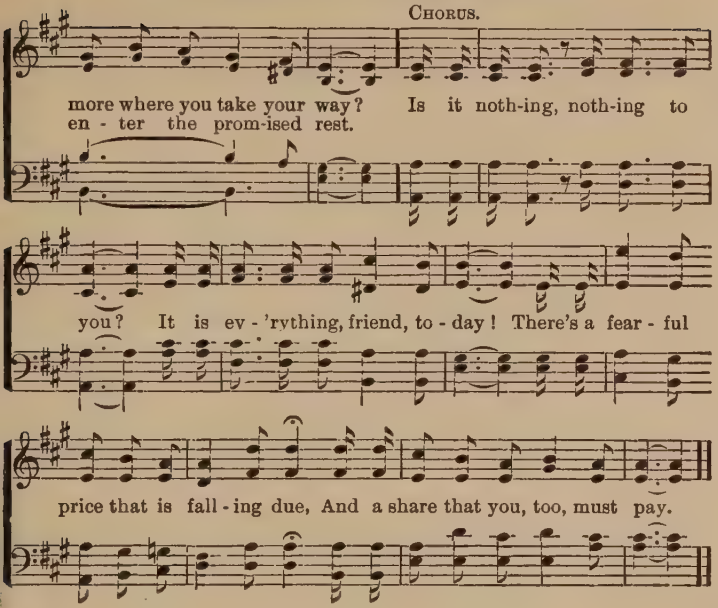
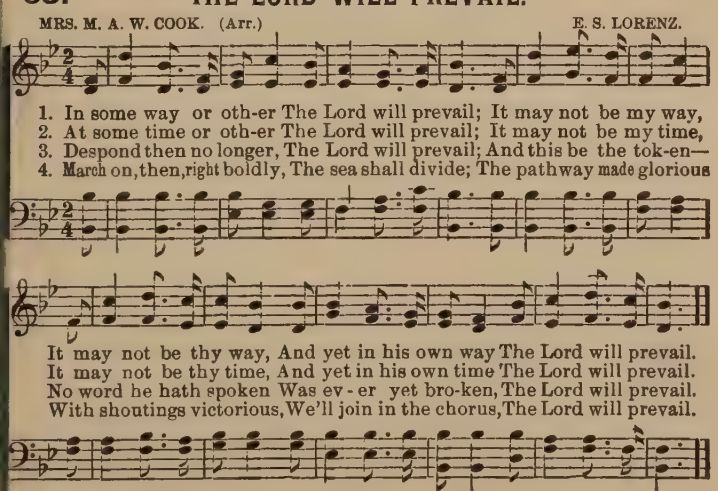
IS IT NOTHING TO YOU? Concluded.


CHORUS.
more where you take your way? Is it noth-ing, noth-ing to
en - ter the prom-ised rest.
you? It is ev - 'rything, friend, to - day! There's a fear - ful
price that is fall - ing due, And a share that you, too, must pay.

63. THE LORD WILL PREVAIL.

MRS. M. A. W. COOK. (Arr.) E. S. LORENZ.


1. In some way or oth-er The Lord will prevail; It may not be my way,
2. At some time or oth-er The Lord will prevail; It may not be my time,
3. Despond then no longer, The Lord will prevail; And this be the tok-en—
4. March on, then, right boldly, The sea shall divide; The pathway made glorious
It may not be thy way, And yet in his own way The Lord will prevail.
It may not be thy time, And yet in his own time The Lord will prevail.
No word he hath spoken Was ev - er yet bro-ken, The Lord will prevail.
With shoutings victorious, We'll join in the chorus, The Lord will prevail.

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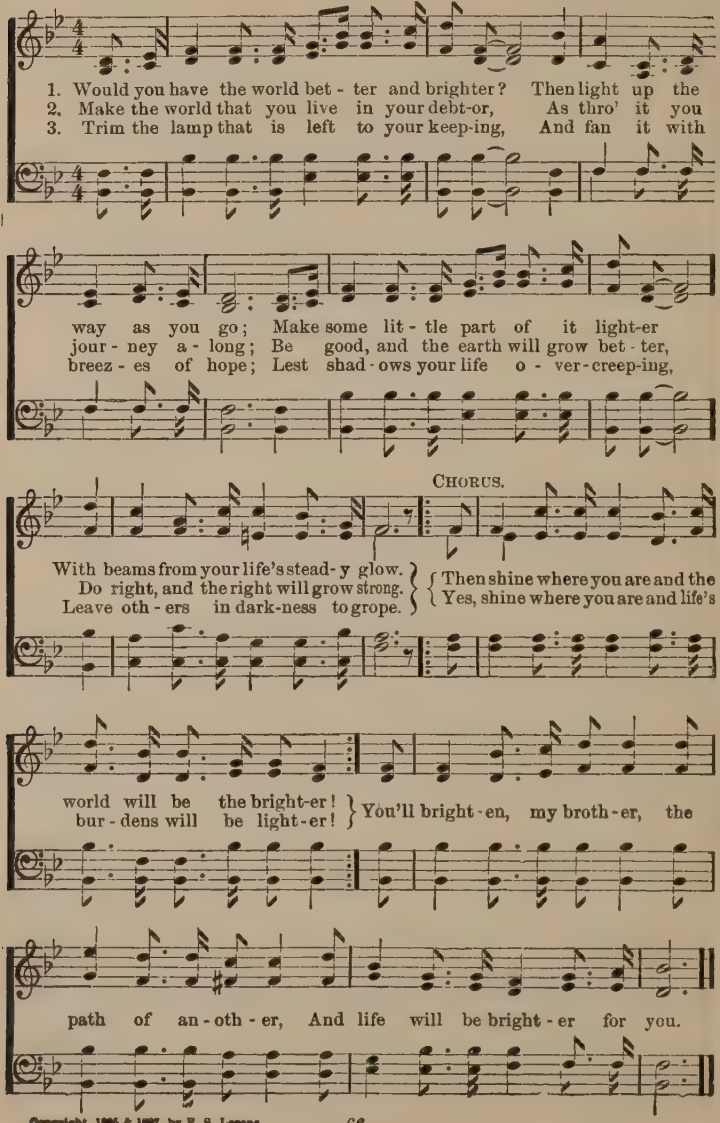
64. **SHINE WHERE YOU ARE.**

JESSIE H. BROWN. E. S. LORENZ


1. Would you have the world bet - ter and brighter? Then light up the
2. Make the world that you live in your debt-or, As thro' it you
3. Trim the lamp that is left to your keep-ing, And fan it with
way as you go; Make some lit - tle part of it light-er
jour - ney a - long; Be good, and the earth will grow bet - ter,
breez - es of hope; Lest shad - ows your life o - ver-creep-ing,
CHORUS.
With beams from your life's stead - y glow.
Do right, and the right will grow strong.
Leave oth - ers in dark-ness to grope.
Then shine where you are and the
Yes, shine where you are and life's
world will be the bright-er!
bur - dens will be light-er!
You'll bright - en, my broth - er, the
path of an - oth - er, And life will be bright - er for you.

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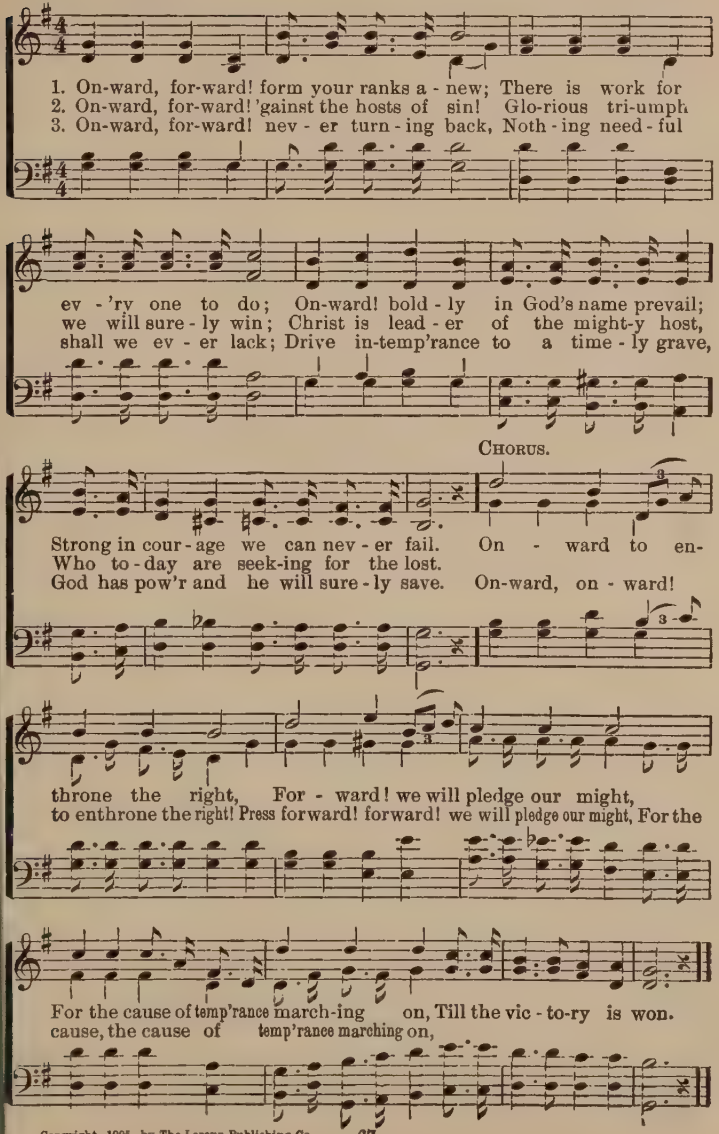
65. ONWARD, FORWARD!

MRS. C. L. MARTIN. CHAS. H. GABRIEL

1. On-ward, for-ward! form your ranks a - new; There is work for
2. On-ward, for-ward! 'gainst the hosts of sin! Glo-rious tri-umph
3. On-ward, for-ward! nev - er turn - ing back, Noth - ing need - ful
ev - 'ry one to do; On-ward! bold - ly in God's name prevail;
we will sure - ly win; Christ is lead - er of the might-y host,
shall we ev - er lack; Drive in-temp'rance to a time - ly grave,
CHORUS.
Strong in cour - age we can nev - er fail. On - ward to en-
Who to - day are seek-ing for the lost.
God has pow'r and he will sure - ly save. On-ward, on - ward!
throne the right, For - ward! we will pledge our might,
to enthrone the right! Press forward! forward! we will pledge our might, For the
For the cause of temp'rance march-ing on, Till the vic - to-ry is won.
cause, the cause of temp'rance marching on,

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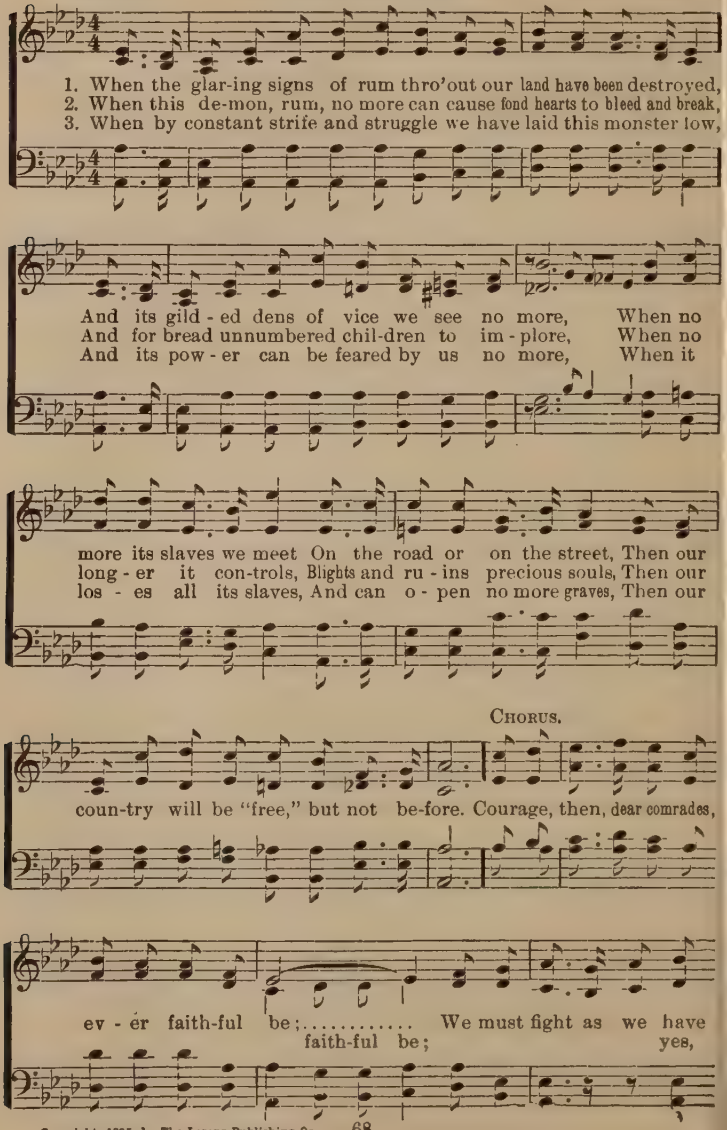
66. THEN OUR COUNTRY WILL BE FREE.

JAMES ROWE. (May be sung as Solo and Chorus.) IRA B. WILSON.

1. When the glar-ing signs of rum thro'out our land have been destroyed,
2. When this de-mon, rum, no more can cause fond hearts to bleed and break,
3. When by constant strife and struggle we have laid this monster low,
And its gild - ed dens of vice we see no more, When no
And for bread unnumbered chil-dren to im - plore, When no
And its pow - er can be feared by us no more, When it
more its slaves we meet On the road or on the street, Then our
long - er it con-trols, Blights and ru - ins precious souls, Then our
los - es all its slaves, And can o - pen no more graves, Then our
CHORUS.
coun-try will be "free," but not be-fore. Courage, then, dear comrades,
ev - er faith-ful be;..... We must fight as we have
faith-ful be; yes,

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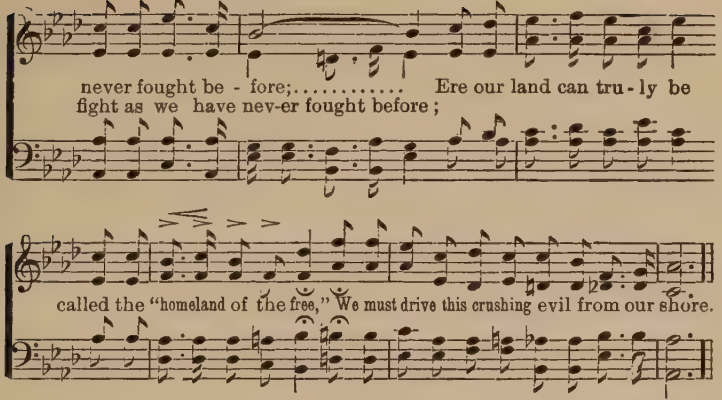
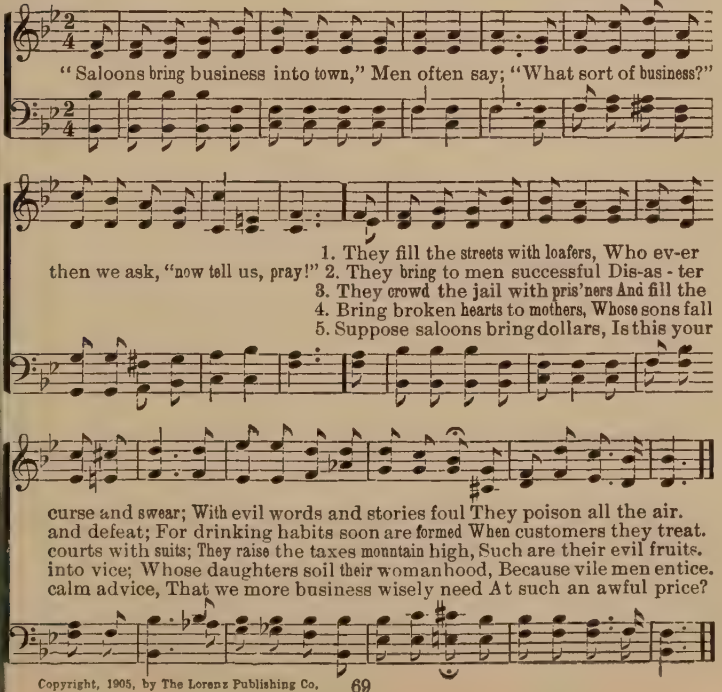
THEN OUR COUNTRY. Concluded.


never fought be - fore;..... Ere our land can tru - ly be
fight as we have nev-er fought before;
called the "homeland of the free," We must drive this crushing evil from our shore.

67. "SALOONS BRING BUSINESS."

E. S. L. E. S. LORENZ.


"Saloons bring business into town," Men often say; "What sort of business?"
1. They fill the streets with loafers, Who ev-er
then we ask, "now tell us, pray!" 2. They bring to men successful Dis-as - ter
3. They crowd the jail with pris'ners And fill the
4. Bring broken hearts to mothers, Whose sons fall
5. Suppose saloons bring dollars, Is this your
curse and swear; With evil words and stories foul They poison all the air.
and defeat; For drinking habits soon are formed When customers they treat.
courts with suits; They raise the taxes mountain high, Such are their evil fruits.
into vice; Whose daughters soil their womanhood, Because vile men entice.
calm advice, That we more business wisely need At such an awful price?

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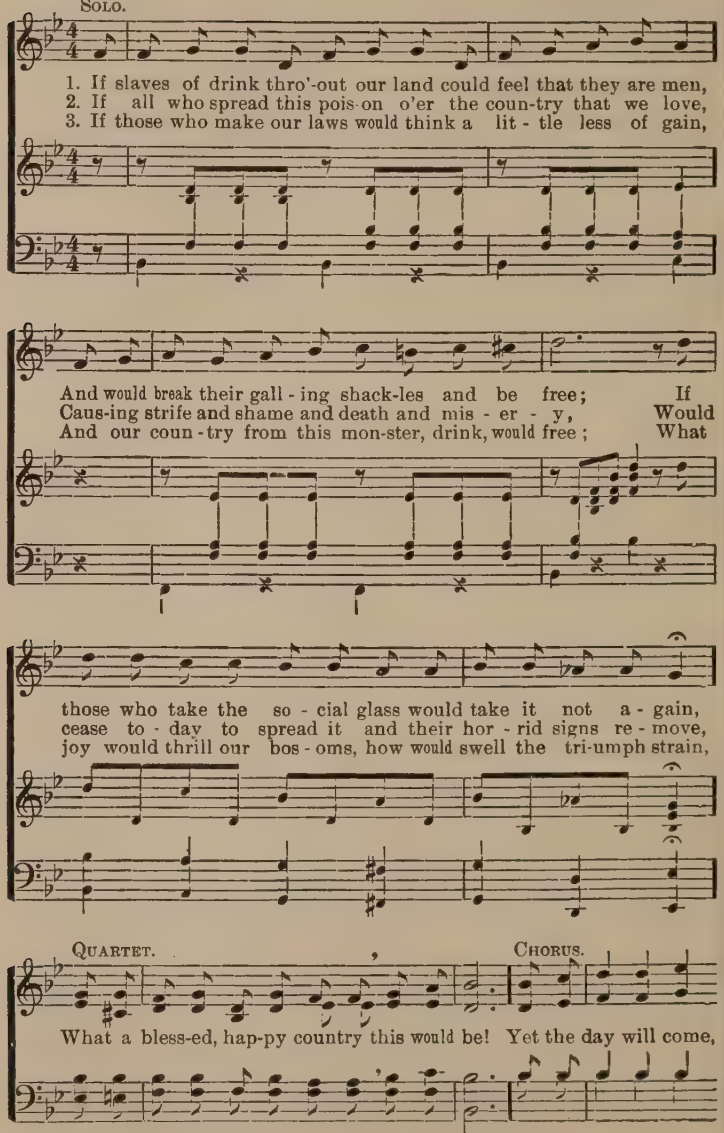
68. WHAT A HAPPY COUNTRY.

JAMES ROWE. E. S. LORENZ.

SOLO.


1. If slaves of drink thro'-out our land could feel that they are men,
2. If all who spread this pois-on o'er the coun-try that we love,
3. If those who make our laws would think a lit - tle less of gain,
And would break their gall - ing shack-les and be free; If
Caus-ing strife and shame and death and mis - er - y, Would
And our coun - try from this mon-ster, drink, would free; What
those who take the so - cial glass would take it not a - gain,
cease to - day to spread it and their hor - rid signs re - move,
joy would thrill our bos - oms, how would swell the tri-umph strain,
QUARTET.
CHORUS.
What a bless-ed, hap-py country this would be! Yet the day will come,

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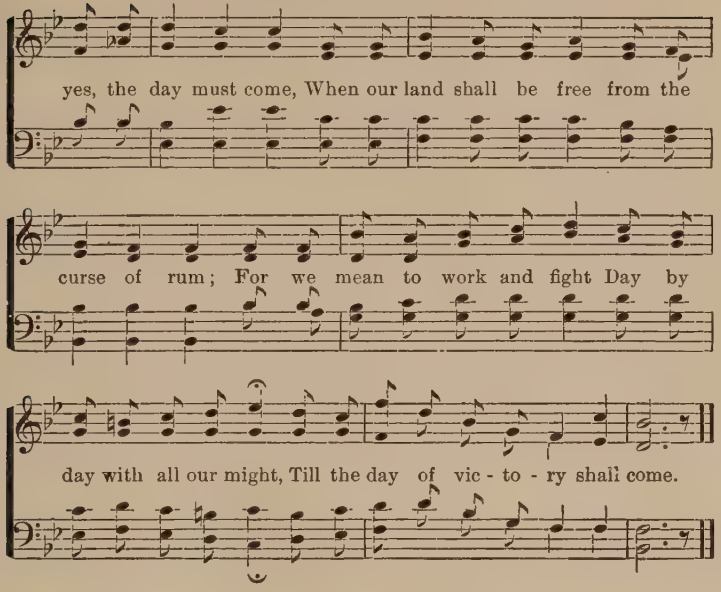
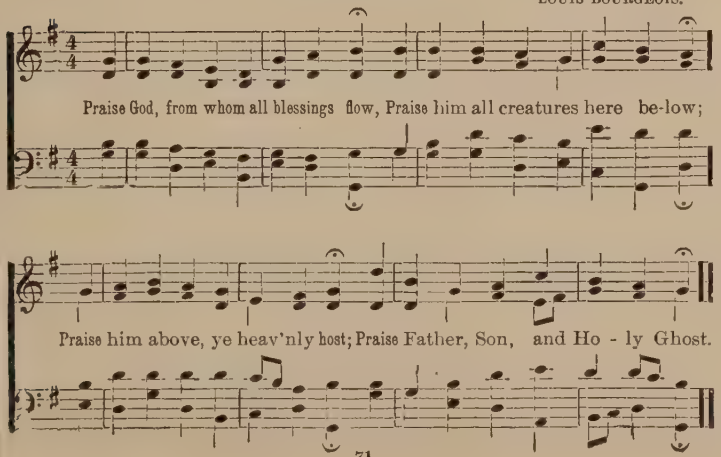
WHAT A HAPPY COUNTRY. Concluded.


yes, the day must come, When our land shall be free from the
curse of rum; For we mean to work and fight Day by
day with all our might, Till the day of vic - to - ry shall come.

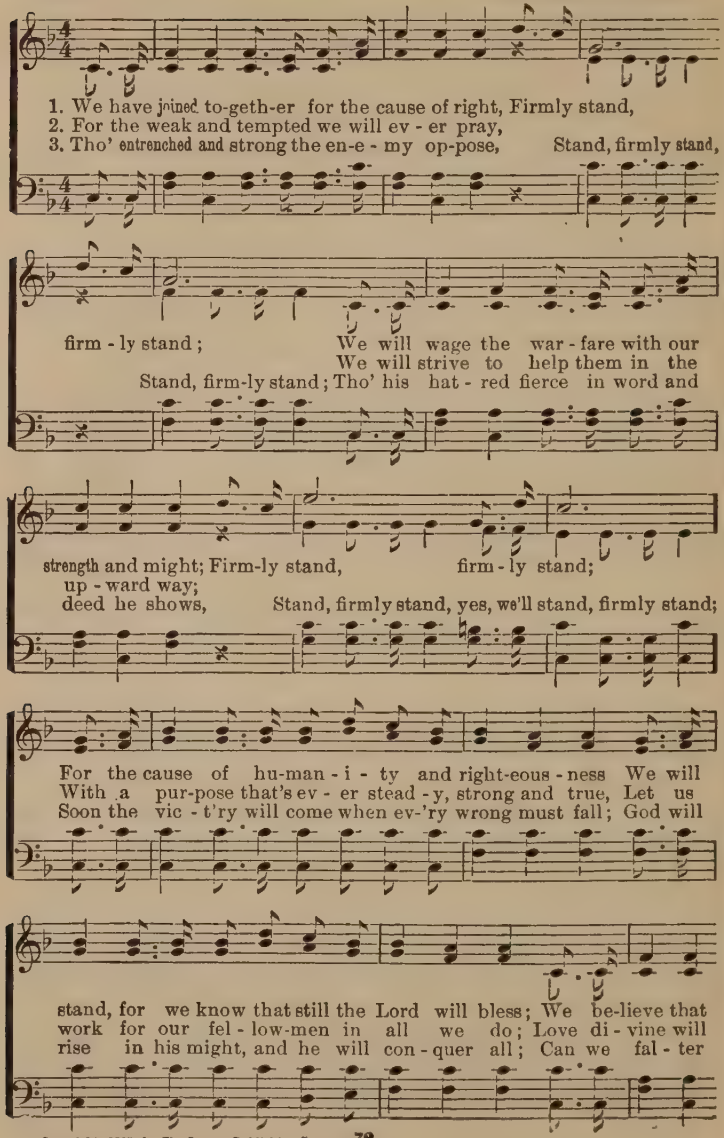
69. **DOXOLOGY.**

LOUIS BOURGEOIS.


Praise God, from whom all blessings flow, Praise him all creatures here be-low;
Praise him above, ye heav'nly host; Praise Father, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost.

70. FIRMLY STAND.

MRS. C. B. A. MRS. CARRIE B. ADAMS.


1. We have joined to-geth-er for the cause of right, Firmly stand,
2. For the weak and tempted we will ev - er pray,
3. Tho' entrenched and strong the en-e - my op-pose, Stand, firmly stand,
firm - ly stand; We will wage the war - fare with our
We will strive to help them in the
Stand, firm-ly stand; Tho' his hat - red fierce in word and
strength and might; Firm-ly stand, firm - ly stand;
up - ward way;
deed he shows, Stand, firmly stand, yes, we'll stand, firmly stand;
For the cause of hu-man - i - ty and right-eous - ness We will
With a pur-pose that's ev - er stead - y, strong and true, Let us
Soon the vic - t'ry will come when ev-'ry wrong must fall; God will
stand, for we know that still the Lord will bless; We be-lieve that
work for our fel - low-men in all we do; Love di - vine will
rise in his might, and he will con - quer all; Can we fal - ter

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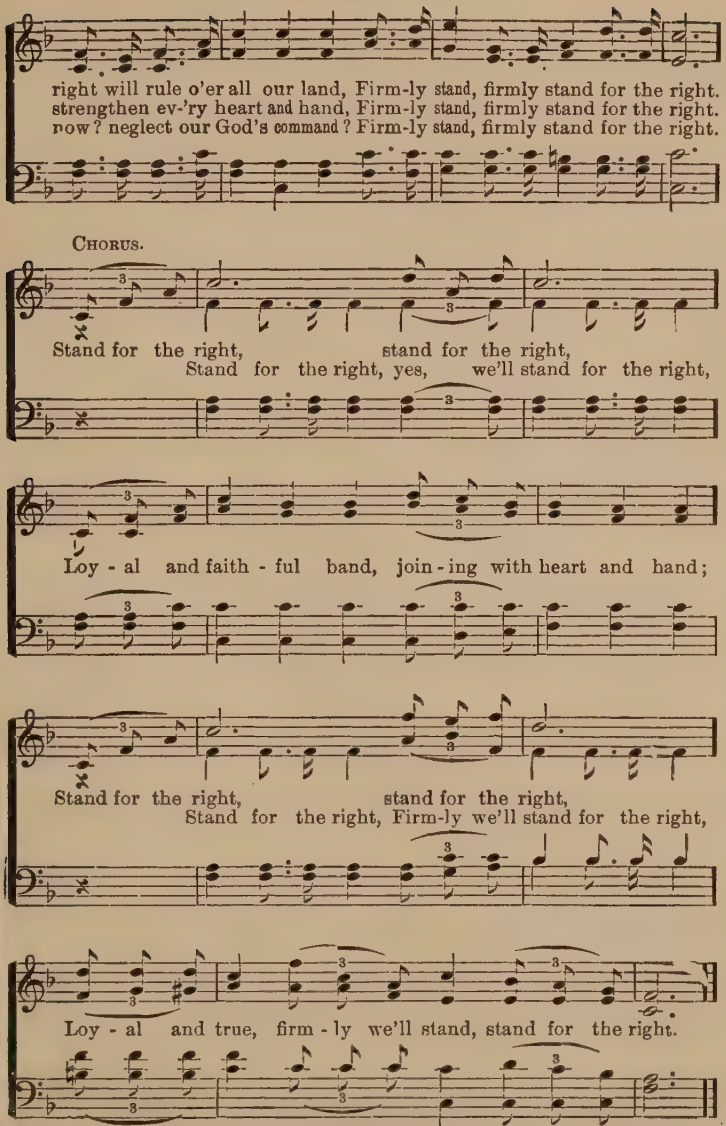
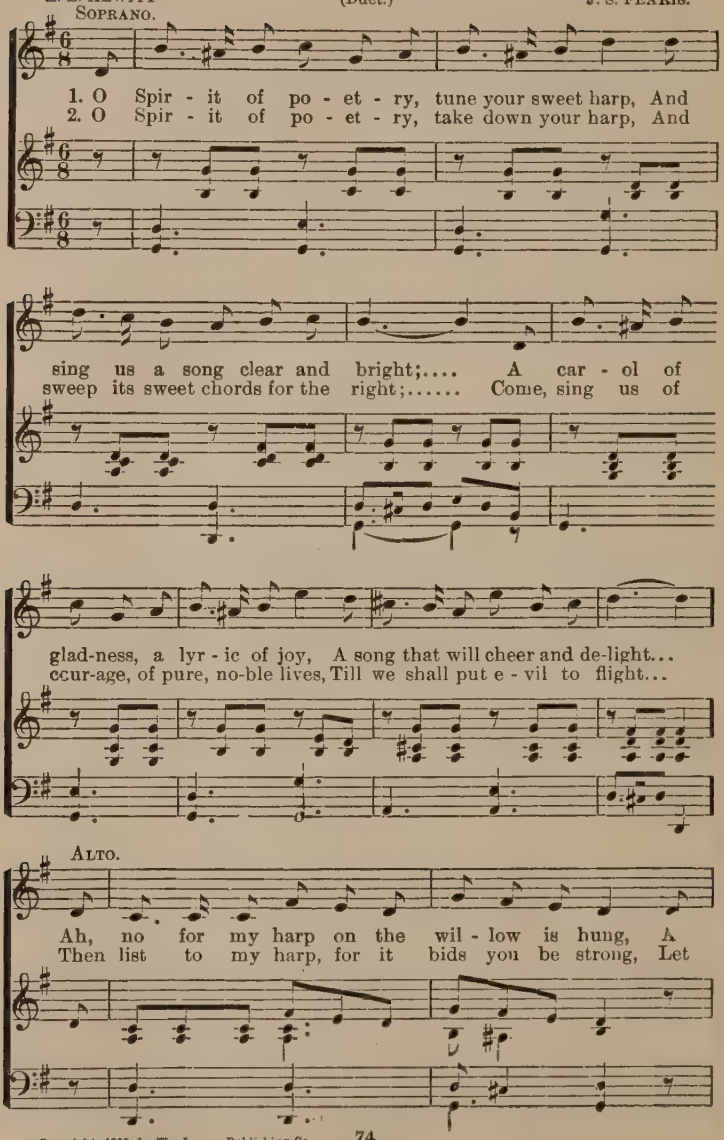
FIRMLY STAND. Concluded.


right will rule o'er all our land, Firm-ly stand, firmly stand for the right.
strengthen ev-'ry heart and hand, Firm-ly stand, firmly stand for the right.
now? neglect our God's command? Firm-ly stand, firmly stand for the right.
Chorus.
Stand for the right, stand for the right,
Stand for the right, yes, we'll stand for the right,
Loy - al and faith - ful band, join - ing with heart and hand;
Stand for the right, stand for the right,
Stand for the right, Firm-ly we'll stand for the right,
Loy - al and true, firm - ly we'll stand, stand for the right.

71. **O SPIRIT OF POETRY.**

E. E. HEWITT (Duet.) J. S. FEARIS.


Soprano.
1. O Spir - it of po - et - ry, tune your sweet harp, And
2. O Spir - it of po - et - ry, take down your harp, And
sing us a song clear and bright;.... A car - ol of
sweep its sweet chords for the right;..... Come, sing us of
glad-ness, a lyr - ic of joy, A song that will cheer and de-light...
cour-age, of pure, no-ble lives, Till we shall put e - vil to flight...
Alto.
Ah, no for my harp on the wil - low is hung, A
Then list to my harp, for it bids you be strong, Let

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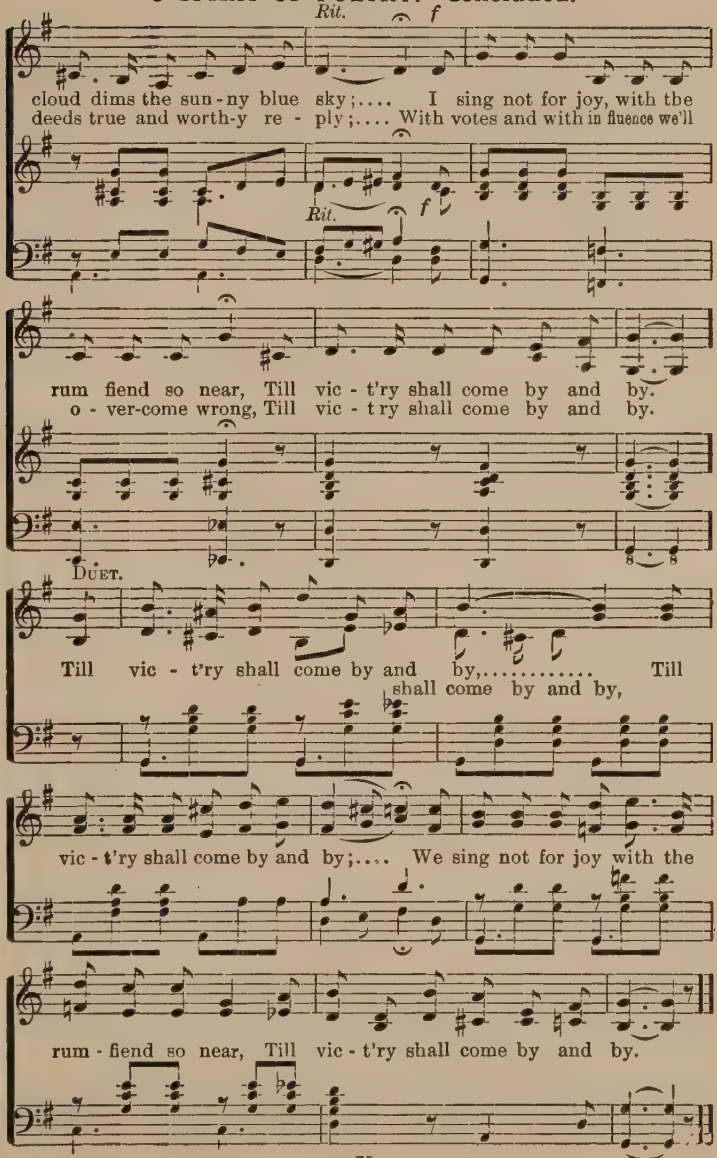
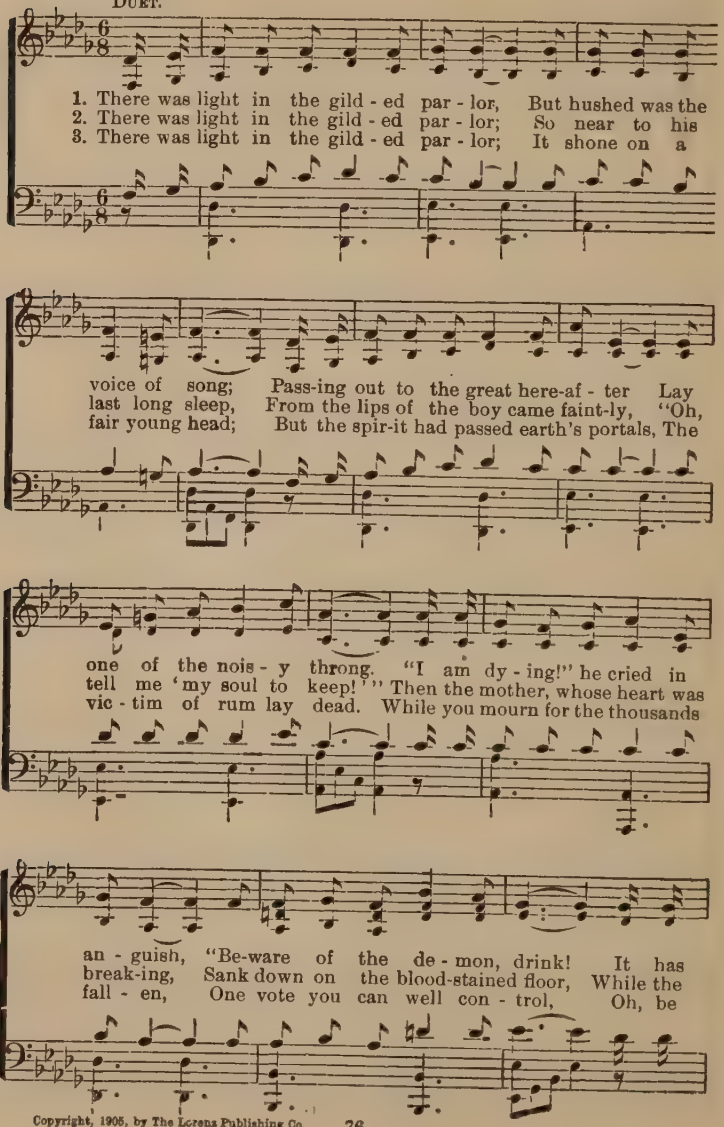
O SPIRIT OF POETRY. Concluded.

Rit.
f
cloud dims the sun-ny blue sky;.... I sing not for joy, with the
deeds true and worth-y re - ply;.... With votes and with influence we'll
Rit.
f
rum fiend so near, Till vic - t'ry shall come by and by.
o - ver-come wrong, Till vic - t'ry shall come by and by.
DUET.
Till vic - t'ry shall come by and by,..... Till
shall come by and by,
vic - t'ry shall come by and by;.... We sing not for joy with the
rum - fiend so near, Till vic - t'ry shall come by and by.

72. LIGHT IN THE GILDED PARLOR.

LIZZIE DEARMOND. IRA B. WILSON.

DUET.


1. There was light in the gild - ed par - lor, But hushed was the voice of song; Pass-ing out to the great here-af - ter Lay
2. There was light in the gild - ed par - lor; So near to his last long sleep, From the lips of the boy came faint-ly, "Oh,
3. There was light in the gild - ed par - lor; It shone on a fair young head; But the spir-it had passed earth's portals, The
one of the nois - y throng. "I am dy - ing!" he cried in
tell me 'my soul to keep!'" Then the mother, whose heart was
vic - tim of rum lay dead. While you mourn for the thousands
an - guish, "Be-ware of the de - mon, drink! It has
break-ing, Sank down on the blood-stained floor, While the
fall - en, One vote you can well con - trol, Oh, be

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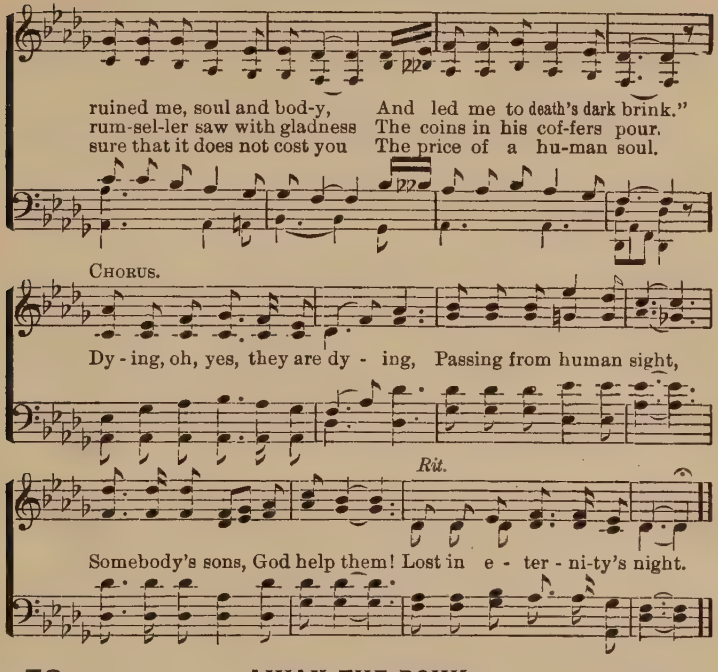
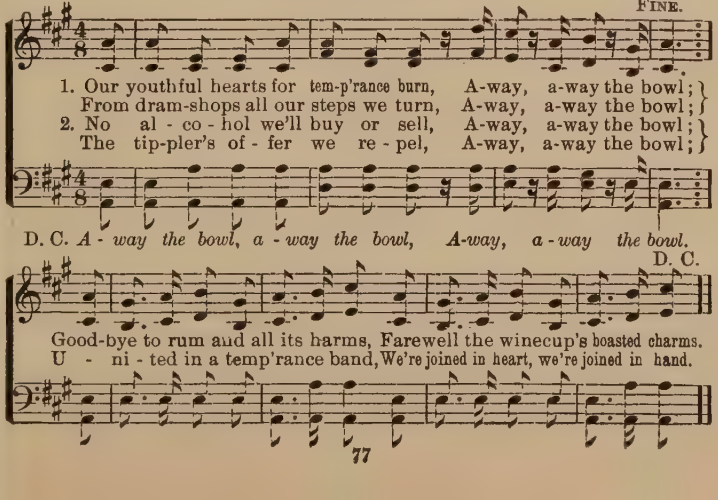

ruined me, soul and bod-y, And led me to death's dark brink."
rum-sel-ler saw with gladness The coins in his cof-fers pour.
sure that it does not cost you The price of a hu-man soul.
Chorus.
Dy - ing, oh, yes, they are dy - ing, Passing from human sight,
Rit.
Somebody's sons, God help them! Lost in e - ter - ni-ty's night.

73. AWAY THE BOWL.

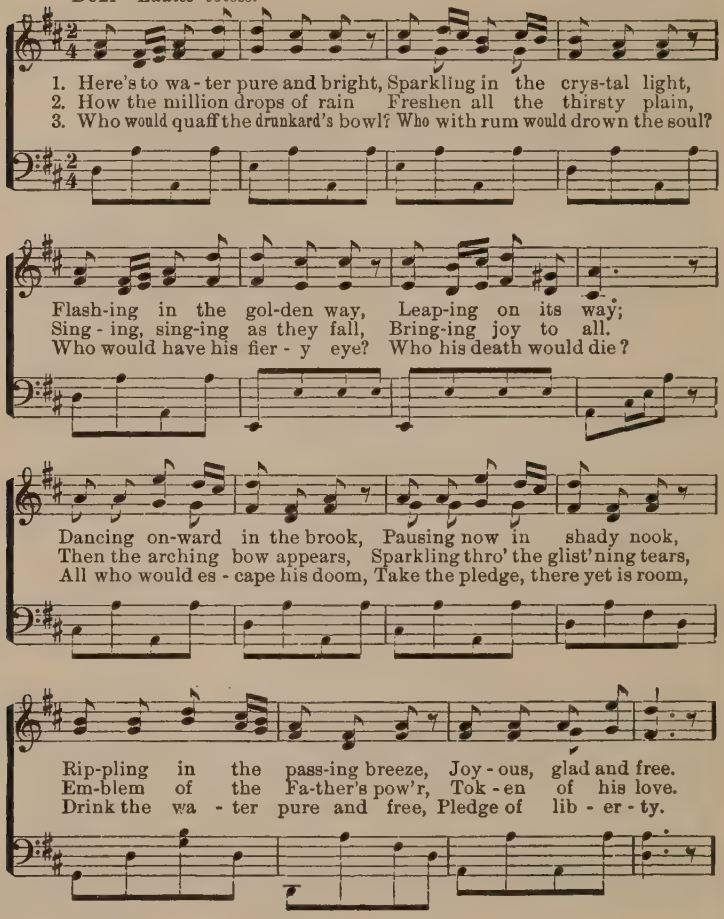
ANON.


Fine.
1. Our youthful hearts for tem-p'rance burn, A-way, a-way the bowl;
From dram-shops all our steps we turn, A-way, a-way the bowl;
2. No al - co - hol we'll buy or sell, A-way, a-way the bowl;
The tip-pler's of - fer we re - pel, A-way, a-way the bowl;
D. C. A - way the bowl, a - way the bowl, A-way, a - way the bowl.
D. C.
Good-bye to rum and all its harms, Farewell the winecup's boasted charms.
U - ni - ted in a temp'rance band, We're joined in heart, we're joined in hand.

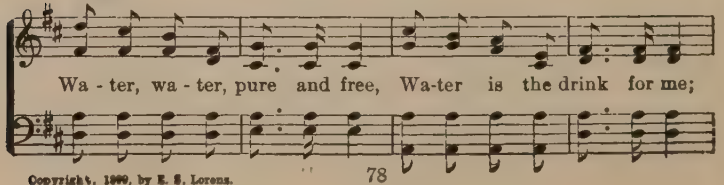
74. WATER, PURE AND FREE.

W. BENNETT. ADAM GEIBEL.

DUET—*Ladies' voices.*


1. Here's to wa - ter pure and bright, Sparkling in the crys-tal light,
2. How the million drops of rain Freshen all the thirsty plain,
3. Who would quaff the drunkard's bowl? Who with rum would drown the soul?
Flash-ing in the gol-den way, Leap-ing on its way;
Sing - ing, sing-ing as they fall, Bring-ing joy to all.
Who would have his fier - y eye? Who his death would die?
Dancing on-ward in the brook, Pausing now in shady nook,
Then the arching bow appears, Sparkling thro' the glist'ning tears,
All who would es - cape his doom, Take the pledge, there yet is room,
Rip-pling in the pass-ing breeze, Joy - ous, glad and free.
Em-blem of the Fa-ther's pow'r, Tok - en of his love.
Drink the wa - ter pure and free, Pledge of lib - er - ty.

CHORUS.



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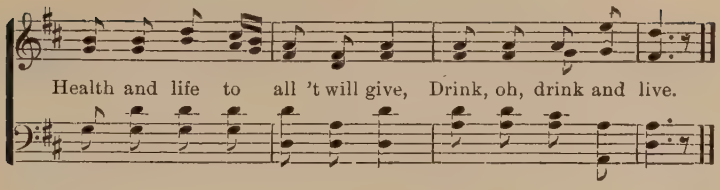
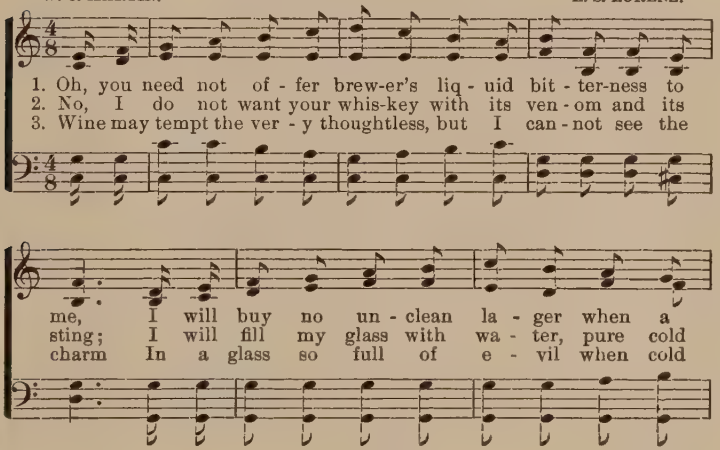
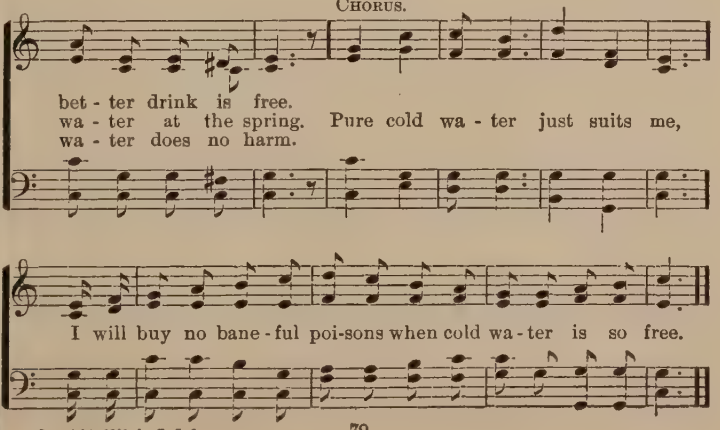


75. WATER JUST SUITS ME.

W. C. MARTIN. E. S. LORENZ.


1. Oh, you need not of - fer brew-er's liq - uid bit - ter-ness to me,
2. No, I do not want your whis-key with its ven - om and its sting;
3. Wine may tempt the ver - y thoughtless, but I can - not see the charm
I will buy no un - clean la - ger when a
I will fill my glass with wa - ter, pure cold
In a glass so full of e - vil when cold

CHORUS.


bet - ter drink is free.
wa - ter at the spring. Pure cold wa - ter just suits me,
wa - ter does no harm.
I will buy no bane - ful poi-sons when cold wa - ter is so free.

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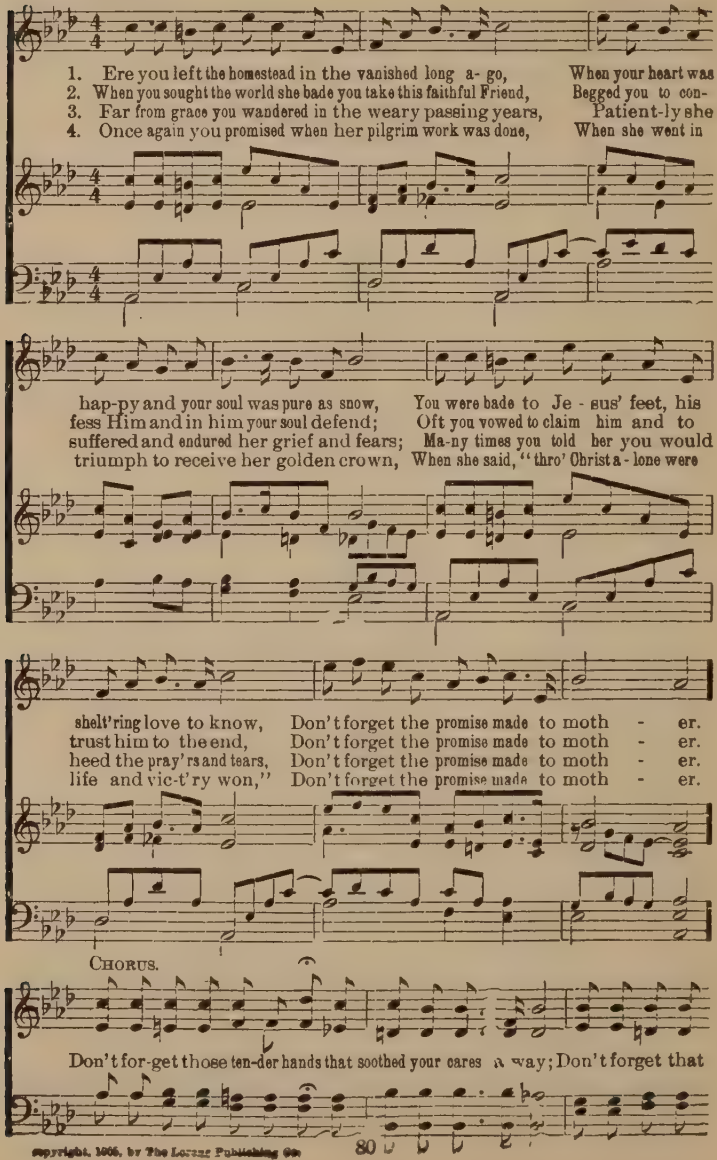
THE PROMISE MADE TO MOTHER.

INA DULEY OGDON. J. S. FEARIS.


1. Ere you left the homestead in the vanished long a- go, When your heart was
2. When you sought the world she bade you take this faithful Friend, Begged you to con-
3. Far from grace you wandered in the weary passing years, Patient-ly she
4. Once again you promised when her pilgrim work was done, When she went in
hap-py and your soul was pure as snow, You were bade to Je - sus' feet, his
fess Him and in him your soul defend; Oft you vowed to claim him and to
suffered and endured her grief and fears; Ma-ny times you told her you would
triumph to receive her golden crown, When she said, "thro' Christ a - lone were
shelt'ring love to know, Don't forget the promise made to moth - er.
trust him to the end, Don't forget the promise made to moth - er.
heed the pray'rs and tears, Don't forget the promise made to moth - er.
life and vic-t'ry won," Don't forget the promise made to moth - er.
CHORUS.
Don't for-get those ten-der hands that soothed your cares a way; Don't forget that

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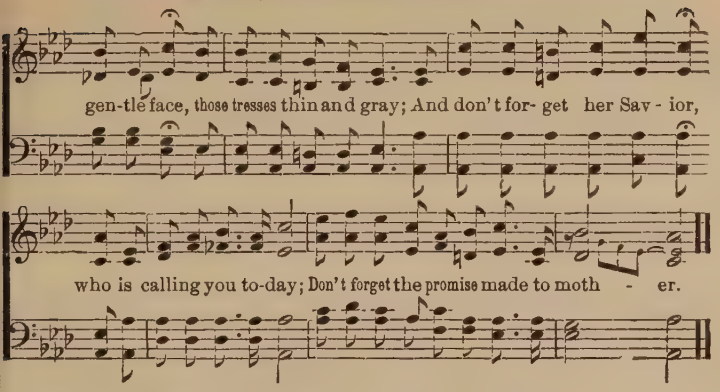
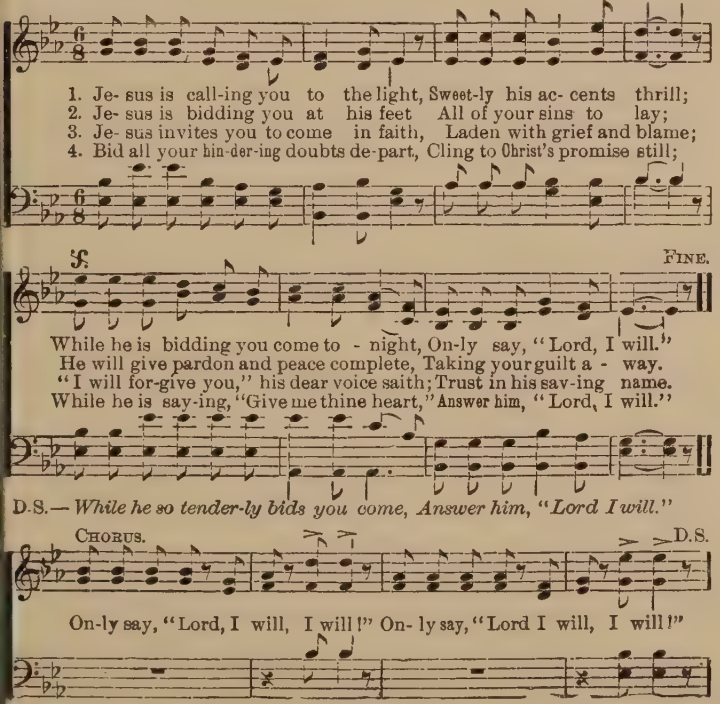

gen-tle face, those tresses thin and gray; And don't for- get her Sav - ior,
who is calling you to-day; Don't forget the promise made to moth - er.

77 ANSWER HIM, "LORD, I WILL."

JENNIE WILSON. E. S. LORENZ.


1. Je- sus is call-ing you to the light, Sweet-ly his ac- cents thrill;
2. Je- sus is bidding you at his feet All of your sins to lay;
3. Je- sus invites you to come in faith, Laden with grief and blame;
4. Bid all your hin-der-ing doubts de-part, Cling to Christ's promise still;
FINE.
While he is bidding you come to - night, On-ly say, "Lord, I will."
He will give pardon and peace complete, Taking your guilt a - way.
"I will for-give you," his dear voice saith; Trust in his sav-ing name.
While he is say-ing, "Give me thine heart," Answer him, "Lord, I will."
D.S.— *While he so tender-ly bids you come, Answer him, "Lord I will."*
CHORUS.
D.S.
On-ly say, "Lord, I will, I will!" On- ly say, "Lord I will, I will!"

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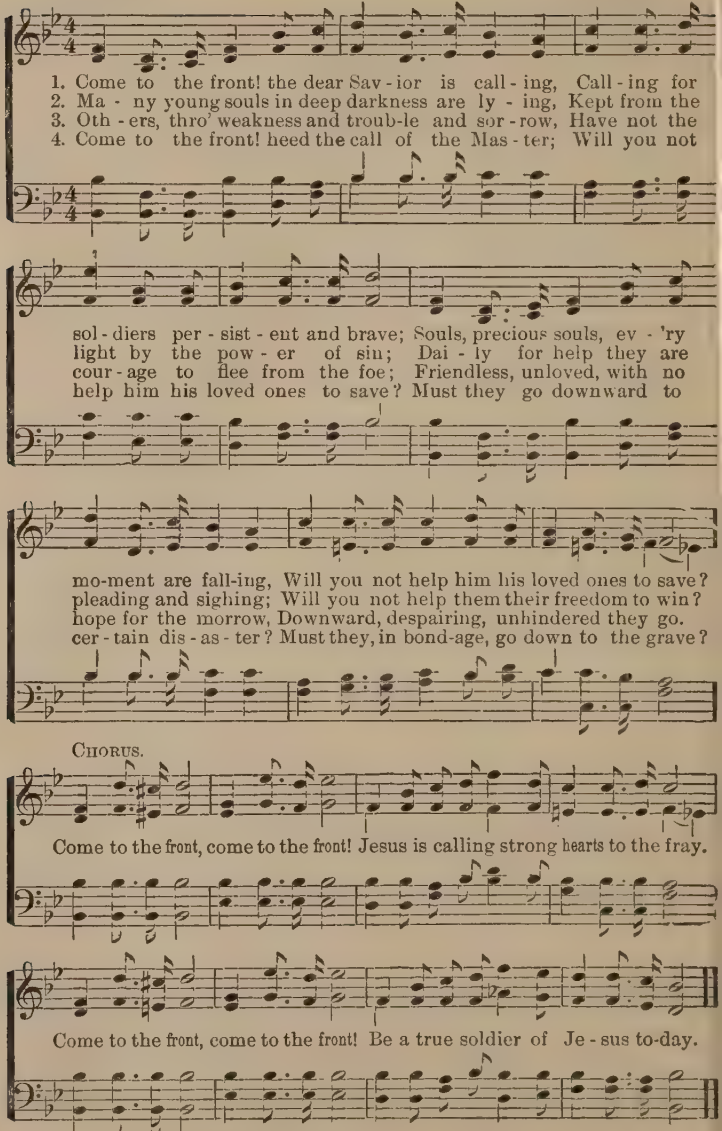
78. COME TO THE FRONT.

JAMES ROWE. IRA B. WILSON.


1. Come to the front! the dear Sav - ior is call - ing, Call - ing for
2. Ma - ny young souls in deep darkness are ly - ing, Kept from the
3. Oth - ers, thro' weakness and troub-le and sor - row, Have not the
4. Come to the front! heed the call of the Mas - ter; Will you not
sol - diers per - sist - ent and brave; Souls, precious souls, ev - 'ry
light by the pow - er of sin; Dai - ly for help they are
cour - age to flee from the foe; Friendless, unloved, with no
help him his loved ones to save? Must they go downward to
mo-ment are fall-ing, Will you not help him his loved ones to save?
pleading and sighing; Will you not help them their freedom to win?
hope for the morrow, Downward, despairing, unhindered they go.
cer - tain dis - as - ter? Must they, in bond-age, go down to the grave?
CHORUS.
Come to the front, come to the front! Jesus is calling strong hearts to the fray.
Come to the front, come to the front! Be a true soldier of Je - sus to-day.

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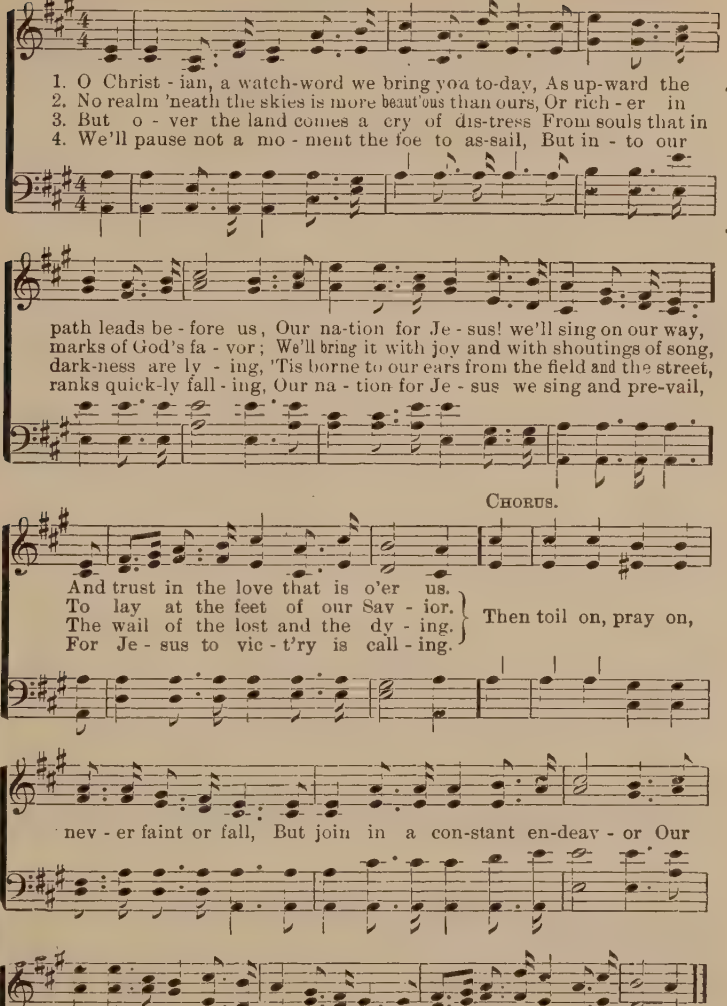
79. OUR NATION FOR JESUS.

W. F. McCAULEY. E. S. LORENZ.


1. O Christ - ian, a watch-word we bring you to-day, As up-ward the path leads be - fore us, Our na-tion for Je - sus! we'll sing on our way,
2. No realm 'neath the skies is more beauteous than ours, Or rich - er in marks of God's fa - vor; We'll bring it with joy and with shoutings of song,
3. But o - ver the land comes a cry of dis-tress From souls that in dark-ness are ly - ing, 'Tis borne to our ears from the field and the street,
4. We'll pause not a mo - ment the foe to as-sail, But in - to our ranks quick-ly fall - ing, Our na - tion for Je - sus we sing and pre-vail,
CHORUS.
And trust in the love that is o'er us.
To lay at the feet of our Sav - ior.
The wail of the lost and the dy - ing.
For Je - sus to vic - t'ry is call - ing.
Then toil on, pray on,
nev - er faint or fall, But join in a con-stant en-deav - or Our
land with its millions to Je-sus to bring, To love him and serve him for-ev-er.

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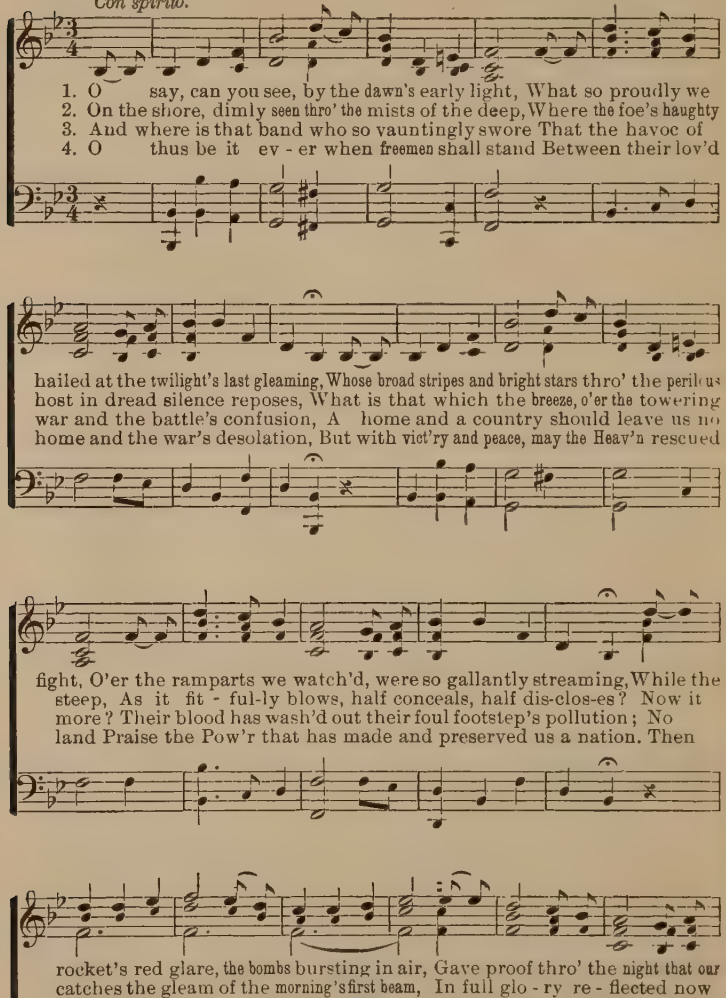
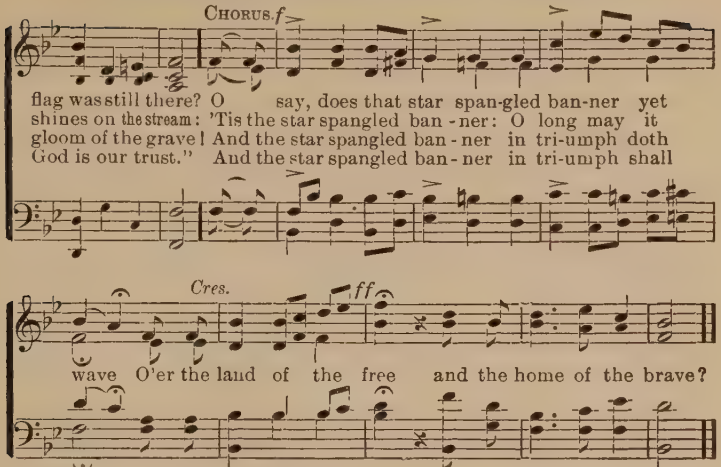
80. THE STAR SPANGLED BANNER.

FRANCIS SCOTT KEY, 1814. Arr. from old French air, "Anacreon."

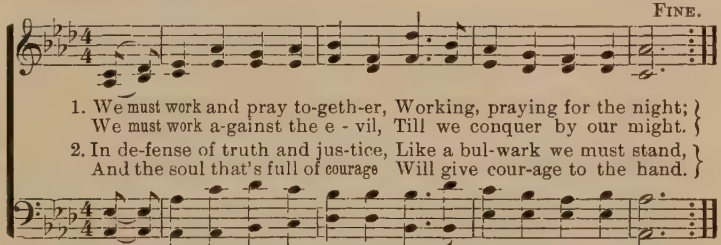
Con spirito.

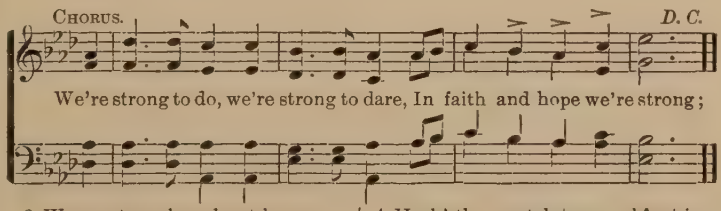

1. O say, can you see, by the dawn's early light, What so proudly we
2. On the shore, dimly seen thro' the mists of the deep, Where the foe's haughty
3. And where is that band who so vauntingly swore That the havoc of
4. O thus be it ev - er when freemen shall stand Between their lov'd
hailed at the twilight's last gleaming, Whose broad stripes and bright stars thro' the peril
host in dread silence reposes, What is that which the breeze, o'er the towering
war and the battle's confusion, A home and a country should leave us no
home and the war's desolation, But with vict'ry and peace, may the Heav'n rescued
fight, O'er the ramparts we watch'd, were so gallantly streaming, While the
steep, As it fit - ful-ly blows, half conceals, half dis-clos-es? Now it
more? Their blood has wash'd out their foul footstep's pollution; No
land Praise the Pow'r that has made and preserved us a nation. Then
rocket's red glare, the bombs bursting in air, Gave proof thro' the night that our
catches the gleam of the morning's first beam, In full glo - ry re - flected now
refuge could save the hireling and slave From the terror of flight or the
conquer we must, when our cause it is just, And this be our mot-to, "In


Chorus. f
flag was still there? O say, does that star span-gled ban-ner yet
shines on the stream: 'Tis the star spangled ban-ner: O long may it
gloom of the grave! And the star spangled ban-ner in tri-umph doth
God is our trust." And the star spangled ban-ner in tri-umph shall
Cres. ff
wave O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?

81. WE'LL HELP THE CAUSE ALONG.

JOSEPHINE POLLARD. W. H. DOANE.


Fine.
1. We must work and pray to-geth-er, Working, praying for the night;
We must work a-gainst the e - vil, Till we conquer by our might.
2. In de-fense of truth and jus-tice, Like a bul-wark we must stand,
And the soul that's full of courage Will give cour-age to the hand.
D. C. U - nit-ed thus in strength and pray'r, We'll help the cause along.



3 We must work and not be weary,
Though we conquer not to-day;
For the rescue of our brothers,
We must work as well as pray.

4 Hark! the crystal streams and fountains,
Swell the chorus of our song;
And they seem to be rejoicing
As they help the cause along.

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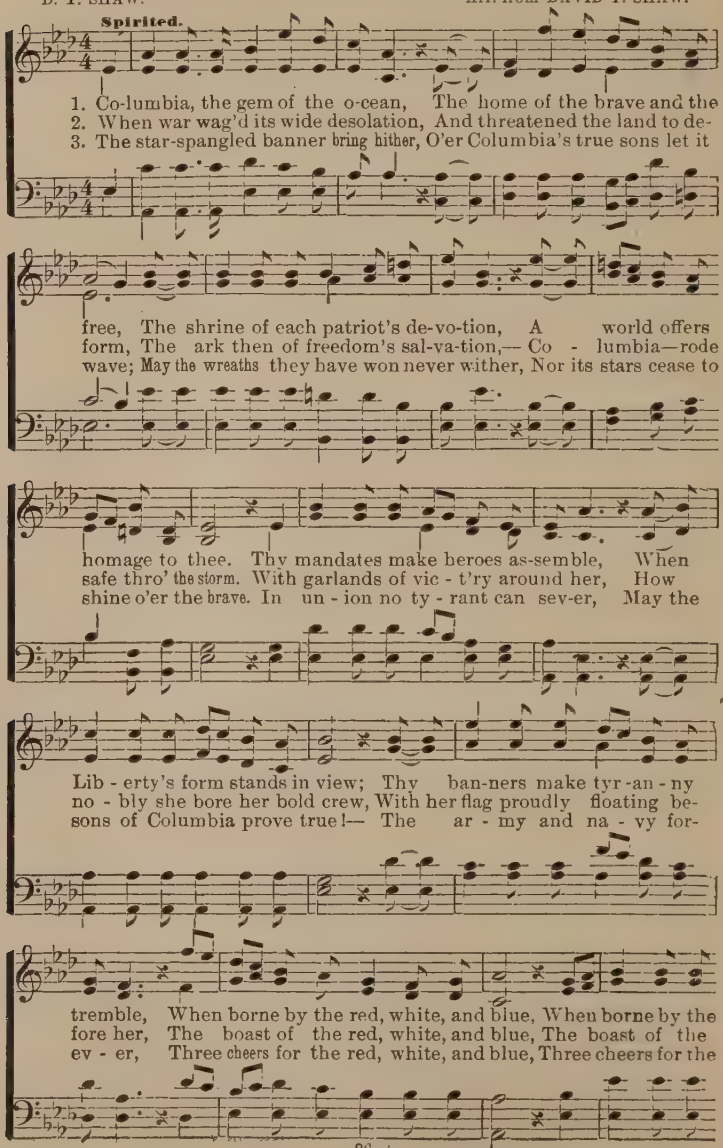
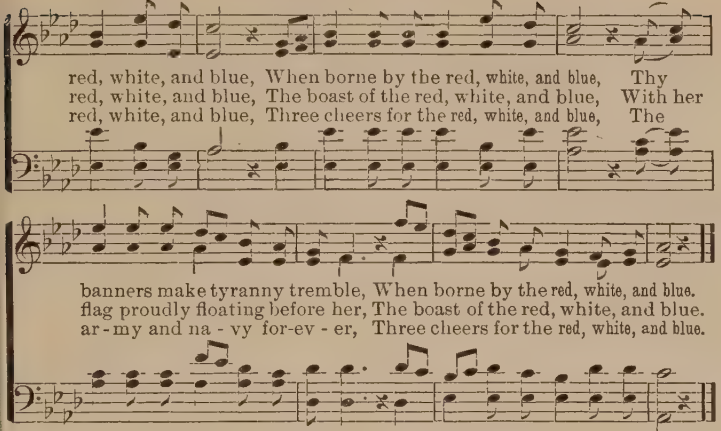
82. COLUMBIA, THE GEM OF THE OCEAN.

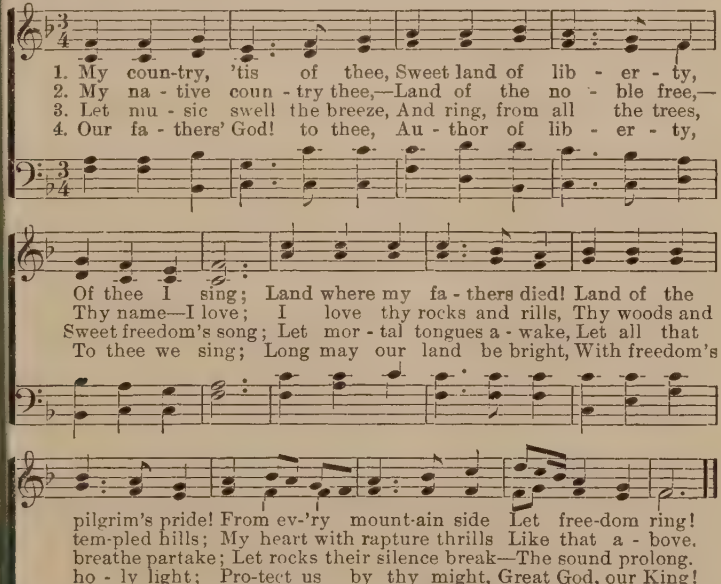
D. T. SHAW. Arr. from DAVID T. SHAW.


Spirited.
1. Co-lumbia, the gem of the o-cean, The home of the brave and the
2. When war wag'd its wide desolation, And threatened the land to de-
3. The star-spangled banner bring hither, O'er Columbia's true sons let it
free, The shrine of each patriot's de-vo-tion, A world offers
form, The ark then of freedom's sal-va-tion,— Co - lumbia—rode
wave; May the wreaths they have won never wither, Nor its stars cease to
homage to thee. Thy mandates make heroes as-semble, When
safe thro' the storm. With garlands of vic - t'ry around her, How
shine o'er the brave. In un - ion no ty - rant can sev-er, May the
Lib - erty's form stands in view; Thy ban-ners make tyr-an - ny
no - bly she bore her bold crew, With her flag proudly floating be-
sons of Columbia prove true!— The ar - my and na - vy for-
tremble, When borne by the red, white, and blue, When borne by the
fore her, The boast of the red, white, and blue, The boast of the
ev - er, Three cheers for the red, white, and blue, Three cheers for the


red, white, and blue, When borne by the red, white, and blue, Thy
red, white, and blue, The boast of the red, white, and blue, With her
red, white, and blue, Three cheers for the red, white, and blue, The
banners make tyranny tremble, When borne by the red, white, and blue.
flag proudly floating before her, The boast of the red, white, and blue.
ar-my and na-vy for-ev-er, Three cheers for the red, white, and blue.

83. MY COUNTRY, 'TIS OF THEE.

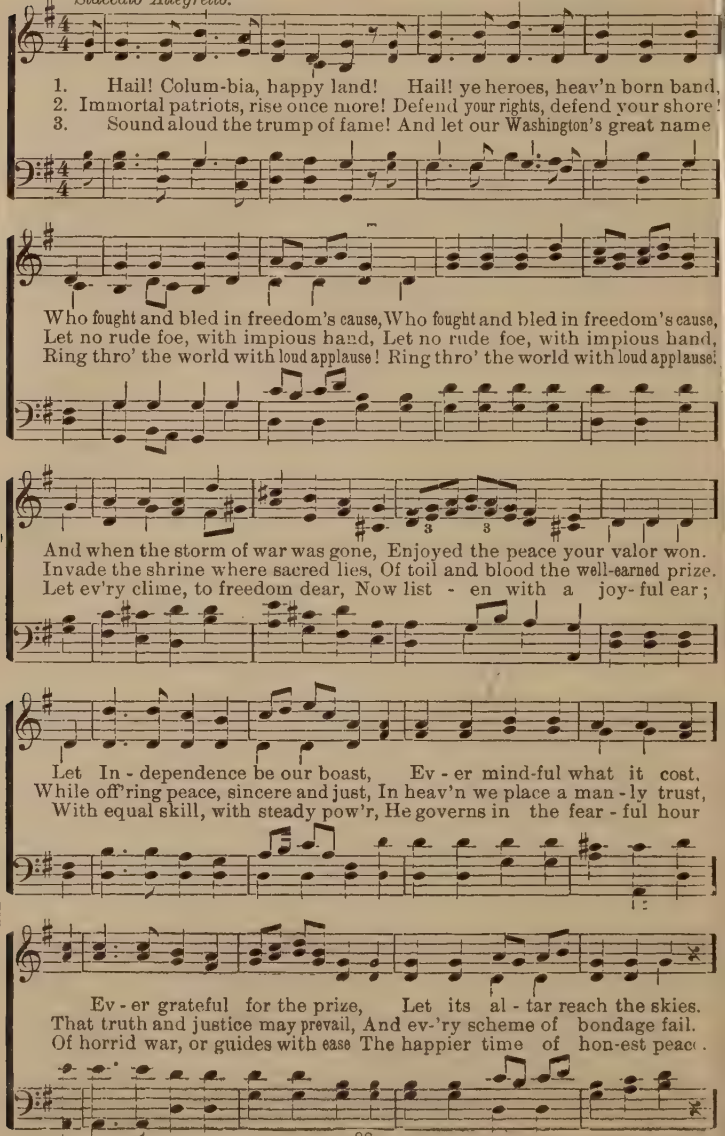
SAMUEL F. SMITH. HENRY CAREY.


1. My coun-try, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib-er-ty,
2. My na-tive coun-try thee,—Land of the no-ble free,—
3. Let mu-sic swell the breeze, And ring, from all the trees,
4. Our fa-thers' God! to thee, Au-thor of lib-er-ty,
Of thee I sing; Land where my fa-thers died! Land of the
Thy name—I love; I love thy rocks and rills, Thy woods and
Sweet freedom's song; Let mor-tal tongues a-wake, Let all that
To thee we sing; Long may our land be bright, With freedom's
pilgrim's pride! From ev-'ry mount-ain side Let free-dom ring!
tem-pled hills; My heart with rapture thrills Like that a-bove.
breathe partake; Let rocks their silence break—The sound prolong.
ho-ly light; Pro-tect us by thy might, Great God, our King!

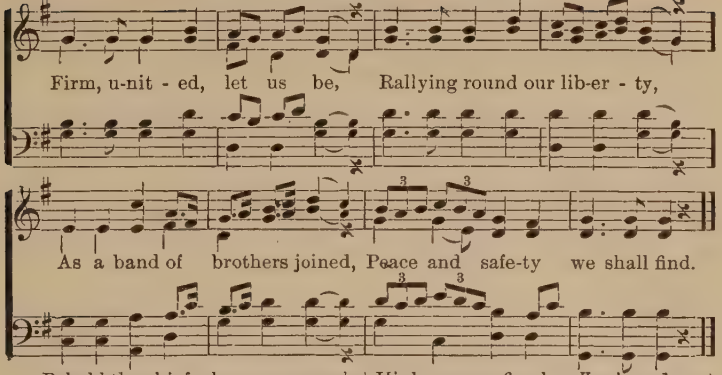
84. HAIL! COLUMBIA.

JUDGE JOSEPH HOPKINSON, 1789. "President's March," by PROF. PHYLO, 1789.

Staccato Allegretto.


1. Hail! Colum-bia, happy land! Hail! ye heroes, heav'n born band,
2. Immortal patriots, rise once more! Defend your rights, defend your shore!
3. Sound aloud the trump of fame! And let our Washington's great name
Who fought and bled in freedom's cause, Who fought and bled in freedom's cause,
Let no rude foe, with impious hand, Let no rude foe, with impious hand,
Ring thro' the world with loud applause! Ring thro' the world with loud applause!
And when the storm of war was gone, Enjoyed the peace your valor won.
Invade the shrine where sacred lies, Of toil and blood the well-earned prize.
Let ev'ry clime, to freedom dear, Now list - en with a joy- ful ear;
Let In - dependence be our boast, Ev - er mind-ful what it cost,
While off'ring peace, sincere and just, In heav'n we place a man - ly trust,
With equal skill, with steady pow'r, He governs in the fear - ful hour
Ev - er grateful for the prize, Let its al - tar reach the skies.
That truth and justice may prevail, And ev-'ry scheme of bondage fail.
Of horrid war, or guides with ease The happier time of hon-est peace.

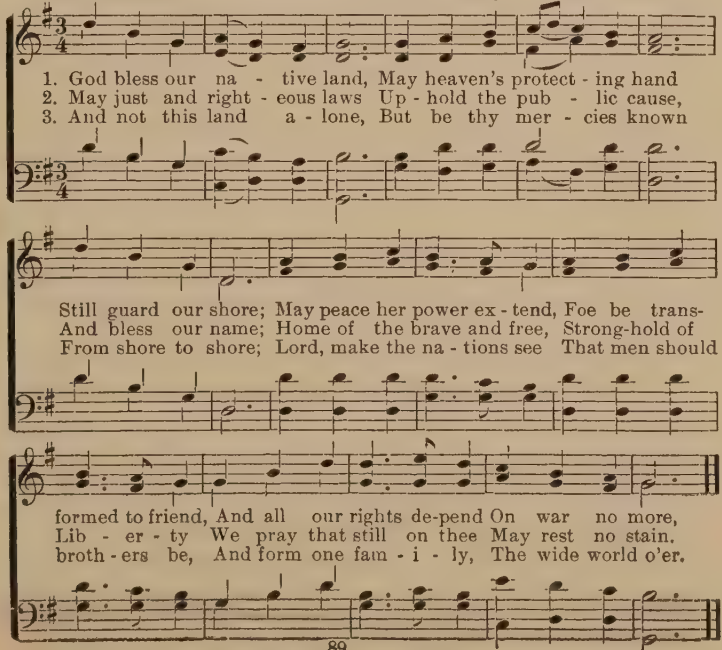
CHORUS. **HAIL! COLUMBIA. Concluded.**



4 Behold the chief who now commands
Once more to serve his country stands—
The rock on which the storm will beat!
The rock on which the storm will beat!
But armed in virtue, firm and true,
His hopes are fixed on Heav'n and you!
When hope was sinking in dismay,
When gloom obscured Columbia's day,
His steady mind, from changes free,
Resolved on death or liberty.

85. GOD BLESS OUR LAND.

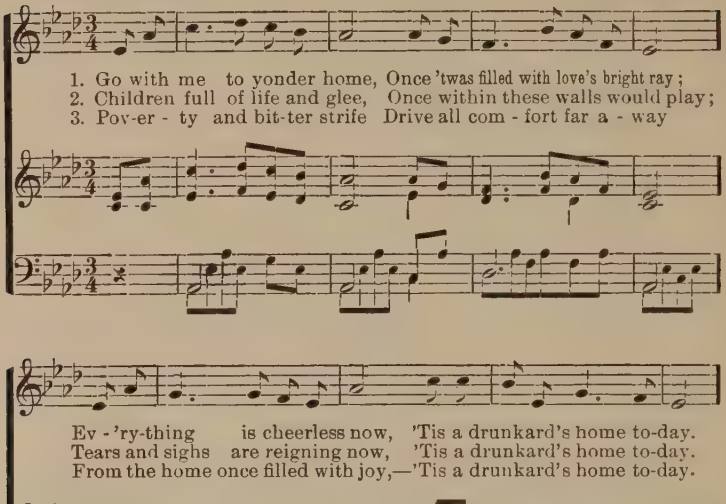
J. S. DWIGHT. "Italy." FELICE GIARDINI.


1. God bless our na - tive land, May heaven's protect - ing hand
2. May just and right - eous laws Up - hold the pub - lic cause,
3. And not this land a - lone, But be thy mer - cies known
Still guard our shore; May peace her power ex - tend, Foe be trans-
And bless our name; Home of the brave and free, Strong-hold of
From shore to shore; Lord, make the na - tions see That men should
formed to friend, And all our rights de-pend On war no more,
Lib - er - ty We pray that still on thee May rest no stain.
broth - ers be, And form one fam - i - ly, The wide world o'er.

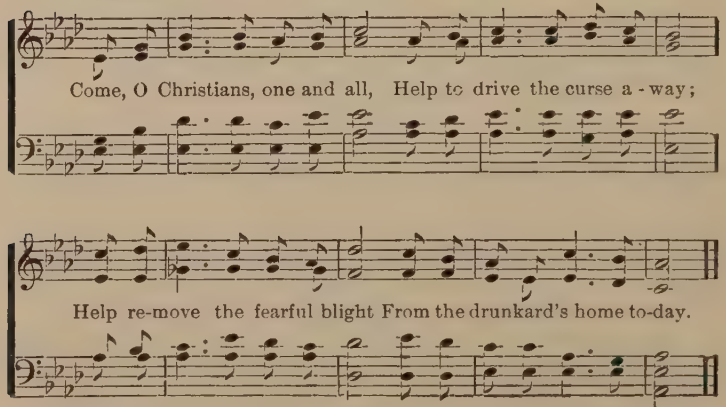
86. 'TIS A DRUNKARD'S HOME TO-DAY.

(Song and Chorus.)

MRS. C. D. MARTIN. J. S. FEARIS.


1. Go with me to yonder home, Once 'twas filled with love's bright ray;
2. Children full of life and glee, Once within these walls would play;
3. Pov-er - ty and bit-ter strife Drive all com - fort far a - way
Ev - 'ry-thing is cheerless now, 'Tis a drunkard's home to-day.
Tears and sighs are reigning now, 'Tis a drunkard's home to-day.
From the home once filled with joy,—'Tis a drunkard's home to-day.

CHORUS.



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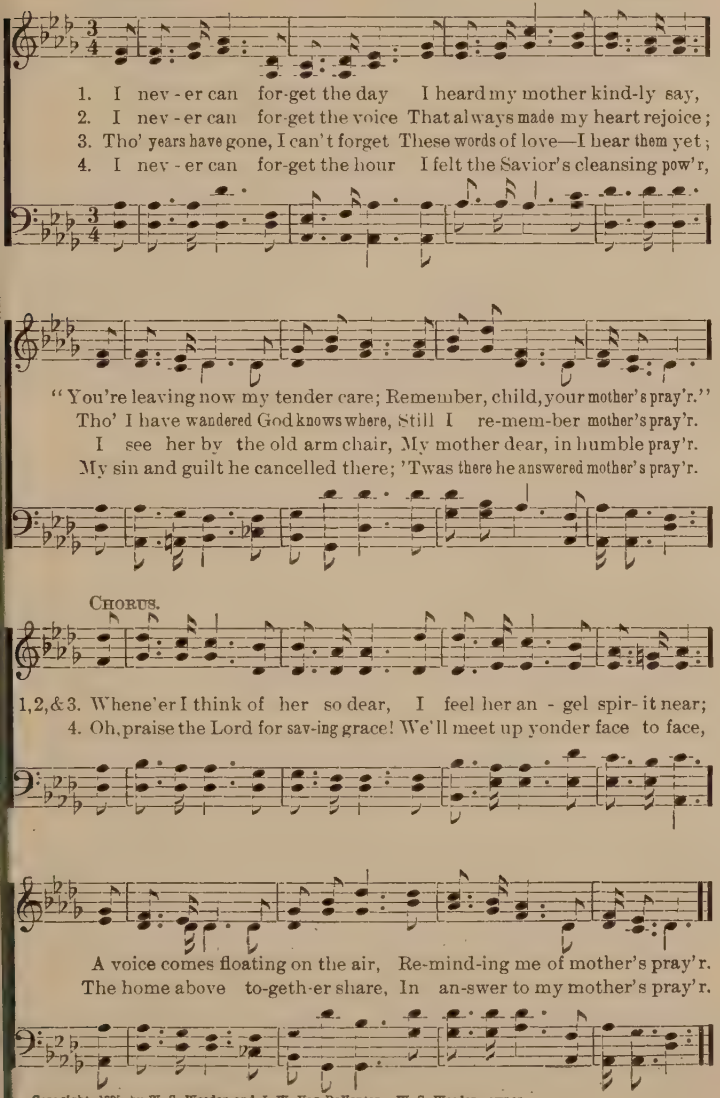
87. MY MOTHER'S PRAYER.

J. W. Van DeVENTER. W. S. WEEDEN.


1. I nev - er can for-get the day I heard my mother kind-ly say,
2. I nev - er can for-get the voice That always made my heart rejoice;
3. Tho' years have gone, I can't forget These words of love—I hear them yet;
4. I nev - er can for-get the hour I felt the Savior's cleansing pow'r,
"You're leaving now my tender care; Remember, child, your mother's pray'r."
Tho' I have wandered God knows where, Still I re-mem-ber mother's pray'r.
I see her by the old arm chair, My mother dear, in humble pray'r.
My sin and guilt he cancelled there; 'Twas there he answered mother's pray'r.
Chorus.
1,2,&3. Whene'er I think of her so dear, I feel her an - gel spir- it near;
4. Oh, praise the Lord for sav-ing grace! We'll meet up yonder face to face,
A voice comes floating on the air, Re-mind-ing me of mother's pray'r.
The home above to-geth-er share, In an-swer to my mother's pray'r.

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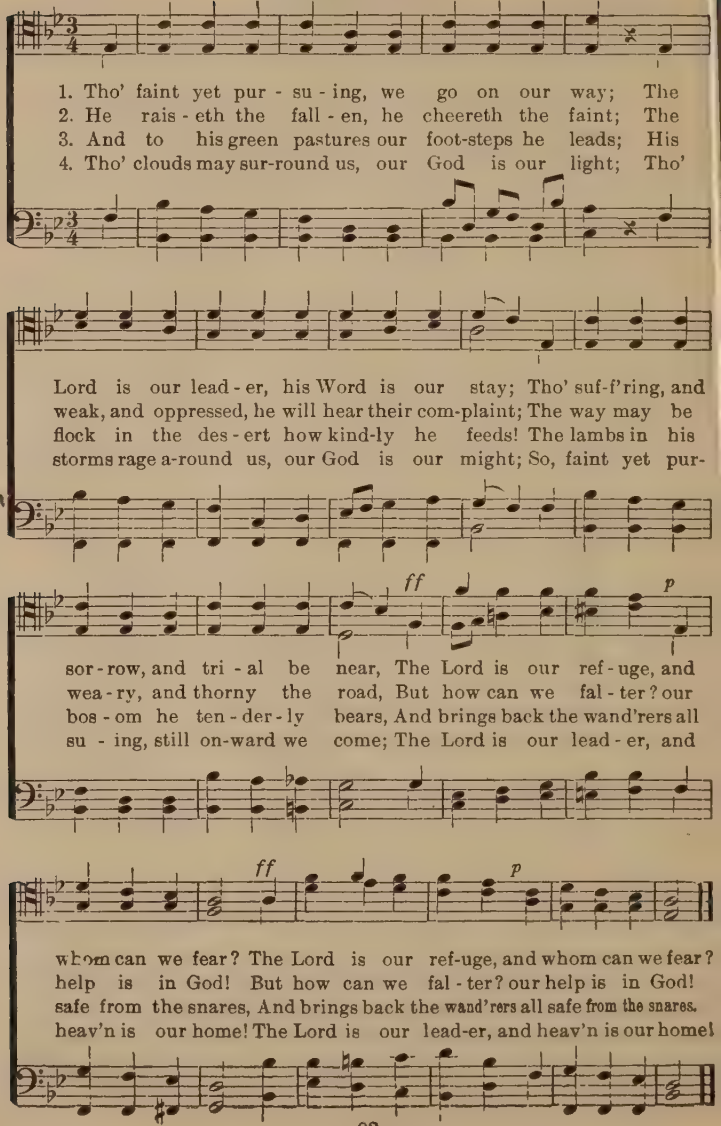
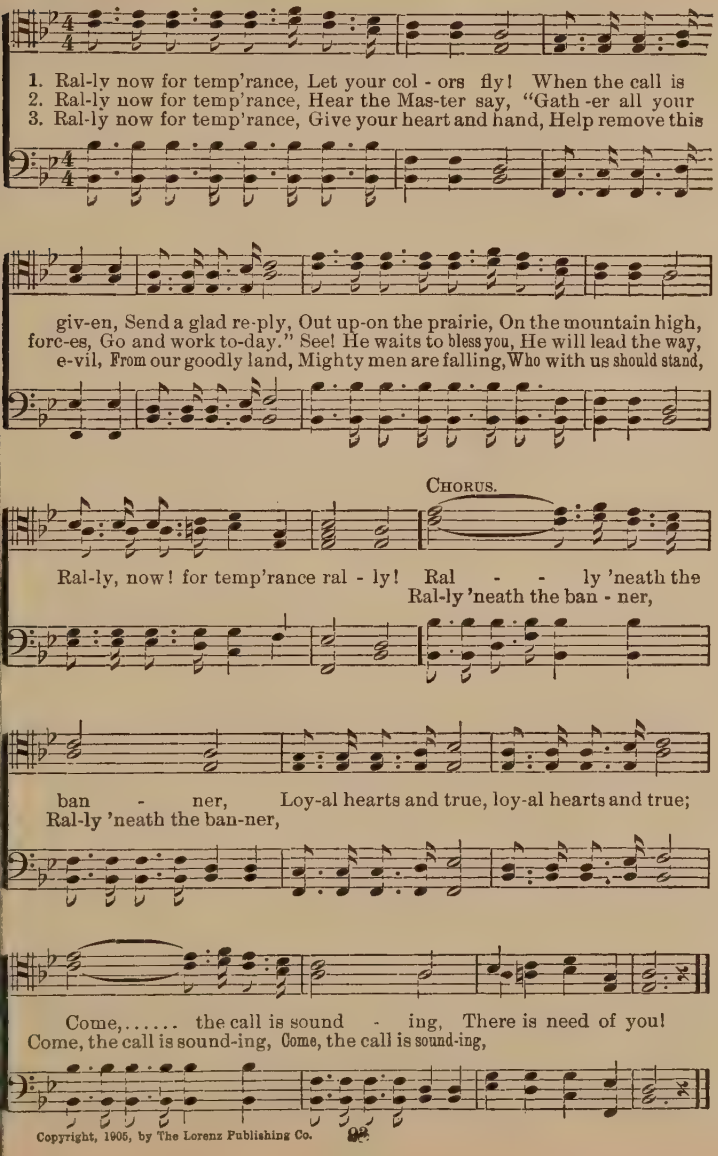
88. THE LORD IS OUR LEADER.

JOHN N. DARBY. (Melody in First Bass.) KOSCHAT.


1. Tho' faint yet pur - su - ing, we go on our way; The
2. He rais - eth the fall - en, he cheereth the faint; The
3. And to his green pastures our foot-steps he leads; His
4. Tho' clouds may sur-round us, our God is our light; Tho'
Lord is our lead - er, his Word is our stay; Tho' suf-f'ring, and
weak, and oppressed, he will hear their com-plaint; The way may be
flock in the des - ert how kind-ly he feeds! The lambs in his
storms rage a-round us, our God is our might; So, faint yet pur-
ff
p
sor - row, and tri - al be near, The Lord is our ref - uge, and
wea - ry, and thorny the road, But how can we fal - ter? our
bos - om he ten - der - ly bears, And brings back the wand'rers all
su - ing, still on-ward we come; The Lord is our lead - er, and
ff
p
whom can we fear? The Lord is our ref-uge, and whom can we fear?
help is in God! But how can we fal - ter? our help is in God!
safe from the snares, And brings back the wand'rers all safe from the snares.
heav'n is our home! The Lord is our lead-er, and heav'n is our home!

89. RALLY 'NEATH THE BANNER.

MRS. C. D. MARTIN. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.


1. Ral-ly now for temp'rance, Let your col - ors fly! When the call is
2. Ral-ly now for temp'rance, Hear the Mas-ter say, "Gath-er all your
3. Ral-ly now for temp'rance, Give your heart and hand, Help remove this
giv-en, Send a glad re-ply, Out up-on the prairie, On the mountain high,
forc-es, Go and work to-day." See! He waits to bless you, He will lead the way,
e-vil, From our goodly land, Mighty men are falling, Who with us should stand,
Chorus.
Ral-ly, now! for temp'rance ral - ly! Ral - - ly 'neath the
Ral-ly 'neath the ban - ner,
ban - ner, Loy-al hearts and true, loy-al hearts and true;
Ral-ly 'neath the ban-ner,
Come,..... the call is sound - ing, There is need of you!
Come, the call is sound-ing, Come, the call is sound-ing,

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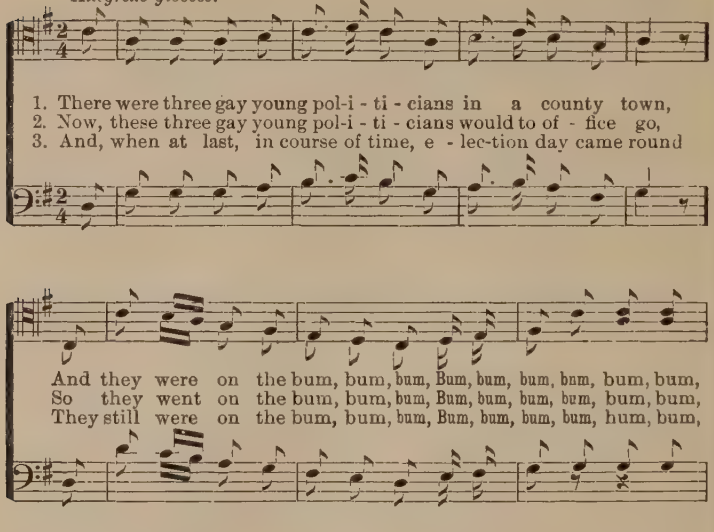
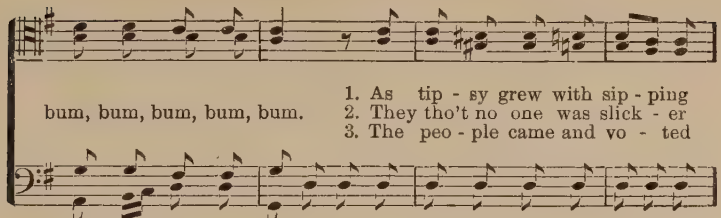
90. THE THREE YOUNG POLITICIANS.

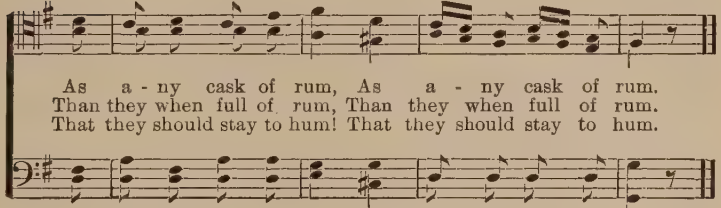
(Male voices.)

W. F. McCAULEY. "The Three Chafers." H. TRUHN.

Allegretto giocoso.

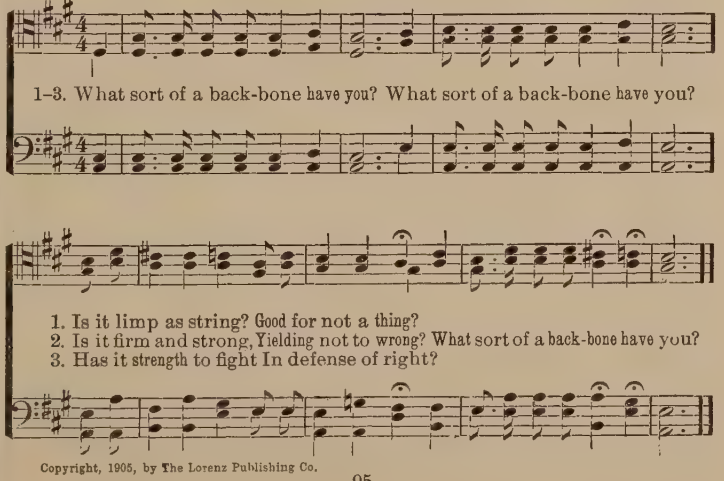

1. There were three gay young pol-i - ti - cians in a county town,
2. Now, these three gay young pol-i - ti - cians would to of - fice go,
3. And, when at last, in course of time, e - lec-tion day came round
And they were on the bum, bum, bum, Bum, bum, bum, bum, bum, bum,
So they went on the bum, bum, bum, Bum, bum, bum, bum, bum, bum,
They still were on the bum, bum, bum, Bum, bum, bum, bum, hum, bum,
bum, bum, bum, Bum, bum, bum, bum, bum, bum, bum, bum, Bum, bum, bum,
Obligato Solo. 1. In beer their no - ses dip - ping, In beer their
2. They sipped and guzzled liq - uor, They sipped and
3. Their state was wide-ly no - ted, Their state was
bum, bum, bum, bum, bum, Bum, bum, bum, bum, bum, bum, bum, bum, Bum,
no - ses dip - ping, As tip - sy grew with sip - ping As
guz-zled liq - uor, They tho't no one was slick - er Than
wide-ly no - ted; The peo - ple came and vo - ted That


bum, bum, bum, bum, bum.
1. As tip - sy grew with sip - ping
2. They tho't no one was slick - er
3. The peo - ple came and vo - ted
a - ny cask of rum, bum, bum, (2nd Bass sings "Bum.")
they when full of rum, bum, bum,
they should stay to hum, hum, hum! (2nd Bass sings "Hum!")


As a - ny cask of rum, As a - ny cask of rum.
Than they when full of rum, Than they when full of rum.
That they should stay to hum! That they should stay to hum.
(2nd Bass sings words here.)

91. WHAT SORT OF A BACKBONE?

E. S. L.


1-3. What sort of a back-bone have you? What sort of a back-bone have you?
1. Is it limp as string? Good for not a thing?
2. Is it firm and strong, Yielding not to wrong? What sort of a back-bone have you?
3. Has it strength to fight In defense of right?

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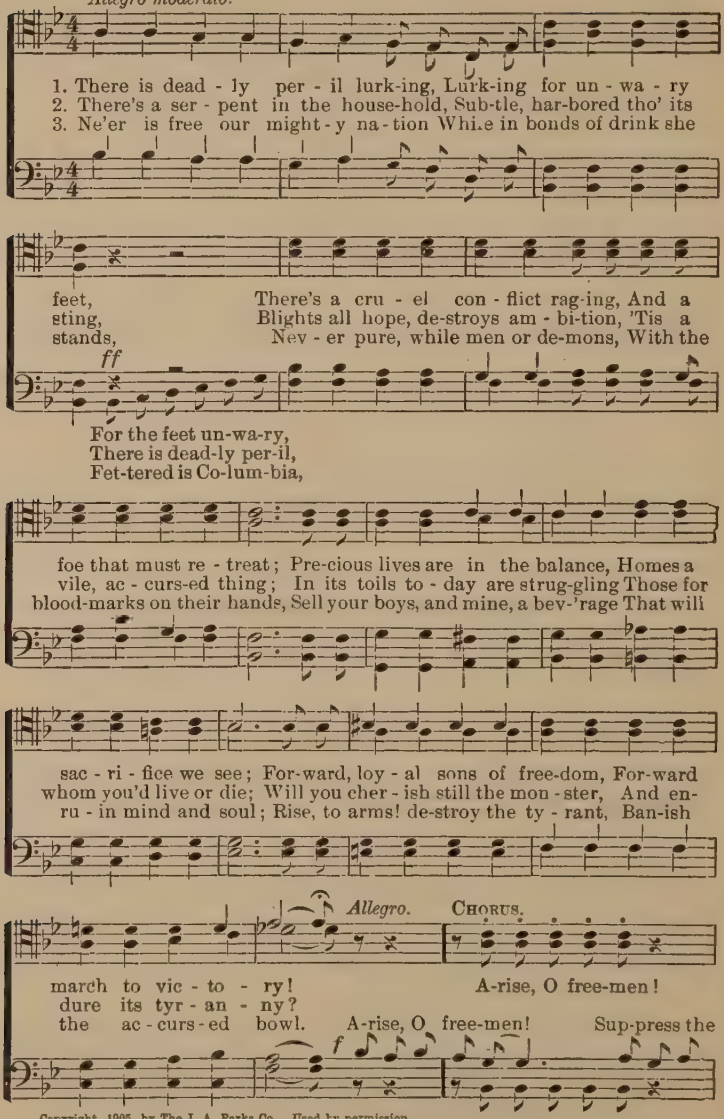
92. **COLUMBIA IN CHAINS.**

LAURA E. NEWELL. J. A. PARKS.

Allegro moderato.


1. There is dead - ly per - il lurk-ing, Lurk-ing for un - wa - ry
2. There's a ser - pent in the house-hold, Sub-tle, har-bored tho' its
3. Ne'er is free our might - y na - tion While in bonds of drink she
feet, There's a cru - el con - flict rag-ing, And a
sting, Blights all hope, de-stroys am - bi-tion, 'Tis a
stands, Nev - er pure, while men or de-mons, With the
ff
For the feet un-wa-ry,
There is dead-ly per-il,
Fet-tered is Co-lum-bia,
foe that must re - treat; Pre-cious lives are in the balance, Homes a
vile, ac - curs-ed thing; In its toils to - day are strug-gling Those for
blood-marks on their hands, Sell your boys, and mine, a bev-'rage That will
sac - ri - fice we see; For-ward, loy - al sons of free-dom, For-ward
whom you'd live or die; Will you cher - ish still the mon - ster, And en-
ru - in mind and soul; Rise, to arms! de-stroy the ty - rant, Ban-ish
Allegro.
CHORUS.
march to vic - to - ry! A-rise, O free-men!
dure its tyr - an - ny?
the ac - curs - ed bowl. A-rise, O free-men! Sup-press the
f

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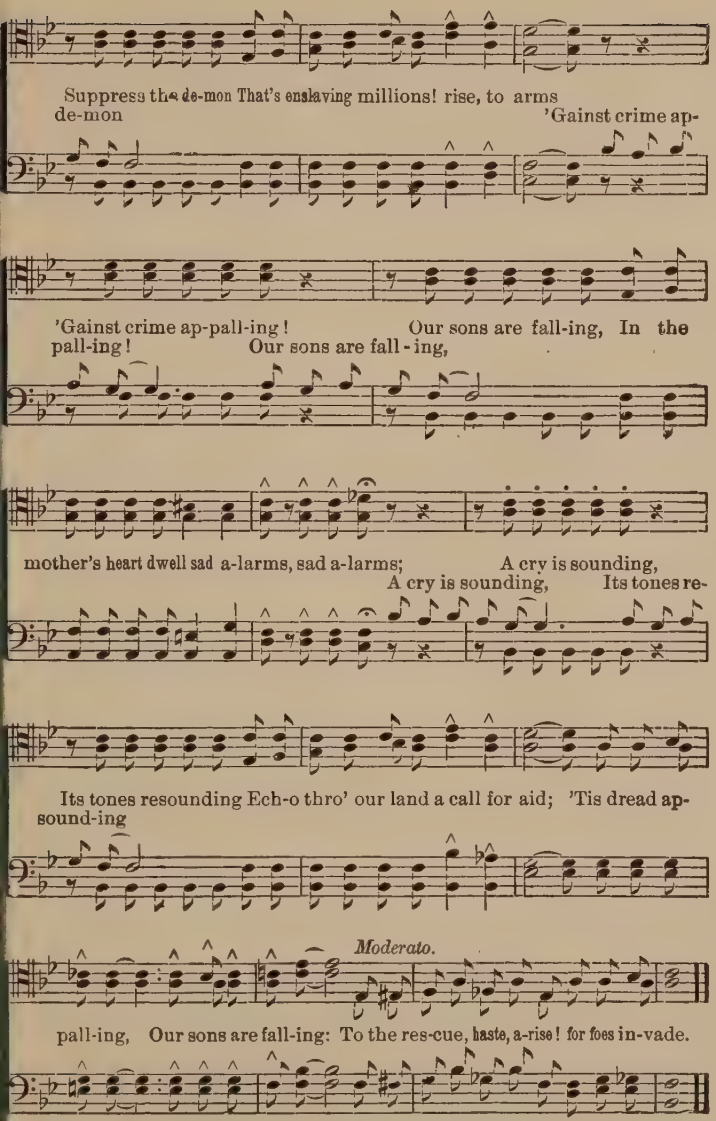
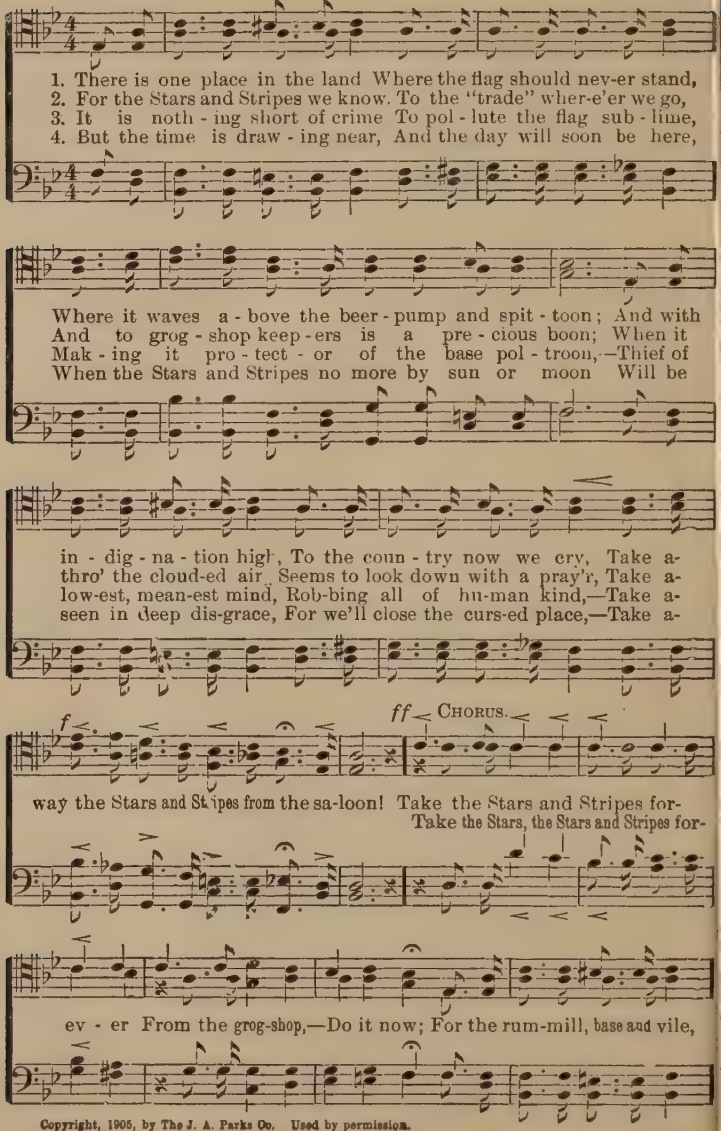

Suppress the de-mon That's enslaving millions! rise, to arms
de-mon
'Gainst crime ap-
'Gainst crime ap-pall-ing!
Our sons are fall-ing, In the
pall-ing!
Our sons are fall-ing,
mother's heart dwell sad a-larms, sad a-larms;
A cry is sounding,
A cry is sounding,
Its tones re-
Its tones resounding Ech-o thro' our land a call for aid; 'Tis dread ap-
sound-ing
Moderato.
pall-ing, Our sons are fall-ing: To the res-cue, haste, a-rise! for foes in-vade.

93. TAKE AWAY THE STARS AND STRIPES.

T. C. MARSHALL. J. A. PARKS.


1. There is one place in the land Where the flag should nev-er stand,
2. For the Stars and Stripes we know. To the "trade" wher-e'er we go,
3. It is noth - ing short of crime To pol - lute the flag sub - lime,
4. But the time is draw - ing near, And the day will soon be here,
Where it waves a - bove the beer - pump and spit - toon; And with
And to grog - shop keep - ers is a pre - cious boon; When it
Mak - ing it pro - tect - or of the base pol - troon,—Thief of
When the Stars and Stripes no more by sun or moon Will be
in - dig - na - tion high, To the coun - try now we cry, Take a-
thro' the cloud-ed air Seems to look down with a pray'r, Take a-
low-est, mean-est mind, Rob-bing all of hu-man kind,—Take a-
seen in deep dis-grace, For we'll close the curs-ed place,—Take a-
f
ff
CHORUS.
way the Stars and Stripes from the sa-loon! Take the Stars and Stripes for-
Take the Stars, the Stars and Stripes for-
ev - er From the grog-shop,—Do it now; For the rum-mill, base and vile,

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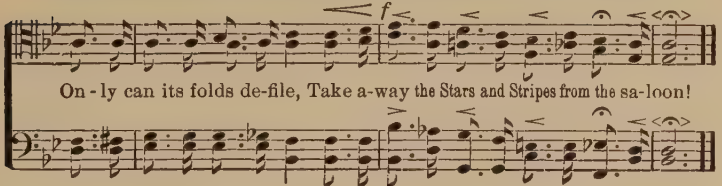
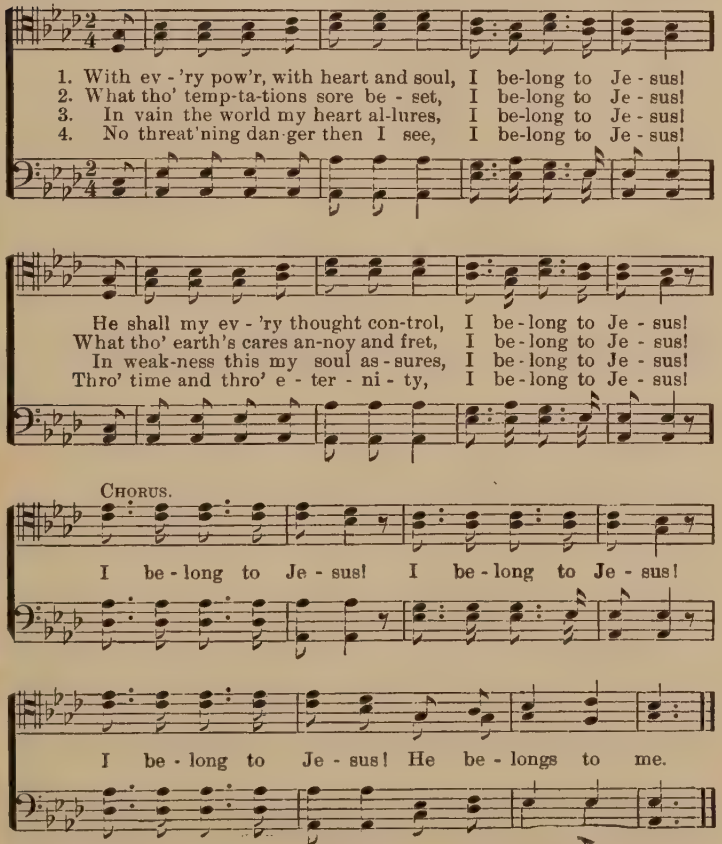
TAKE AWAY THE STARS AND STRIPES. Concluded.



94. I BELONG TO JESUS.

E. S. L. E. S. LORENZ.


1. With ev - 'ry pow'r, with heart and soul, I be-long to Je - sus!
2. What tho' temp-ta-tions sore be - set, I be-long to Je - sus!
3. In vain the world my heart al-lures, I be-long to Je - sus!
4. No threat'ning dan-ger then I see, I be-long to Je - sus!
He shall my ev - 'ry thought con-trol, I be-long to Je - sus!
What tho' earth's cares an-noy and fret, I be-long to Je - sus!
In weak-ness this my soul as - sures, I be-long to Je - sus!
Thro' time and thro' e - ter - ni - ty, I be-long to Je - sus!
Chorus.
I be - long to Je - sus! I be - long to Je - sus!
I be - long to Je - sus! He be - longs to me.

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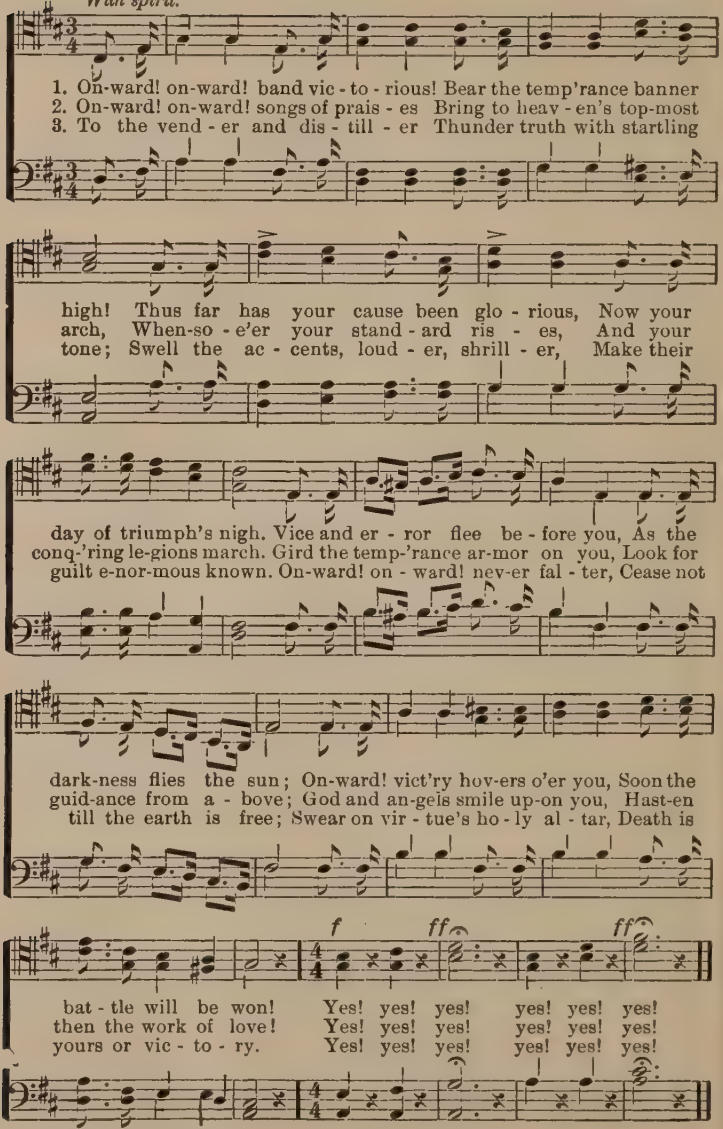
95. **ON TO VICTORY.**

L. O. EMERSON.

With spirit.


1. On-ward! on-ward! band vic - to - rious! Bear the temp'rance banner high! Thus far has your cause been glo - rious, Now your
2. On-ward! on-ward! songs of prais - es Bring to heav - en's top-most arch, When-so - e'er your stand - ard ris - es, And your
3. To the vend - er and dis - till - er Thunder truth with startling tone; Swell the ac - cents, loud - er, shrill - er, Make their
day of triumph's nigh. Vice and er - ror flee be - fore you, As the conq-'ring le-gions march. Gird the temp-'rance ar-mor on you, Look for guilt e-nor-mous known. On-ward! on - ward! nev-er fal - ter, Cease not
dark-ness flies the sun; On-ward! vict'ry hov-ers o'er you, Soon the guid-ance from a - bove; God and an-gels smile up-on you, Hast-en till the earth is free; Swear on vir - tue's ho - ly al - tar, Death is
f
ff
ff
bat - tle will be won! Yes! yes! yes! yes! yes! yes!
then the work of love! Yes! yes! yes! yes! yes! yes!
yours or vic - to - ry. Yes! yes! yes! yes! yes! yes!

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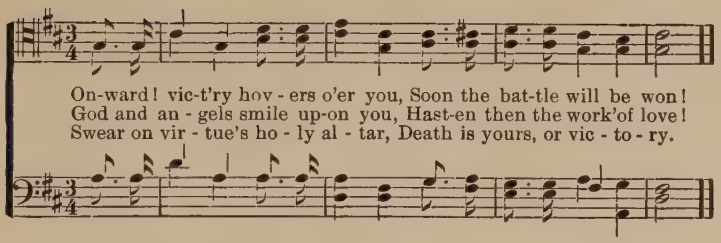
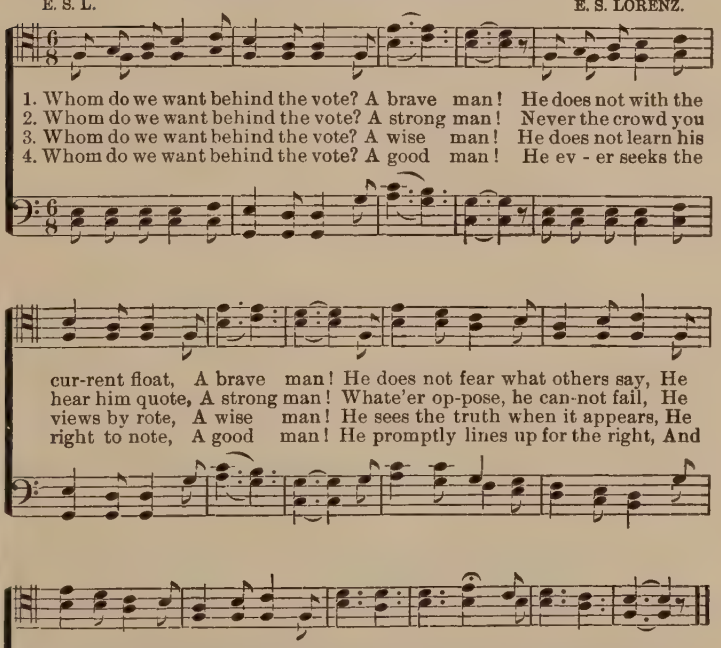
ON TO VICTORY. Concluded.


On-ward! vic-t'ry hov - ers o'er you, Soon the bat-tle will be won!
God and an - gels smile up-on you, Hast-en then the work'of love!
Swear on vir - tue's ho - ly al - tar, Death is yours, or vic - to - ry.

96. THE MAN BEHIND THE VOTE.

E. S. L. E. S. LORENZ.


1. Whom do we want behind the vote? A brave man! He does not with the
2. Whom do we want behind the vote? A strong man! Never the crowd you
3. Whom do we want behind the vote? A wise man! He does not learn his
4. Whom do we want behind the vote? A good man! He ev - er seeks the
cur-rent float, A brave man! He does not fear what others say, He
hear him quote, A strong man! Whate'er op-pose, he can-not fail, He
views by rote, A wise man! He sees the truth when it appears, He
right to note, A good man! He promptly lines up for the right, And
does not shrink, tho' fierce the fray; We want a brave man be-hind the vote.
stands for right, whoe'er may quail; We want a strong man be-hind the vote.
is not blind-ed by his fears; We want a wise man be-hind the vote.
works and prays with all his might; We want a good man be-hind the vote.

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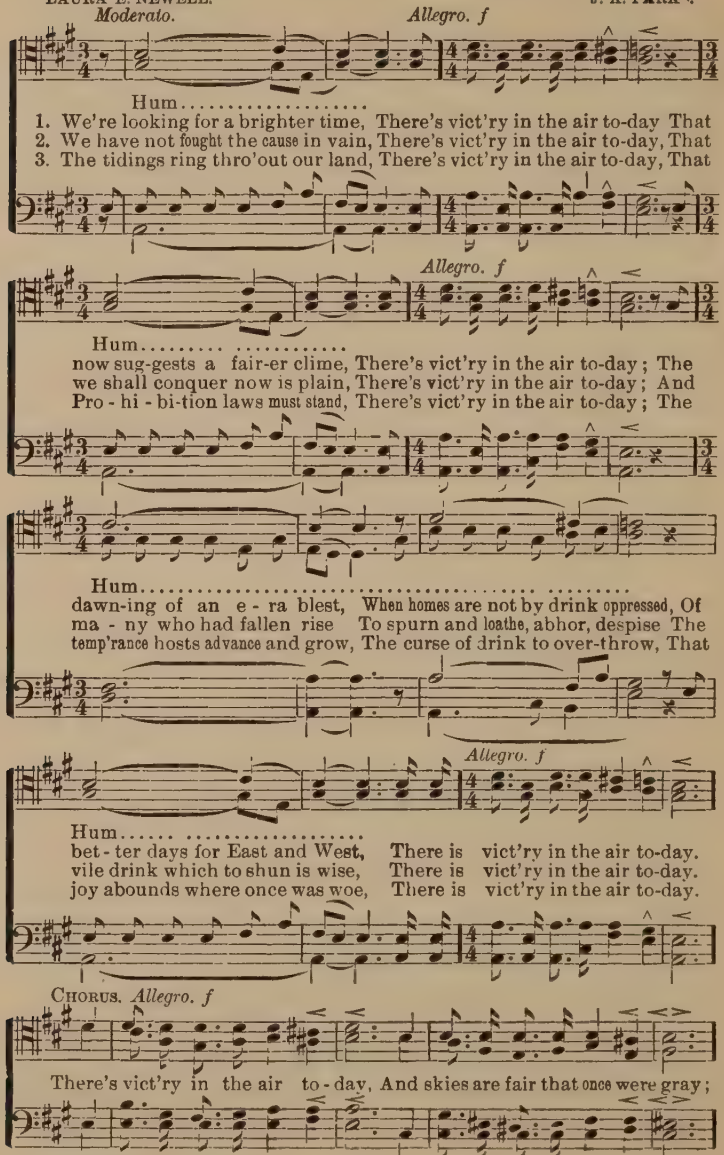
97. THERE'S VICT'RY IN THE AIR.

LAURA E. NEWELL. J. A. PARKS.


Moderato.
Allegro. f
Hum.....
1. We're looking for a brighter time, There's vict'ry in the air to-day That
2. We have not fought the cause in vain, There's vict'ry in the air to-day, That
3. The tidings ring thro'out our land, There's vict'ry in the air to-day, That
Allegro. f
Hum..... .....
now sug-gests a fair-er clime, There's vict'ry in the air to-day; The
we shall conquer now is plain, There's vict'ry in the air to-day; And
Pro - hi - bi-tion laws must stand, There's vict'ry in the air to-day; The
Hum.....
dawn-ing of an e - ra blest, When homes are not by drink oppressed, Of
ma - ny who had fallen rise To spurn and loathe, abhor, despise The
temp'rance hosts advance and grow, The curse of drink to over-throw, That
Allegro. f
Hum..... .....
bet - ter days for East and West, There is vict'ry in the air to-day.
vile drink which to shun is wise, There is vict'ry in the air to-day.
joy abounds where once was woe, There is vict'ry in the air to-day.
CHORUS. Allegro. f
There's vict'ry in the air to - day, And skies are fair that once were gray;

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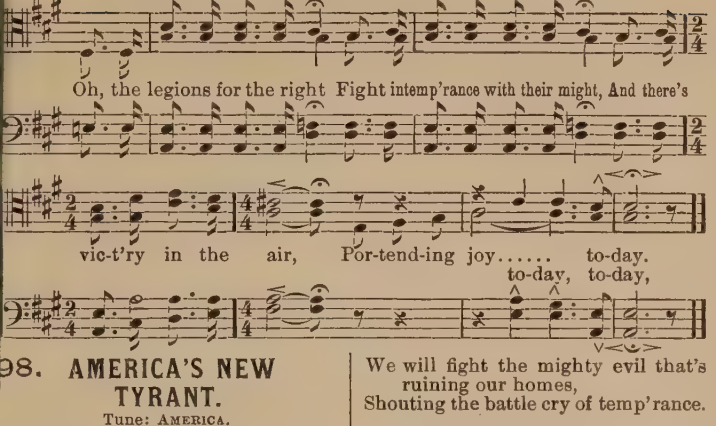
THERE'S VICT'RY IN THE AIR. Concluded.


Oh, the legions for the right Fight intemp'rance with their might, And there's
vic-t'ry in the air, Por-tend-ing joy..... to-day.
to-day, to-day,

98. AMERICA'S NEW TYRANT.

Tune: AMERICA.

1 Our father's God to Thee,
Author of liberty,
To Thee we pray;
Once more a tyrant reigns
Over our hills and plains;
Loved ones are in his chains;
Break them away.

2 Rum is the tyrant's name;
At Satan's call he came
Our land to spoil.
Oh, tell us what to do!
People, and rulers too,
Swell his vast retinue,
Fast in his toil.

3 Evil, the seed he sows,
Only too fast it grows,
Nothing but tares.
Almshouses overflow,
Many the prisoners grow,
Downward the drunkards go;
Sad fruit it bears.

4 Great God of liberty,
Oh, set thy people free
From Rum's foul blight.
Make them a nation pure,
None other can endure,
Once more to rest secure,
Saved by thy might.

Harriet D. Castle.

99. THE BATTLE CRY OF TEMPERANCE.

Tune: BATTLE CRY OF FREEDOM.

1 Come and join the temp'rance army and fight against saloons,
Shouting the battle cry of temp'rance.
We will fight the mighty evil that's ruining our homes,
Shouting the battle cry of temp'rance.

CHO.—Yes, once and forever the grog shop must go;
Down with the brew'ry, and shut off the flow;
And we'll rally 'round our standard and go for the saloon,
Shouting the battle cry of temp'rance.

2 Come and fight against the army that fills our prison cells,
Shouting the battle cry of temp'rance.
Come and help us to bombard them with temp'rance shot and shells,
Shouting the battle cry of temp'rance.

3 We are marching on to fight as we never fought before,
Shouting the battle cry of temp'rance.
We are saving from its clutches, a million loved ones more,
Shouting the battle cry of temp'rance.

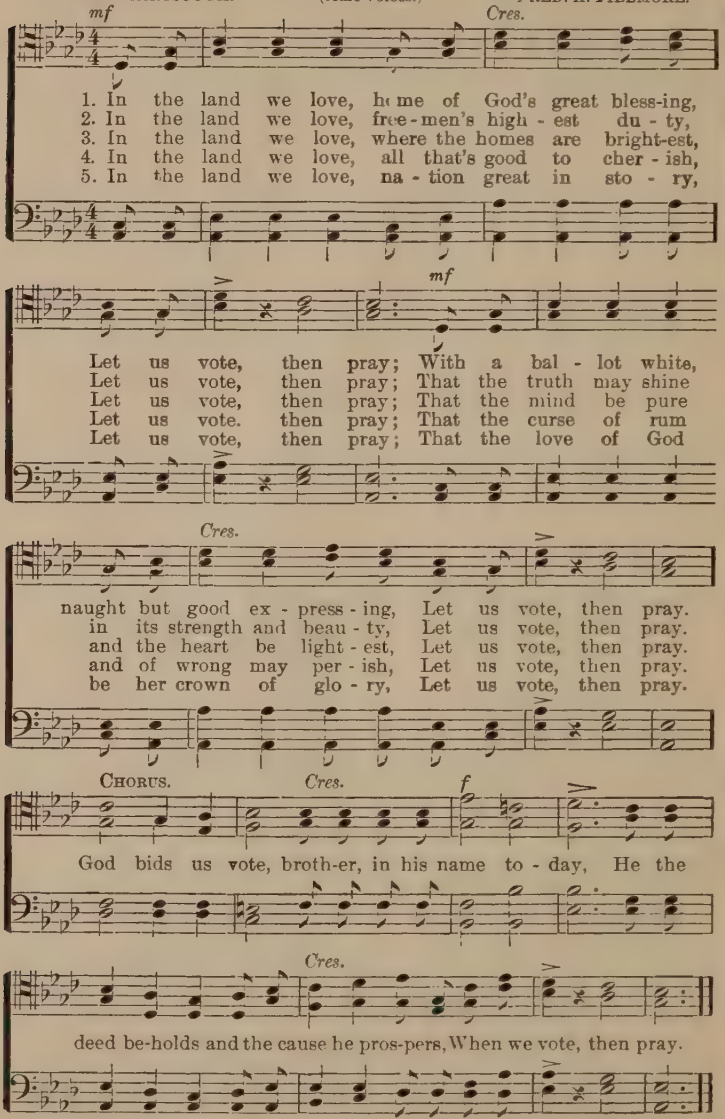
4 Though our army may be small, there are other hosts beside,
Shout ye the battle cry of temp'rance.
Lo, the chariots of God are upon the mountain side;
Shout ye the battle cry of temp'rance.

5 It will be a glorious battle, what ever may betide;
Shout ye the battle cry of temp'rance!
And the victory will be ours, for the Lord is on our side;
Shout ye the battle cry of temp'rance!

Harriet D. Castle.

100. VOTE, THEN PRAY.

PALMER HARTSOUGH. (Male voices.) FRED. A. FILLMORE.


mf
Cres.
1. In the land we love, home of God's great bless-ing,
2. In the land we love, free-men's high-est du-ty,
3. In the land we love, where the homes are bright-est,
4. In the land we love, all that's good to cher-ish,
5. In the land we love, na-tion great in sto-ry,
mf
Let us vote, then pray; With a bal-lot white,
Let us vote, then pray; That the truth may shine
Let us vote, then pray; That the mind be pure
Let us vote, then pray; That the curse of rum
Let us vote, then pray; That the love of God
Cres.
naught but good ex-press-ing, Let us vote, then pray.
in its strength and beau-ty, Let us vote, then pray.
and the heart be light-est, Let us vote, then pray.
and of wrong may per-ish, Let us vote, then pray.
be her crown of glo-ry, Let us vote, then pray.
CHORUS.
Cres.
f
God bids us vote, broth-er, in his name to-day, He the
Cres.
deed be-holds and the cause he pros-pers, When we vote, then pray.

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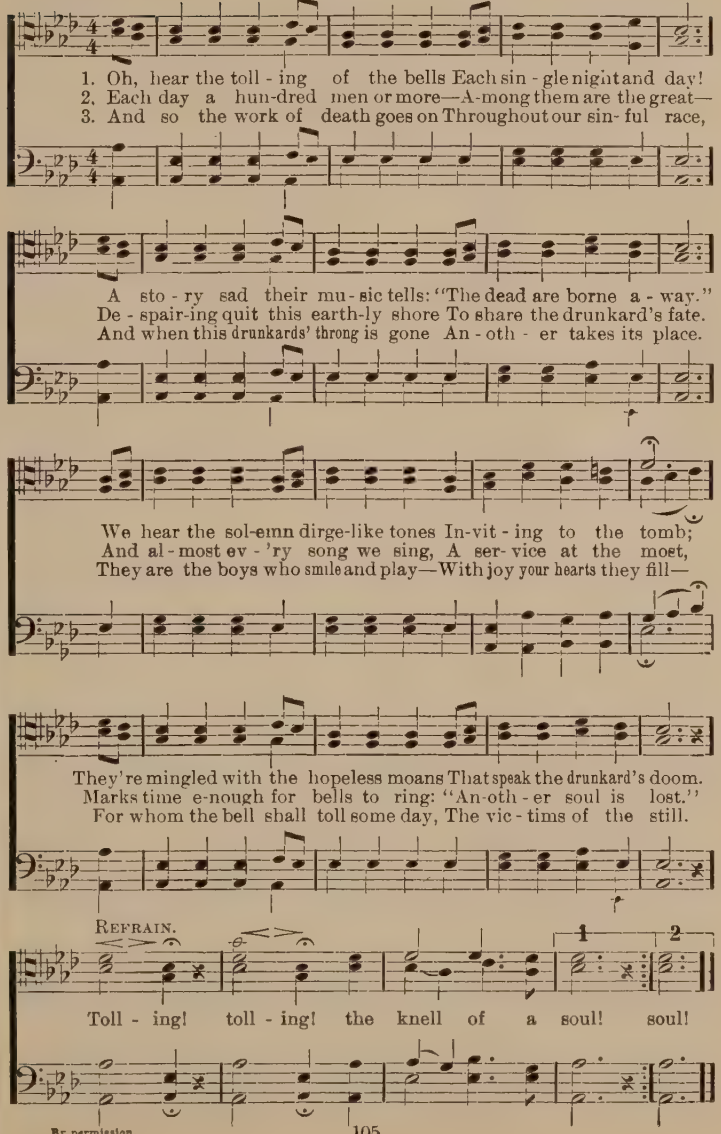
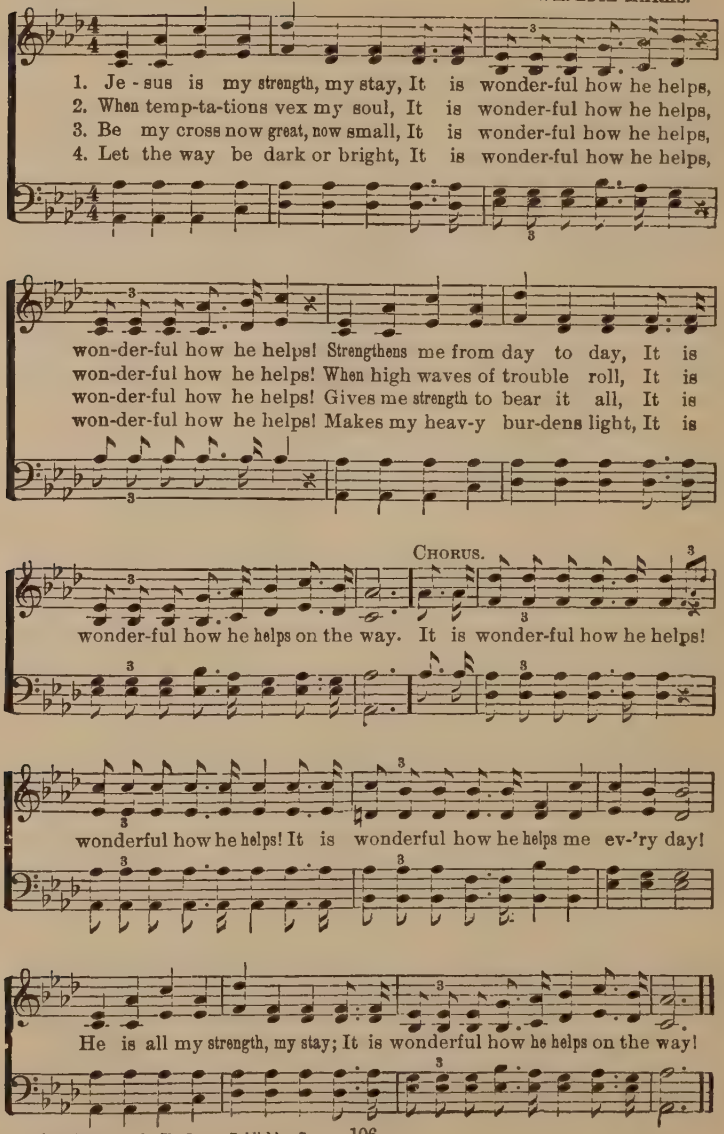
101. THE TOLLING BELLS.

W. A. W. W. A. WILLIAMS.

1. Oh, hear the toll - ing of the bells Each sin - gle night and day!
2. Each day a hun-dred men or more—A-mong them are the great—
3. And so the work of death goes on Throughout our sin- ful race,
A sto - ry sad their mu - sic tells: "The dead are borne a - way."
De - spair-ing quit this earth-ly shore To share the drunkard's fate.
And when this drunkards' throng is gone An - oth - er takes its place.
We hear the sol-emn dirge-like tones In-vit - ing to the tomb;
And al - most ev - 'ry song we sing, A ser- vice at the most,
They are the boys who smile and play—With joy your hearts they fill—
They're mingled with the hopeless moans That speak the drunkard's doom.
Marks time e-nough for bells to ring: "An-oth - er soul is lost."
For whom the bell shall toll some day, The vic - tims of the still.
REFRAIN.
1
2
Toll - ing! toll - ing! the knell of a soul! soul!

By permission.

102. **WONDERFUL HELP.**

W. E. M. WM. EDIE MARKS.


1. Je - sus is my strength, my stay, It is wonder-ful how he helps,
2. When temp-ta-tions vex my soul, It is wonder-ful how he helps,
3. Be my cross now great, now small, It is wonder-ful how he helps,
4. Let the way be dark or bright, It is wonder-ful how he helps,
won-der-ful how he helps! Strengthens me from day to day, It is
won-der-ful how he helps! When high waves of trouble roll, It is
won-der-ful how he helps! Gives me strength to bear it all, It is
won-der-ful how he helps! Makes my heav-y bur-dens light, It is
Chorus.
wonder-ful how he helps on the way. It is wonder-ful how he helps!
wonderful how he helps! It is wonderful how he helps me ev-'ry day!
He is all my strength, my stay; It is wonderful how he helps on the way!

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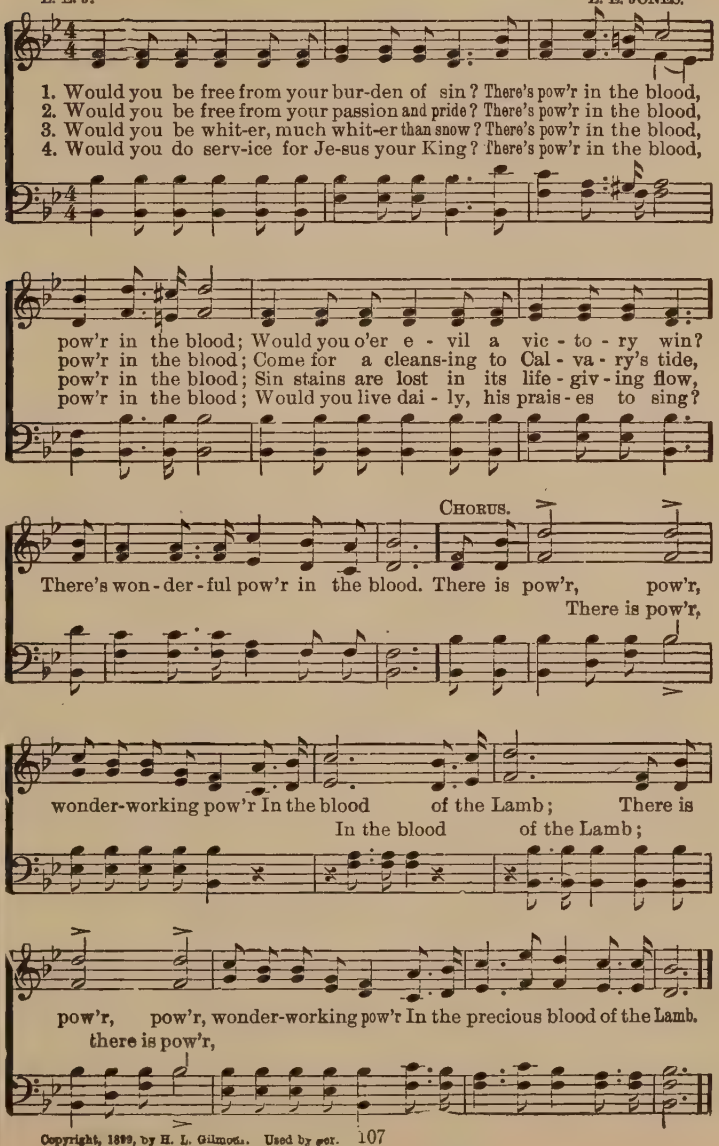
103. THERE IS POWER IN THE BLOOD.

L. E. J. L. E. JONES.

1. Would you be free from your bur-den of sin? There's pow'r in the blood,
2. Would you be free from your passion and pride? There's pow'r in the blood,
3. Would you be whit-er, much whit-er than snow? There's pow'r in the blood,
4. Would you do serv-ice for Je-sus your King? There's pow'r in the blood,
pow'r in the blood; Would you o'er e - vil a vic - to - ry win?
pow'r in the blood; Come for a cleans-ing to Cal - va - ry's tide,
pow'r in the blood; Sin stains are lost in its life - giv - ing flow,
pow'r in the blood; Would you live dai - ly, his prais - es to sing?
CHORUS.
There's won - der - ful pow'r in the blood. There is pow'r, pow'r,
There is pow'r,
wonder-working pow'r In the blood of the Lamb; There is
In the blood of the Lamb;
pow'r, pow'r, wonder-working pow'r In the precious blood of the Lamb.
there is pow'r,

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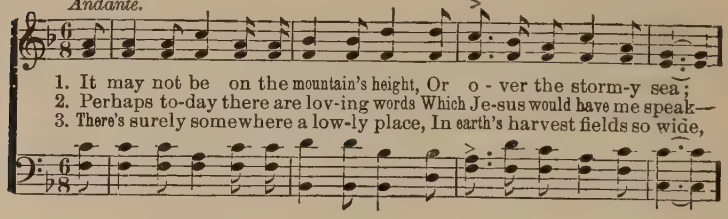
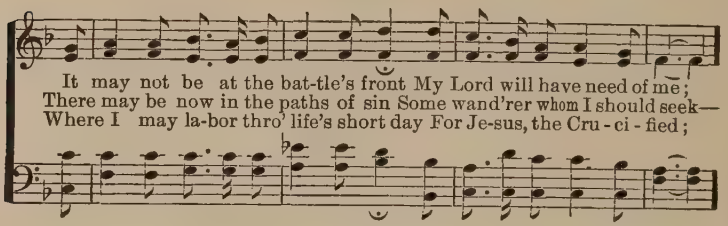
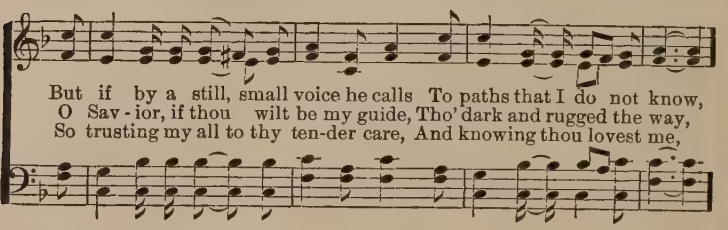
104. I'LL GO WHERE YOU WANT ME TO GO.

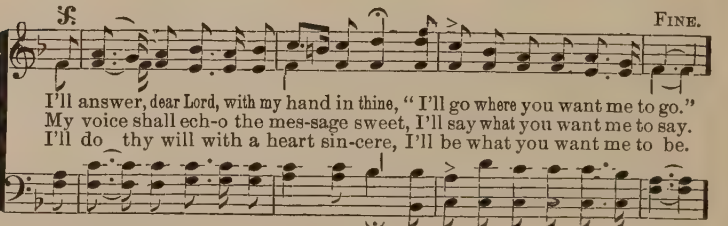
MARY BROWN. CARRIE E. ROUNSEFELL.

Andante.


1. It may not be on the mountain's height, Or o - ver the storm-y sea;
2. Perhaps to-day there are lov-ing words Which Je-sus would have me speak—
3. There's surely somewhere a low-ly place, In earth's harvest fields so wide,

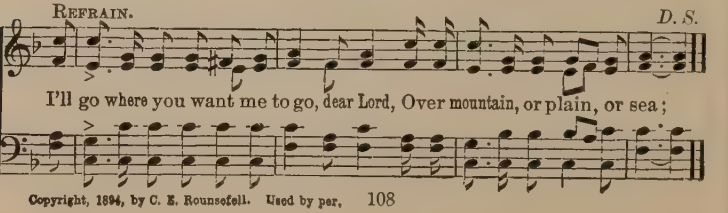

It may not be at the bat-tle's front My Lord will have need of me;
There may be now in the paths of sin Some wand'rer whom I should seek—
Where I may la-bor thro' life's short day For Je-sus, the Cru - ci - fied;


But if by a still, small voice he calls To paths that I do not know,
O Sav - ior, if thou wilt be my guide, Tho' dark and rugged the way,
So trusting my all to thy ten-der care, And knowing thou lovest me,


FINE.
I'll answer, dear Lord, with my hand in thine, "I'll go where you want me to go."
My voice shall ech-o the mes-sage sweet, I'll say what you want me to say.
I'll do thy will with a heart sin-cere, I'll be what you want me to be.

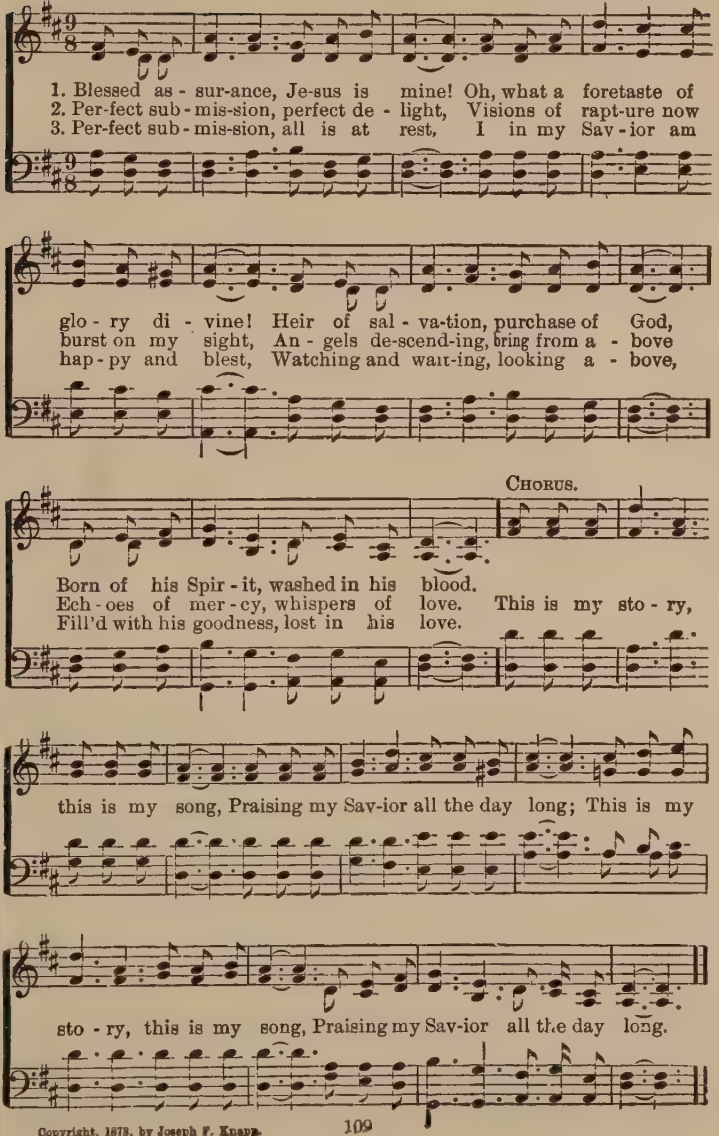
D. S. *I'll say what you want me to say, dear Lord, I'll be what you want me to be.*

REFRAIN. *D. S.*



Copyright, 1894, by C. E. Rounsefell. Used by per.

105. **BLESSED ASSURANCE.**

F. J. CROSBY. MRS. J. F. KNAPP.

1. Blessed as - sur-ance, Je-sus is mine! Oh, what a foretaste of
2. Per-fect sub - mis-sion, perfect de - light, Visions of rapt-ure now
3. Per-fect sub - mis-sion, all is at rest, I in my Sav - ior am
glo - ry di - vine! Heir of sal - va-tion, purchase of God,
burst on my sight, An - gels de-scend-ing, bring from a - bove
hap - py and blest, Watching and wait-ing, looking a - bove,
CHORUS.
Born of his Spir - it, washed in his blood.
Ech - oes of mer - cy, whispers of love. This is my sto - ry,
Fill'd with his goodness, lost in his love.
this is my song, Praising my Sav-ior all the day long; This is my
sto - ry, this is my song, Praising my Sav-ior all the day long.

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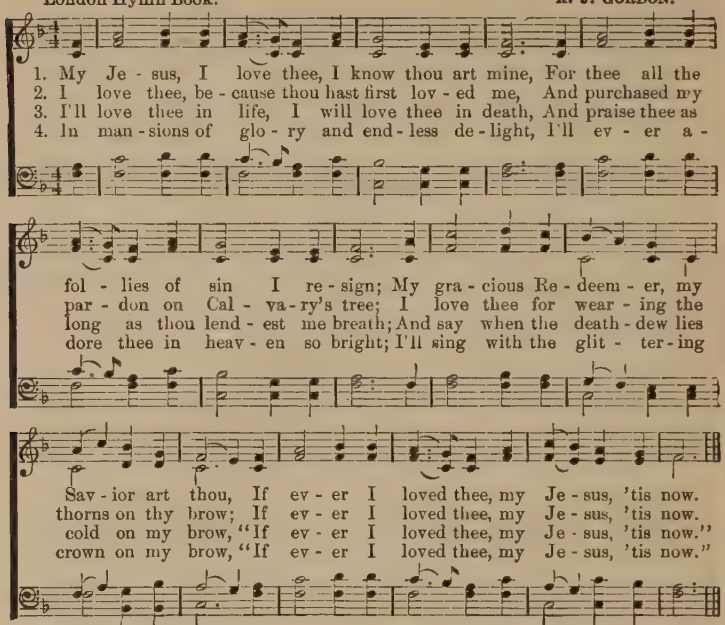
106 MY JESUS, I LOVE THEE.

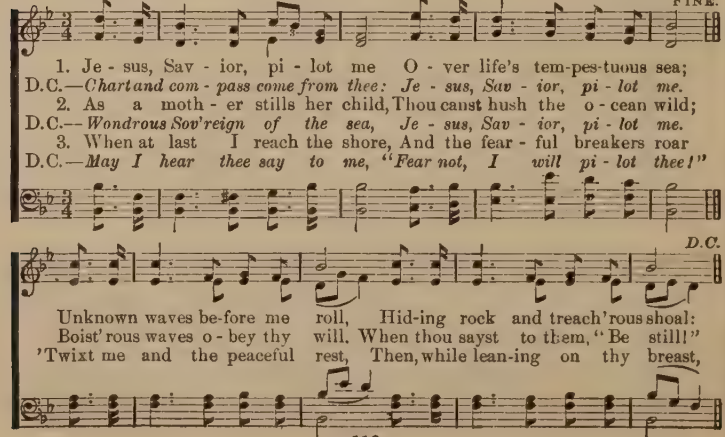
London Hymn Book. A. J. GORDON.


1. My Je - sus, I love thee, I know thou art mine, For thee all the
2. I love thee, be - cause thou hast first lov - ed me, And purchased my
3. I'll love thee in life, I will love thee in death, And praise thee as
4. In man - sions of glo - ry and end - less de - light, I'll ev - er a -
fol - lies of sin I re - sign; My gra - cious Re - deem - er, my
par - don on Cal - va - ry's tree; I love thee for wear - ing the
long as thou lend - est me breath; And say when the death - dew lies
dore thee in heav - en so bright; I'll sing with the glit - ter - ing
Sav - ior art thou, If ev - er I loved thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.
thorns on thy brow; If ev - er I loved thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.
cold on my brow, "If ev - er I loved thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now."
crown on my brow, "If ev - er I loved thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now."

By permission.

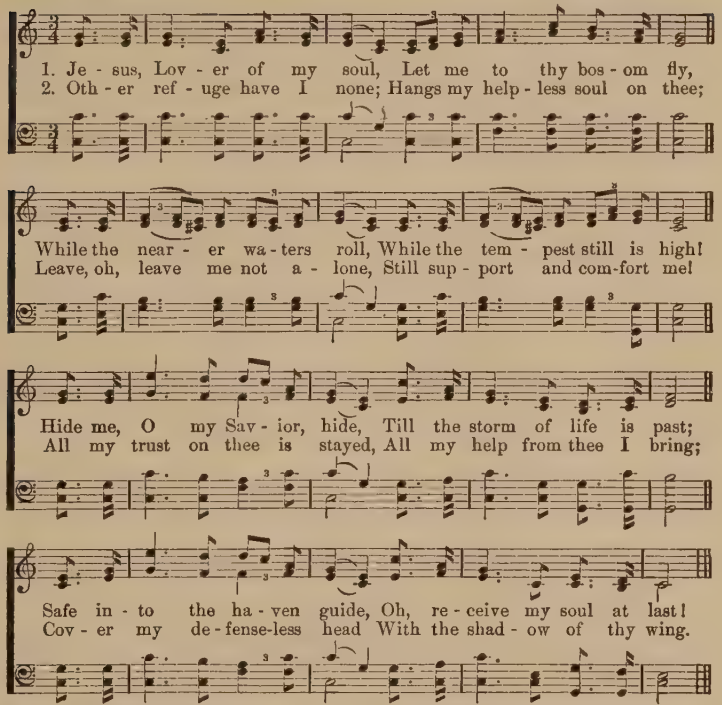
107 JESUS, SAVIOR, PILOT ME.

REV. EDWARD HOPPER. J. E. GOULD.


FINE.
1. Je - sus, Sav - ior, pi - lot me O - ver life's tem-pes-tuous sea;
D.C.—*Chart and com - pass come from thee: Je - sus, Sav - ior, pi - lot me.*
2. As a moth - er stills her child, Thou canst hush the o - cean wild;
D.C.—*Wondrous Sov'reign of the sea, Je - sus, Sav - ior, pi - lot me.*
3. When at last I reach the shore, And the fear - ful breakers roar
D.C.—*May I hear thee say to me, "Fear not, I will pi - lot thee!"*
D.C.
Unknown waves be-fore me roll, Hid-ing rock and treach'rous shoal:
Boist'rous waves o - bey thy will. When thou sayst to them, "Be still!"
'Twixt me and the peaceful rest, Then, while lean-ing on thy breast,

108 JESUS, LOVER OF MY SOUL.

(REFUGE.)

CHAS. WESLEY. JOSEPH P. HOLBROOK.

1. Je - sus, Lov - er of my soul, Let me to thy bos - om fly,
2. Oth - er ref - uge have I none; Hangs my help - less soul on thee;
While the near - er wa - ters roll, While the tem - pest still is high!
Leave, oh, leave me not a - lone, Still sup - port and com-fort me!
Hide me, O my Sav - ior, hide, Till the storm of life is past;
All my trust on thee is stayed, All my help from thee I bring;
Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, Oh, re - ceive my soul at last!
Cov - er my de - fense-less head With the shad - ow of thy wing.

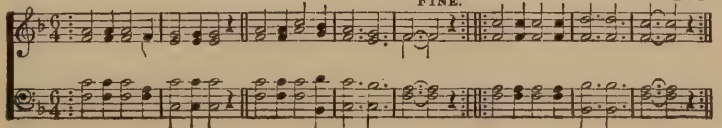
3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
More than all in thee I find;
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Just and holy is thy name,
I am all unrighteousness;
False, and full of sin, I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.

4 Plenteous grace with thee is found,
Grace to cover all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound,
Make and keep me pure within.
Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of thee;
Spring thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.

109 JESUS, LOVER OF MY SOUL

(MARTYN.)

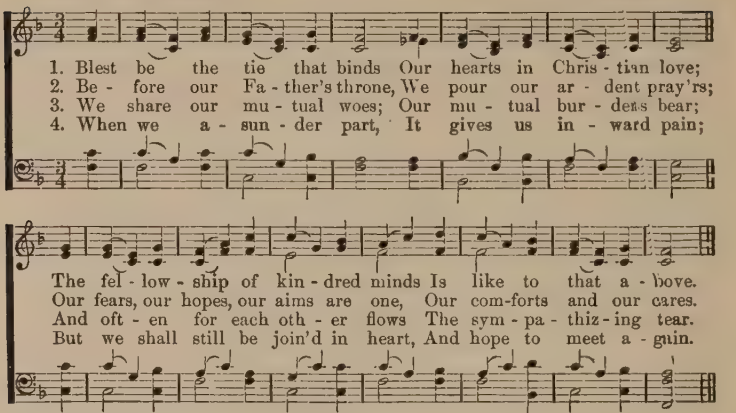
S. B. MARSH.



110 BLEST BE THE TIE THAT BINDS.

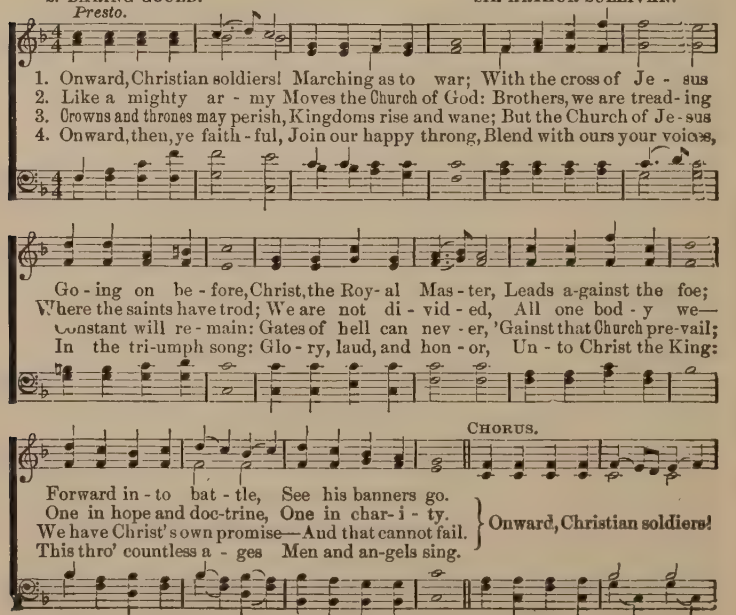
(DENNIS. S. M.)

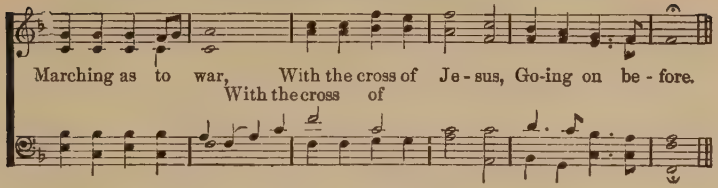
REV. JOHN FAWCETT. H. G. NAGELL.


1. Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Chris - tian love;
2. Be - fore our Fa - ther's throne, We pour our ar - dent pray'rs;
3. We share our mu - tual woes; Our mu - tual bur - dens bear;
4. When we a - sun - der part, It gives us in - ward pain;
The fel - low - ship of kin - dred minds Is like to that a - bove.
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one, Our com-forts and our cares.
And oft - en for each oth - er flows The sym - pa - thiz - ing tear.
But we shall still be join'd in heart, And hope to meet a - gain.

111 ONWARD, CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS.

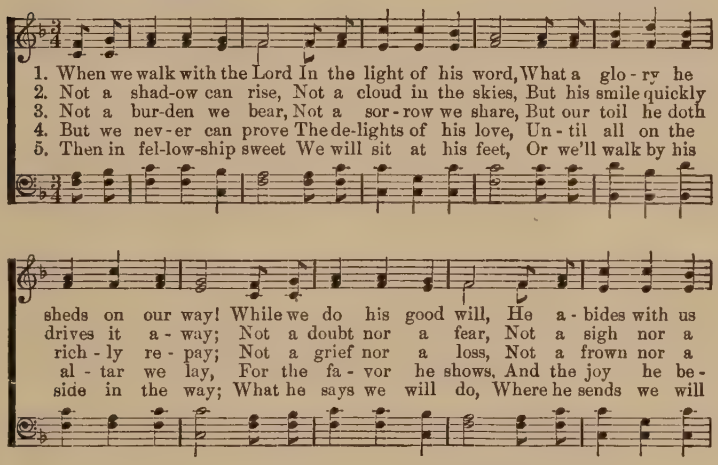
S. BARING GOULD. SIR ARTHUR SULLIVAN.

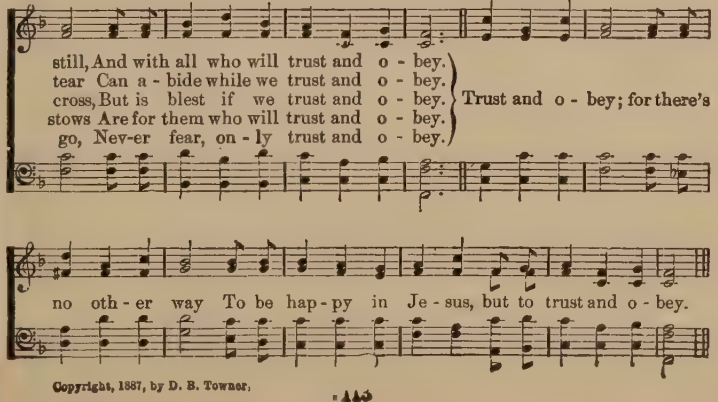

Presto.
1. Onward, Christian soldiers! Marching as to war; With the cross of Je - sus
2. Like a mighty ar - my Moves the Church of God: Brothers, we are tread - ing
3. Crowns and thrones may perish, Kingdoms rise and wane; But the Church of Je - sus
4. Onward, then, ye faith - ful, Join our happy throng, Blend with ours your voices,
Go - ing on be - fore, Christ, the Roy - al Mas - ter, Leads a-gainst the foe;
Where the saints have trod; We are not di - vid - ed, All one bod - y we—
Constant will re - main: Gates of hell can nev - er, 'Gainst that Church pre-vail;
In the tri-umph song: Glo - ry, laud, and hon - or, Un - to Christ the King:
CHORUS.
Forward in - to bat - tle, See his banners go.
One in hope and doc-trine, One in char - i - ty.
We have Christ's own promise—And that cannot fail.
This thro' countless a - ges Men and an-gels sing.
Onward, Christian soldiers!



112 TRUST AND OBEY.

REV. J. H. SAMMIS. D. B. TOWNER.


1. When we walk with the Lord In the light of his word, What a glo - ry he
2. Not a shad-ow can rise, Not a cloud in the skies, But his smile quickly
3. Not a bur-den we bear, Not a sor - row we share, But our toil he doth
4. But we nev - er can prove The de-lights of his love, Un - til all on the
5. Then in fel-low-ship sweet We will sit at his feet, Or we'll walk by his
sheds on our way! While we do his good will, He a - bides with us
drives it a - way; Not a doubt nor a fear, Not a sigh nor a
rich - ly re - pay; Not a grief nor a loss, Not a frown nor a
al - tar we lay, For the fa - vor he shows, And the joy he be -
side in the way; What he says we will do, Where he sends we will


CHORUS.
still, And with all who will trust and o - bey.
tear Can a - bide while we trust and o - bey.
cross, But is blest if we trust and o - bey.
stows Are for them who will trust and o - bey.
go, Nev-er fear, on - ly trust and o - bey.
Trust and o - bey; for there's
no oth - er way To be hap - py in Je - sus, but to trust and o - bey.

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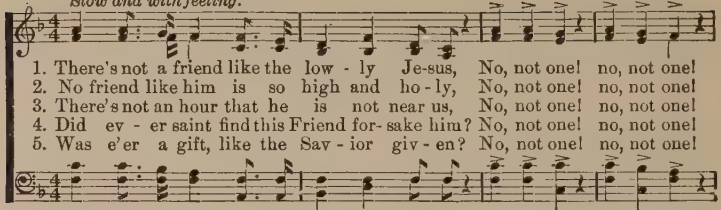
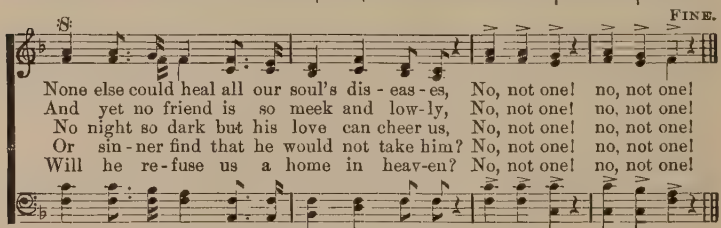
113 NO, NOT ONE.

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR. GEO. C. HUGG.

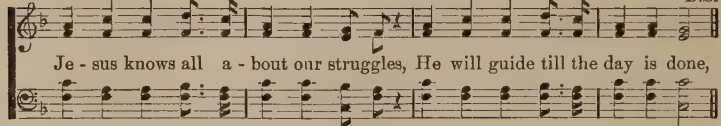
Slow and with feeling.


1. There's not a friend like the low - ly Je-sus, No, not one! no, not one!
2. No friend like him is so high and ho - ly, No, not one! no, not one!
3. There's not an hour that he is not near us, No, not one! no, not one!
4. Did ev - er saint find this Friend for-sake him? No, not one! no, not one!
5. Was e'er a gift, like the Sav - ior giv - en? No, not one! no, not one!


FINE.
None else could heal all our soul's dis - eas - es, No, not one! no, not one!
And yet no friend is so meek and low-ly, No, not one! no, not one!
No night so dark but his love can cheer us, No, not one! no, not one!
Or sin - ner find that he would not take him? No, not one! no, not one!
Will he re-fuse us a home in heav-en? No, not one! no, not one!

D.S.—*There's not a friend like the low - ly Je-sus, No, not one! no, not one!*

CHORUS. D.S.



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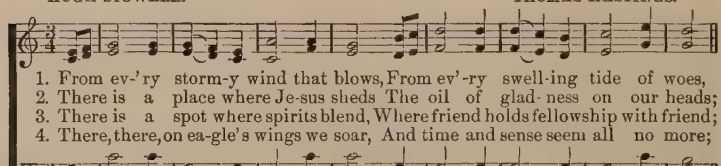
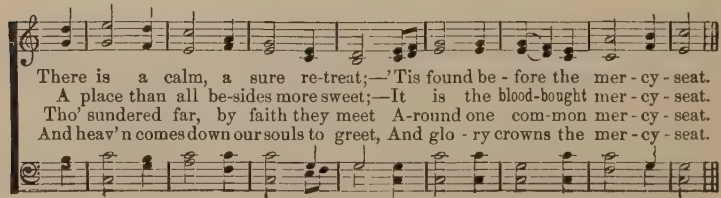
114 THE MERCY-SEAT.

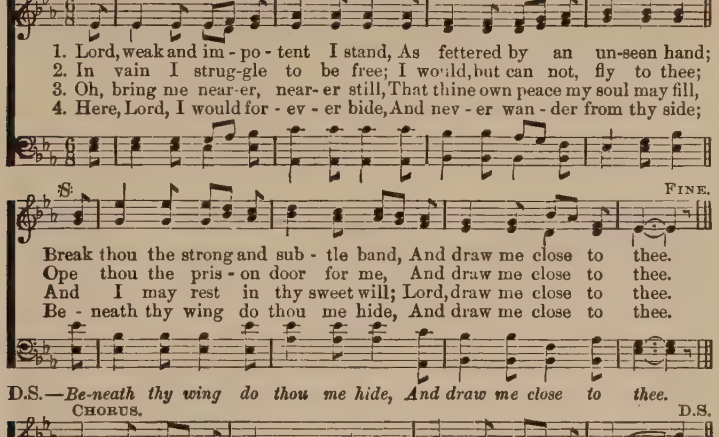
HUGH STOWELL. THOMAS HASTINGS.


1. From ev-'ry storm-y wind that blows, From ev'-ry swell-ing tide of woes,
2. There is a place where Je-sus sheds The oil of glad-ness on our heads;
3. There is a spot where spirits blend, Where friend holds fellowship with friend;
4. There, there, on ea-gle's wings we soar, And time and sense seem all no more;


There is a calm, a sure re-treat;—'Tis found be - fore the mer - cy - seat.
A place than all be-sides more sweet;—It is the blood-bought mer - cy - seat.
Tho' sundered far, by faith they meet A-round one com-mon mer - cy - seat.
And heav'n comes down our souls to greet, And glo - ry crowns the mer - cy - seat.

115 DRAW ME TO THEE.

M. A. W. COOK. E. S. LORENZ.


1. Lord, weak and im - po - tent I stand, As fettered by an un-seen hand;
2. In vain I strug-gle to be free; I would, but can not, fly to thee;
3. Oh, bring me near-er, near- er still, That thine own peace my soul may fill,
4. Here, Lord, I would for - ev - er bide, And nev - er wan - der from thy side;
Break thou the strong and sub - tle band, And draw me close to thee.
Ope thou the pris - on door for me, And draw me close to thee.
And I may rest in thy sweet will; Lord, draw me close to thee.
Be - neath thy wing do thou me hide, And draw me close to thee.
FINE.
D.S.—*Be-neath thy wing do thou me hide, And draw me close to thee.*
CHORUS.
D.S.
Draw me close to thee, Sav - ior, Draw me close to thee;.....
close to thee, Sav - ior, close to thee;

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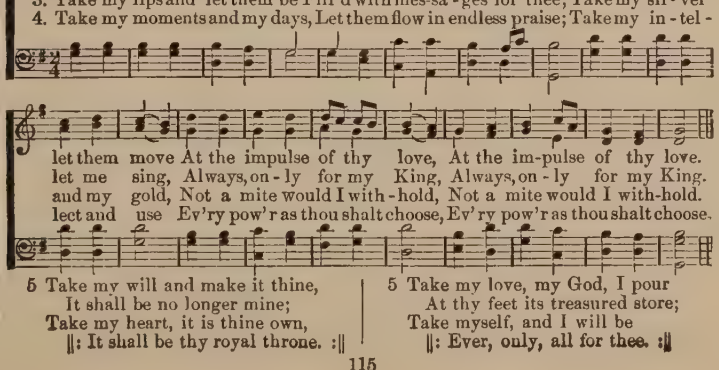
116 TAKE MY LIFE AND LET IT BE.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL.

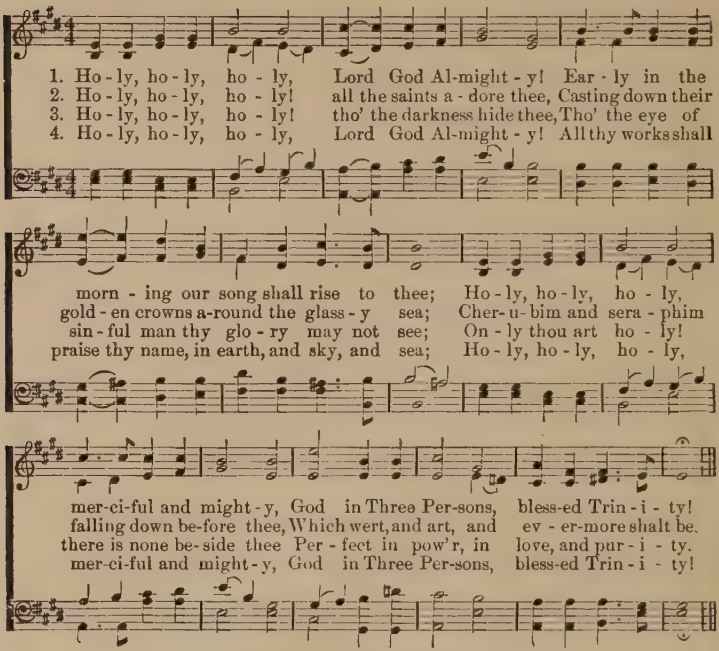

1. Take my life and let it be Con-se - cra-ted, Lord, to thee; Take my hands and
2. Take my feet and let them be Swift and beau-ti - ful for thee; Take my voice and
3. Take my lips and let them be Fill'd with mes-sa - ges for thee; Take my sil - ver
4. Take my moments and my days, Let them flow in endless praise; Take my in - tel -
let them move At the impulse of thy love, At the im-pulse of thy love.
let me sing, Always, on - ly for my King, Always, on - ly for my King.
and my gold, Not a mite would I with - hold, Not a mite would I with-hold.
lect and use Ev'ry pow'r as thou shalt choose, Ev'ry pow'r as thou shalt choose.

5 Take my will and make it thine,
It shall be no longer mine;
Take my heart, it is thine own,
‖: It shall be thy royal throne. :‖

5 Take my love, my God, I pour
At thy feet its treasured store;
Take myself, and I will be
‖: Ever, only, all for thee. :‖

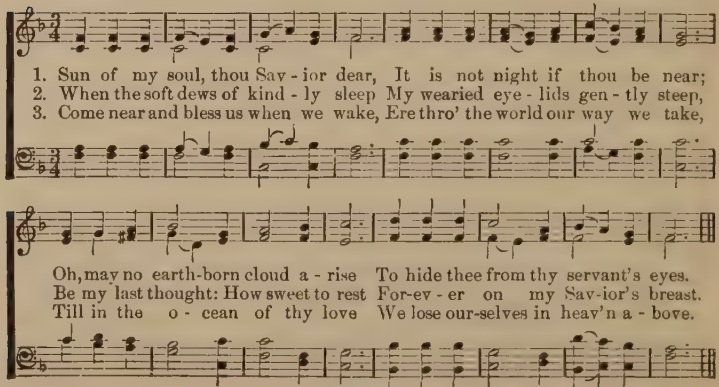
117 HOLY, HOLY, HOLY.

REGINALD HEBER. JOHN B. DYKES.


1. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, Lord God Al-might - y! Ear - ly in the
2. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! all the saints a - dore thee, Casting down their
3. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! tho' the darkness hide thee, Tho' the eye of
4. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, Lord God Al-might - y! All thy works shall
morn - ing our song shall rise to thee; Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly,
gold - en crowns a-round the glass - y sea; Cher - u - bim and sera - phim
sin - ful man thy glo - ry may not see; On - ly thou art ho - ly!
praise thy name, in earth, and sky, and sea; Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly,
mer-ci-ful and might - y, God in Three Per-sons, bless-ed Trin - i - ty!
falling down be-fore thee, Which wert, and art, and ev - er-more shalt be.
there is none be-side thee Per - fect in pow'r, in love, and pur - i - ty.
mer-ci-ful and might - y, God in Three Per-sons, bless-ed Trin - i - ty!

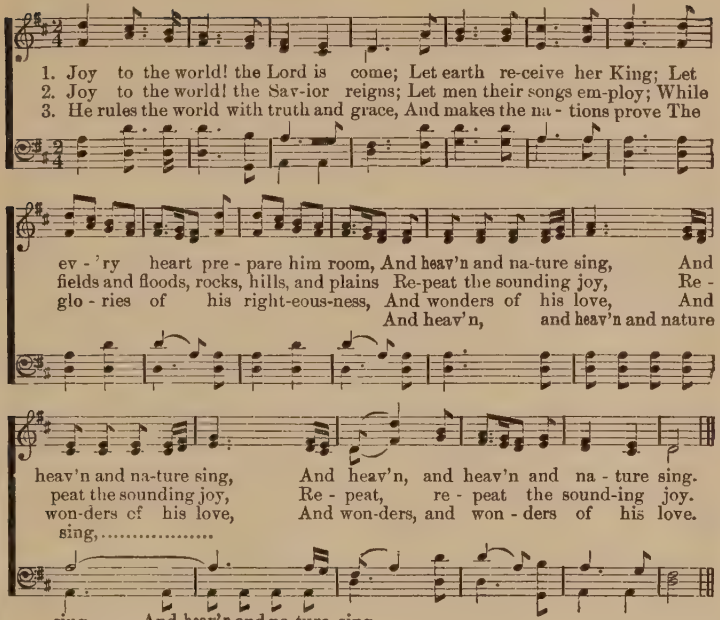
118 SUN OF MY SOUL.

J. KEBLE. RITTER.


1. Sun of my soul, thou Sav - ior dear, It is not night if thou be near;
2. When the soft dews of kind - ly sleep My wearied eye - lids gen - tly steep,
3. Come near and bless us when we wake, Ere thro' the world our way we take,
Oh, may no earth-born cloud a - rise To hide thee from thy servant's eyes.
Be my last thought: How sweet to rest For-ev - er on my Sav-ior's breast.
Till in the o - cean of thy love We lose our-selves in heav'n a - bove.

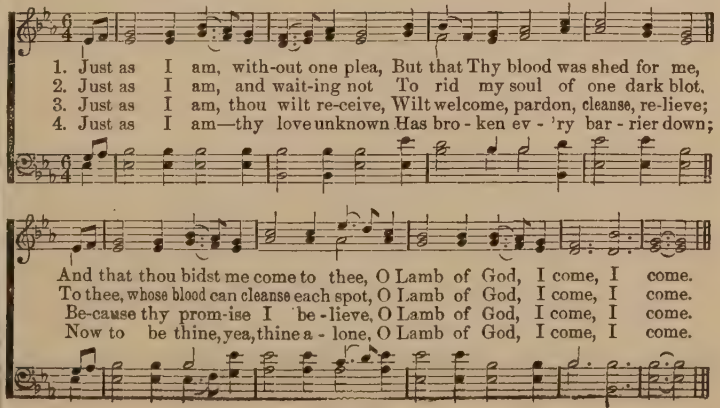
119 JOY TO THE WORLD.

I. WATTS. Arr. from GEO. F. HANDEL.


1. Joy to the world! the Lord is come; Let earth re-ceive her King; Let
2. Joy to the world! the Sav-ior reigns; Let men their songs em-ploy; While
3. He rules the world with truth and grace, And makes the na - tions prove The
ev - 'ry heart pre - pare him room, And heav'n and na-ture sing, And
fields and floods, rocks, hills, and plains Re-peat the sounding joy, Re -
glo - ries of his right-eous-ness, And wonders of his love, And
And heav'n, and heav'n and nature
heav'n and na-ture sing, And heav'n, and heav'n and na - ture sing.
peat the sounding joy, Re - peat, re - peat the sound-ing joy.
won-ders of his love, And won-ders, and won - ders of his love.
sing,.....
sing, And heav'n and na-ture sing,

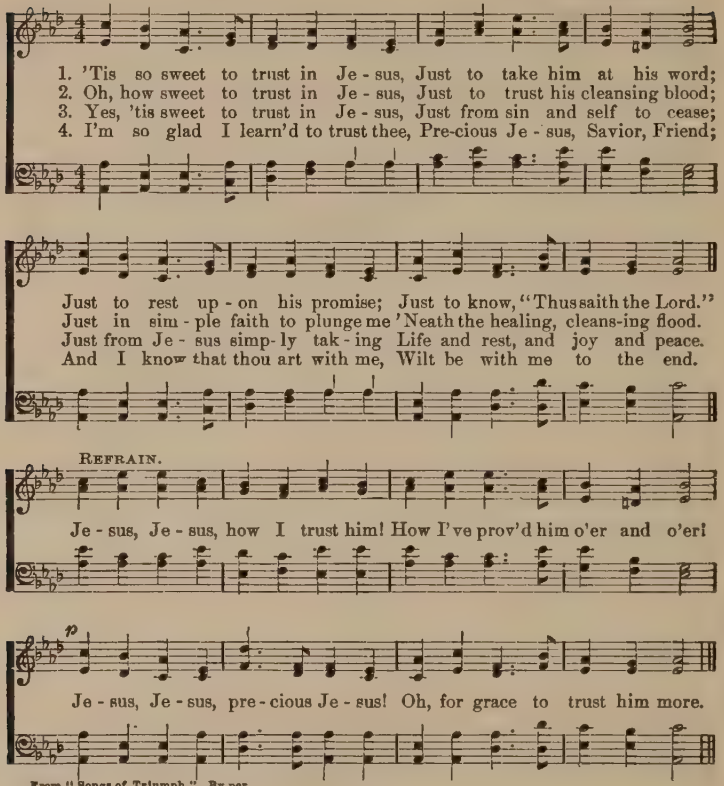
120 JUST AS I AM.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT. WM. B. BRADBURY.


1. Just as I am, with-out one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for me,
2. Just as I am, and wait-ing not To rid my soul of one dark blot.
3. Just as I am, thou wilt re-ceive, Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, re-lieve;
4. Just as I am—thy love unknown Has bro - ken ev - 'ry bar - rier down;
And that thou bidst me come to thee, O Lamb of God, I come, I come.
To thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God, I come, I come.
Be-cause thy prom-ise I be - lieve, O Lamb of God, I come, I come.
Now to be thine, yea, thine a - lone, O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

121 'TIS SO SWEET TO TRUST IN JESUS.

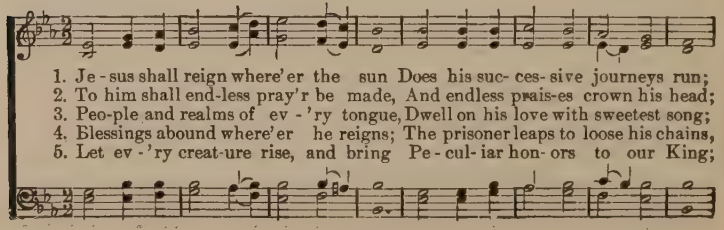
MRS. LOUISA M. R. STEAD. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.


1. 'Tis so sweet to trust in Je - sus, Just to take him at his word;
2. Oh, how sweet to trust in Je - sus, Just to trust his cleansing blood;
3. Yes, 'tis sweet to trust in Je - sus, Just from sin and self to cease;
4. I'm so glad I learn'd to trust thee, Pre-cious Je - sus, Savior, Friend;
Just to rest up - on his promise; Just to know, "Thus saith the Lord."
Just in sim - ple faith to plunge me 'Neath the healing, cleans-ing flood.
Just from Je - sus simp-ly tak - ing Life and rest, and joy and peace.
And I know that thou art with me, Wilt be with me to the end.
REFRAIN.
Je - sus, Je - sus, how I trust him! How I've prov'd him o'er and o'er!
p
Je - sus, Je - sus, pre - cious Je - sus! Oh, for grace to trust him more.

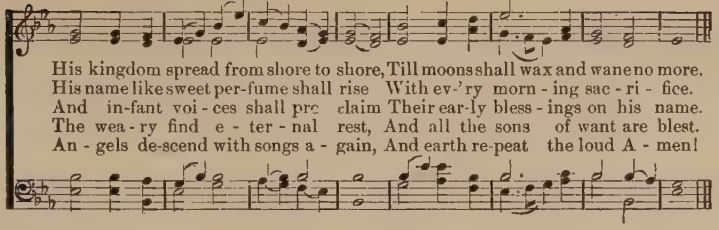
From "Songs of Triumph." By per.

122 JESUS SHALL REIGN.

ISAAC WATTS. JOHN HATTON.

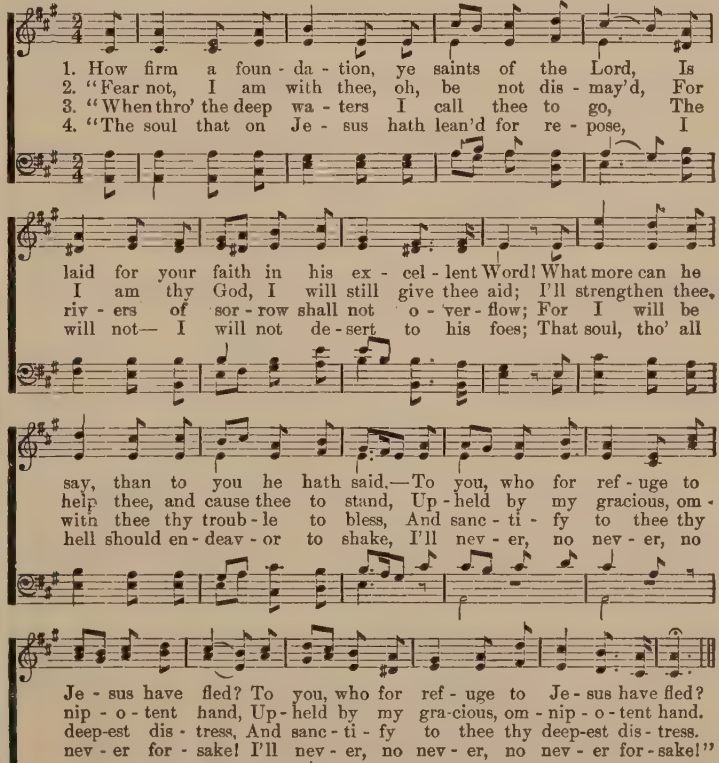

1. Je - sus shall reign where'er the sun Does his suc - ces - sive journeys run;
2. To him shall end-less pray'r be made, And endless prais-es crown his head;
3. Peo-ple and realms of ev - 'ry tongue, Dwell on his love with sweetest song;
4. Blessings abound where'er he reigns; The prisoner leaps to loose his chains,
5. Let ev - 'ry creat-ure rise, and bring Pe - cul - iar hon - ors to our King;

JESUS SHALL REIGN.—Concluded.


His kingdom spread from shore to shore, Till moons shall wax and wane no more.
His name like sweet per-fume shall rise With ev-'ry morn - ing sac - ri - fice.
And in-fant voi - ces shall pro claim Their ear-ly bless - ings on his name.
The wea - ry find e - ter - nal rest, And all the sons of want are blest.
An - gels de-scend with songs a - gain, And earth re-peat the loud A - men!

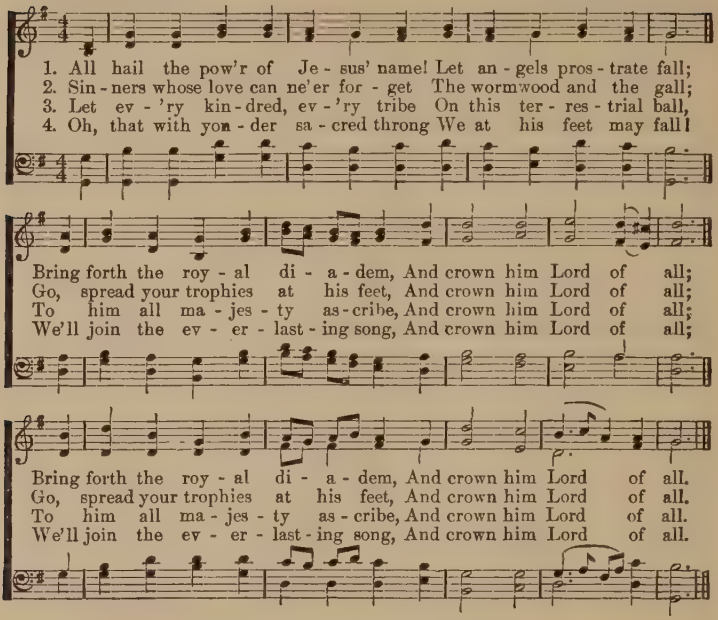
123 HOW FIRM A FOUNDATION.

G. KEITH. M. PORTOGALLO.


1. How firm a foun - da - tion, ye saints of the Lord, Is
2. "Fear not, I am with thee, oh, be not dis - may'd, For
3. "When thro' the deep wa - ters I call thee to go, The
4. "The soul that on Je - sus hath lean'd for re - pose, I
laid for your faith in his ex - cel - lent Word! What more can he
I am thy God, I will still give thee aid; I'll strengthen thee,
riv - ers of sor - row shall not o - ver - flow; For I will be
will not— I will not de - sert to his foes; That soul, tho' all
say, than to you he hath said.—To you, who for ref - uge to
help thee, and cause thee to stand, Up - held by my gracious, om -
with thee thy troub - le to bless, And sanc - ti - fy to thee thy
hell should en - deav - or to shake, I'll nev - er, no nev - er, no
Je - sus have fled? To you, who for ref - uge to Je - sus have fled?
nip - o - tent hand, Up - held by my gra-cious, om - nip - o - tent hand.
deep-est dis - tress, And sanc - ti - fy to thee thy deep-est dis - tress.
nev - er for - sake! I'll nev - er, no nev - er, no nev - er for - sake!"

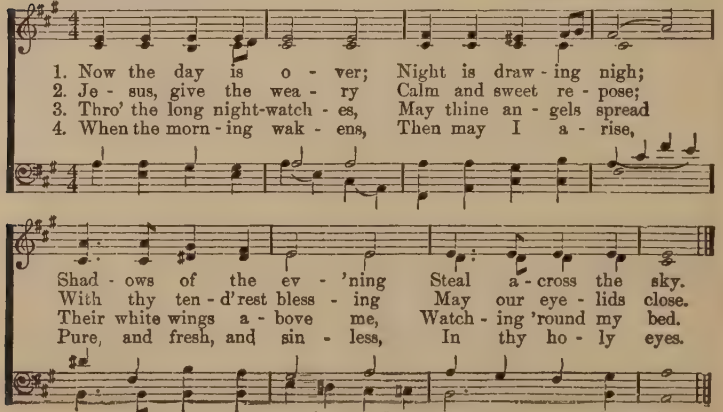
124 ALL HAIL THE POWER OF JESUS' NAME!

EDW. PERRONET. OLIVER HOLDEN.


1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name! Let an - gels pros - trate fall;
2. Sin - ners whose love can ne'er for - get The wormwood and the gall;
3. Let ev - 'ry kin - dred, ev - 'ry tribe On this ter - res - trial ball,
4. Oh, that with yon - der sa - cred throng We at his feet may fall!
Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown him Lord of all;
Go, spread your trophies at his feet, And crown him Lord of all;
To him all ma - jes - ty as - cribe, And crown him Lord of all;
We'll join the ev - er - last - ing song, And crown him Lord of all;
Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown him Lord of all.
Go, spread your trophies at his feet, And crown him Lord of all.
To him all ma - jes - ty as - cribe, And crown him Lord of all.
We'll join the ev - er - last - ing song, And crown him Lord of all.

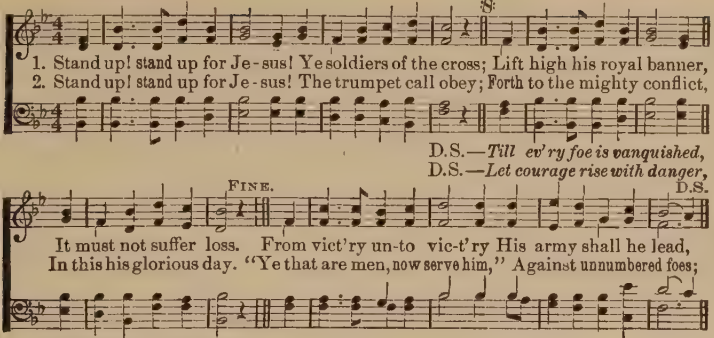
125 NOW THE DAY IS OVER.

SABINE BARING-GOULD. JOSEPH BARNBY.


1. Now the day is o - ver; Night is draw - ing nigh;
2. Je - sus, give the wea - ry Calm and sweet re - pose;
3. Thro' the long night-watch - es, May thine an - gels spread
4. When the morn - ing wak - ens, Then may I a - rise,
Shad - ows of the ev - 'ning Steal a - cross the sky.
With thy ten - d'rest bless - ing May our eye - lids close.
Their white wings a - bove me, Watch - ing 'round my bed.
Pure, and fresh, and sin - less, In thy ho - ly eyes.
ev'ning Steal a - cross the sky.

126 STAND UP FOR JESUS.

G. DUFFIELD, D. D. G. J. WEBB.

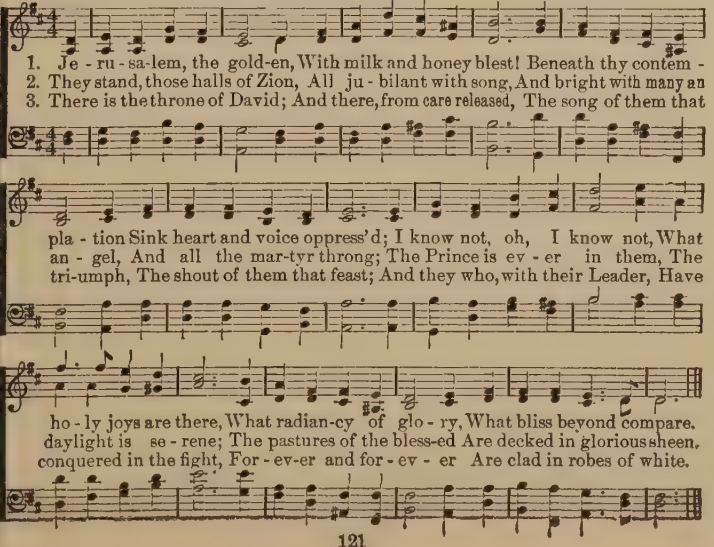

1. Stand up! stand up for Je - sus! Ye soldiers of the cross; Lift high his royal banner,
2. Stand up! stand up for Je - sus! The trumpet call obey; Forth to the mighty conflict,
D.S.—*Till ev'ry foe is vanquished,*
D.S.—*Let courage rise with danger,*
FINE.
D.S.
It must not suffer loss. From vict'ry un-to vic-t'ry His army shall he lead,
In this his glorious day. "Ye that are men, now serve him," Against unnumbered foes;
And Christ is Lord indeed.
And strength to strength oppose.

3 Stand up! stand up for Jesus!
Stand in his strength alone;
The arm of flesh will fail you—
Ye dare not trust your own;
Put on the gospel armor,
And, watching unto prayer,
Where duty calls, or danger,
Be never wanting there.

4 Stand up! stand up for Jesus!
The strife will not be long;
This day, the noise of battle,
The next, the victor's song;
To him that overcometh,
A crown of life shall be;
He with the King of glory
Shall reign eternally.

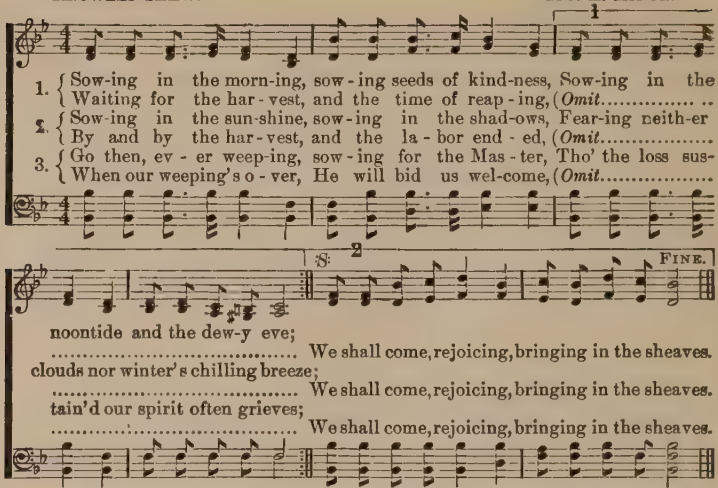
127 JERUSALEM, THE GOLDEN.

BERNARD OF CLUNY. TR. BY J. M. NEALE. ALEX. EWING.


1. Je - ru - sa-lem, the gold-en, With milk and honey blest! Beneath thy contem -
2. They stand, those halls of Zion, All ju - bilant with song, And bright with many an
3. There is the throne of David; And there, from care released, The song of them that
pla - tion Sink heart and voice oppress'd; I know not, oh, I know not, What
an - gel, And all the mar-tyr throng; The Prince is ev - er in them, The
tri-umph, The shout of them that feast; And they who, with their Leader, Have
ho - ly joys are there, What radian-cy of glo - ry, What bliss beyond compare.
daylight is se - rene; The pastures of the bless-ed Are decked in glorious sheen.
conquered in the fight, For - ev-er and for - ev - er Are clad in robes of white.

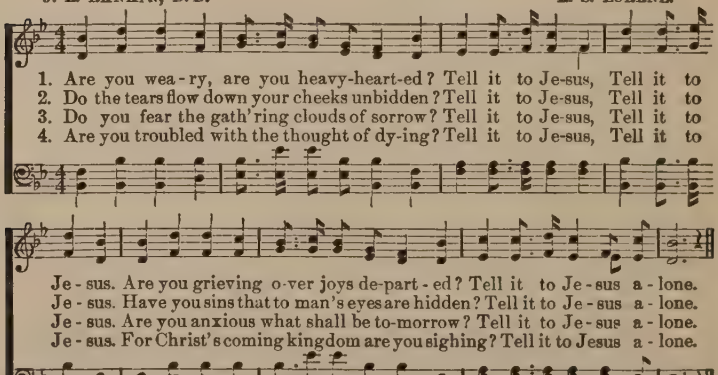
128 BRINGING IN THE SHEAVES.

KNOWLES SHAW. GEO. A. MINOR.


1
1. Sow-ing in the morn-ing, sow-ing seeds of kind-ness, Sow-ing in the
Waiting for the har-vest, and the time of reap-ing, (Omit.....
2. Sow-ing in the sun-shine, sow-ing in the shad-ows, Fear-ing neith-er
By and by the har-vest, and the la-bor end-ed, (Omit.....
3. Go then, ev-er weep-ing, sow-ing for the Mas-ter, Tho' the loss sus-
When our weeping's o-ver, He will bid us wel-come, (Omit.....
2
D.S.
FINE.
noontide and the dew-y eve;
..... We shall come, rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.
clouds nor winter's chilling breeze;
..... We shall come, rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.
tain'd our spirit often grieves;
..... We shall come, rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.
CHORUS.
1
Bringing in the sheaves, bringing in the sheaves, We shall come, rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.
After repeat D.S. to Fine.

129 TELL IT TO JESUS.

J. E. RANKIN, D. D. E. S. LORENZ.


1. Are you wea-ry, are you heavy-heart-ed? Tell it to Je-sus, Tell it to
2. Do the tears flow down your cheeks unbidden? Tell it to Je-sus, Tell it to
3. Do you fear the gath'ring clouds of sorrow? Tell it to Je-sus, Tell it to
4. Are you troubled with the thought of dy-ing? Tell it to Je-sus, Tell it to
Je-sus. Are you grieving o-ver joys de-part-ed? Tell it to Je-sus a-lone.
Je-sus. Have you sins that to man's eyes are hidden? Tell it to Je-sus a-lone.
Je-sus. Are you anxious what shall be to-morrow? Tell it to Je-sus a-lone.
Je-sus. For Christ's coming kingdom are you sighing? Tell it to Jesus a-lone.

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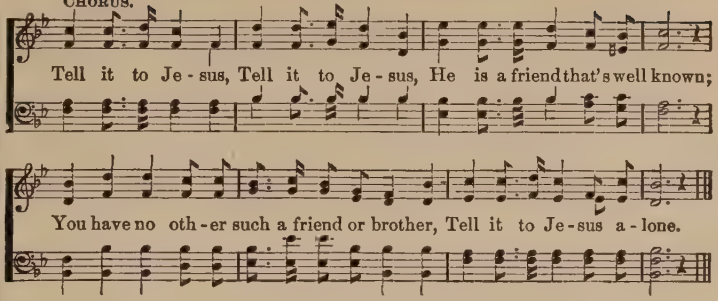
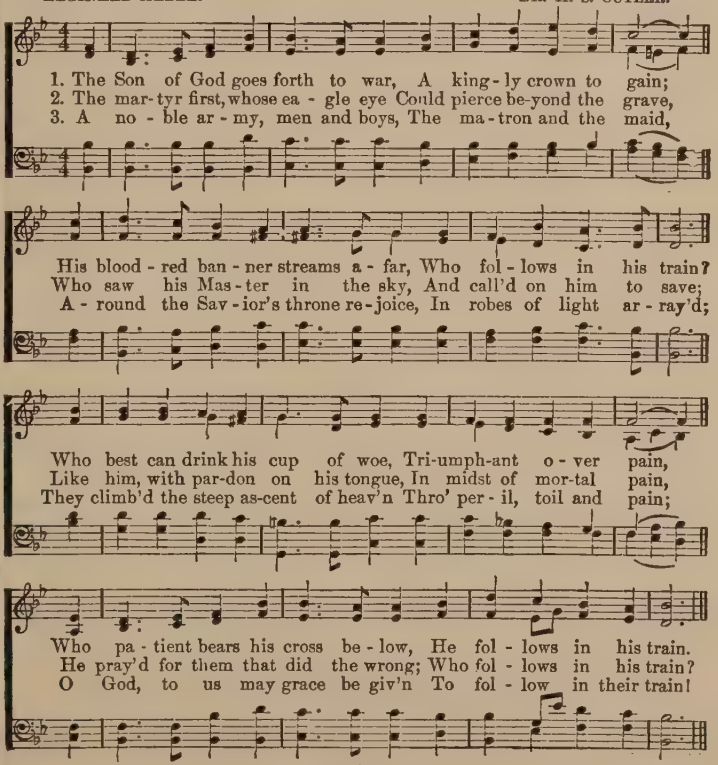
TELL IT TO JESUS.—Concluded.

CHORUS.


Tell it to Je - sus, Tell it to Je - sus, He is a friend that's well known;
You have no oth - er such a friend or brother, Tell it to Je - sus a - lone.

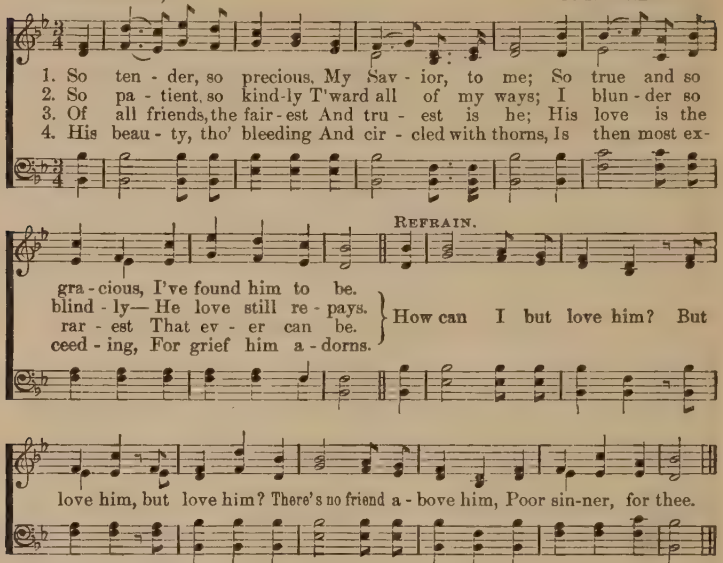
130 THE SON OF GOD GOES FORTH TO WAR.

REGINALD HEBER. DR. H. S. CUTLER.


1. The Son of God goes forth to war, A king - ly crown to gain;
2. The mar - tyr first, whose ea - gle eye Could pierce be - yond the grave,
3. A no - ble ar - my, men and boys, The ma - tron and the maid,
His blood - red ban - ner streams a - far, Who fol - lows in his train?
Who saw his Mas - ter in the sky, And call'd on him to save;
A - round the Sav - ior's throne re - joice, In robes of light ar - ray'd;
Who best can drink his cup of woe, Tri - umph - ant o - ver pain,
Like him, with par - don on his tongue, In midst of mor - tal pain,
They climb'd the steep as - cent of heav'n Thro' per - il, toil and pain;
Who pa - tient bears his cross be - low, He fol - lows in his train.
He pray'd for them that did the wrong; Who fol - lows in his train?
O God, to us may grace be giv'n To fol - low in their train!

131 HOW CAN I BUT LOVE HIM?

J. E. RANKIN, D. D. E. S. LORENZ.


1. So ten - der, so precious, My Sav - ior, to me; So true and so
2. So pa - tient, so kind-ly T'ward all of my ways; I blun - der so
3. Of all friends, the fair - est And tru - est is he; His love is the
4. His beau - ty, tho' bleeding And cir - cled with thorns, Is then most ex-
REFRAIN.
gra - cious, I've found him to be.
blind - ly— He love still re - pays.
rar - est That ev - er can be.
ceed - ing, For grief him a - dorns.
How can I but love him? But
love him, but love him? There's no friend a - bove him, Poor sin-ner, for thee.

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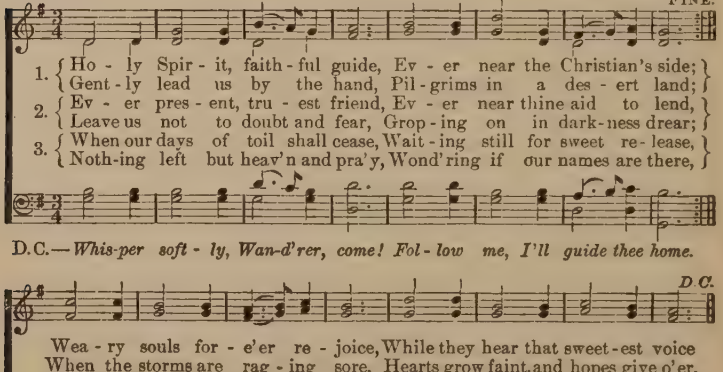
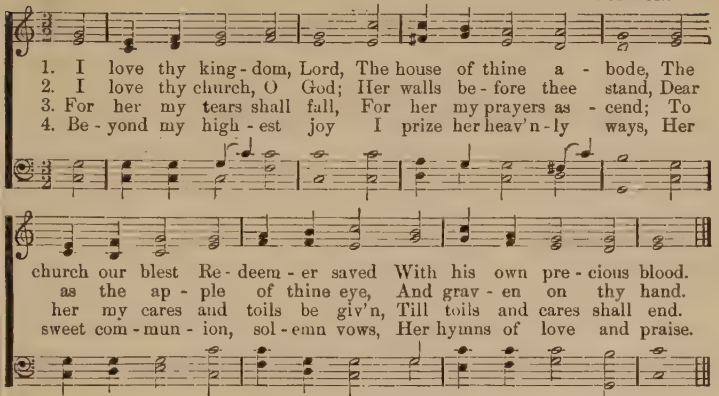
132 HOLY SPIRIT, FAITHFUL GUIDE.

M. M. W. M. M. WELLS.


FINE.
1. Ho - ly Spir - it, faith - ful guide, Ev - er near the Christian's side;
Gent - ly lead us by the hand, Pil - grims in a des - ert land;
2. Ev - er pres - ent, tru - est friend, Ev - er near thine aid to lend,
Leave us not to doubt and fear, Grop - ing on in dark - ness drear;
3. When our days of toil shall cease, Wait - ing still for sweet re - lease,
Noth - ing left but heav'n and pra'y, Wond'ring if our names are there,
D.C.—Whis-per soft - ly, Wan-d'rer, come! Fol - low me, I'll guide thee home.
D.C.
Wea - ry souls for - e'er re - joice, While they hear that sweet - est voice
When the storms are rag - ing sore, Hearts grow faint, and hopes give o'er,
Wad - ing deep the dis - mal flood, Plead-ing naught but Je - sus' blood,

133 I LOVE THY KINGDOM, LORD.

DR. LOWELL MASON.


1. I love thy king - dom, Lord, The house of thine a - bode, The church our blest Re - deem - er saved With his own pre - cious blood.
2. I love thy church, O God; Her walls be - fore thee stand, Dear as the ap - ple of thine eye, And grav - en on thy hand.
3. For her my tears shall fall, For her my prayers as - cend; To her my cares and toils be giv'n, Till toils and cares shall end.
4. Be - yond my high - est joy I prize her heav'n - ly ways, Her sweet com - mun - ion, sol - emn vows, Her hymns of love and praise.

134 Oh, Come and Dwell. S. M.

1 Oh, come and dwell in me,
Spirit of power within,
And bring the glorious liberty
From sorrow, fear, and sin.

2 The seed of sin's disease,
Spirit of health, remove,
Spirit of finished holiness,
Spirit of perfect love.

3 I want the witness, Lord,
That all I do is right,
According to thy will and word,
Well pleasing in thy sight.

135 A Charge to Keep. S. M.

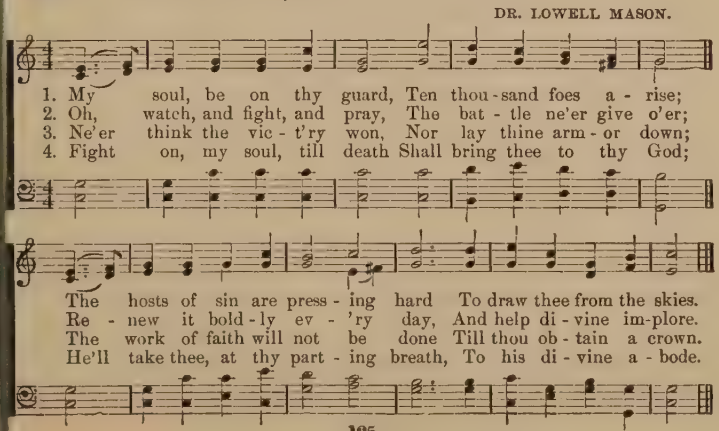
1 A charge to keep I have,
A God to glorify;
A never-dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky.

2 To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfill,
Oh, may it all my powers engage,
To do my Master's will.

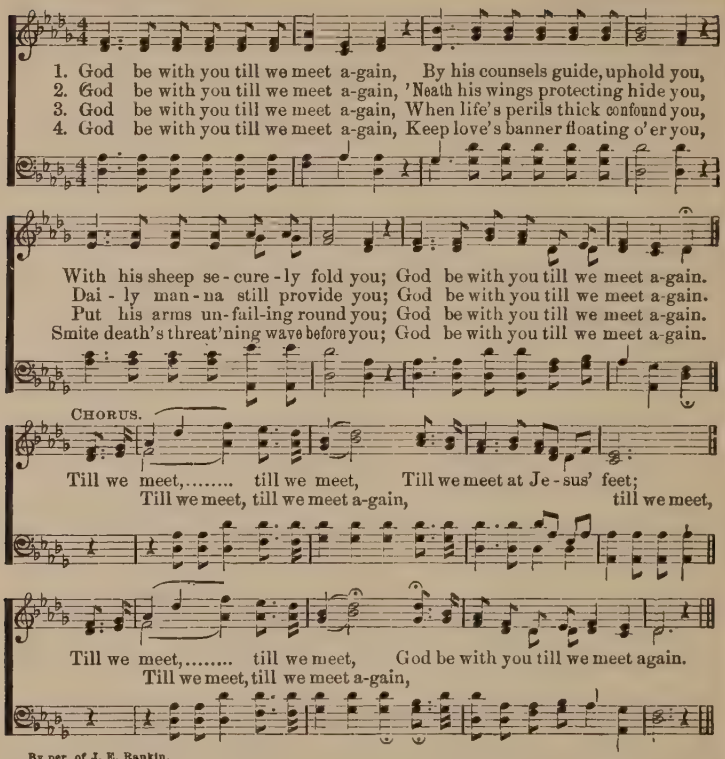
3 Help me to watch and pray,
And on thyself rely,
Assured, if I my trust betray,
I shall forever die.

136 MY SOUL, BE ON THY GUARD.

DR. LOWELL MASON.


1. My soul, be on thy guard, Ten thou - sand foes a - rise; The hosts of sin are press - ing hard To draw thee from the skies.
2. Oh, watch, and fight, and pray, The bat - tle ne'er give o'er; Re - new it bold - ly ev - 'ry day, And help di - vine im-plore.
3. Ne'er think the vic - t'ry won, Nor lay thine arm - or down; The work of faith will not be done Till thou ob - tain a crown.
4. Fight on, my soul, till death Shall bring thee to thy God; He'll take thee, at thy part - ing breath, To his di - vine a - bode.

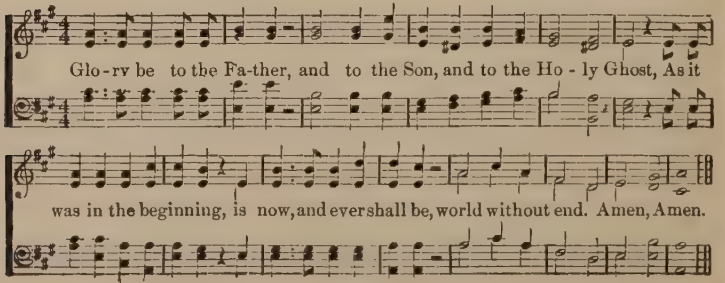
137 GOD BE WITH YOU.

J. E. RANKIN. W. G. TOMER.

1. God be with you till we meet a-gain, By his counsels guide, uphold you,
2. God be with you till we meet a-gain, 'Neath his wings protecting hide you,
3. God be with you till we meet a-gain, When life's perils thick confound you,
4. God be with you till we meet a-gain, Keep love's banner floating o'er you,
With his sheep se-cure-ly fold you; God be with you till we meet a-gain.
Dai-ly man-na still provide you; God be with you till we meet a-gain.
Put his arms un-fail-ing round you; God be with you till we meet a-gain.
Smite death's threat'ning wave before you; God be with you till we meet a-gain.
CHORUS.
Till we meet,..... till we meet, Till we meet at Je-sus' feet;
Till we meet, till we meet a-gain, till we meet,
Till we meet,..... till we meet, God be with you till we meet again.
Till we meet, till we meet a-gain,

By per. of J. E. Rankin.

138 GLORIA PATRI.

CHARLES MEINEKE.


Glo-ry be to the Fa-ther, and to the Son, and to the Ho-ly Ghost, As it
was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end. Amen, Amen.

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